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## BOOKS BY DOUGLAS FRAZAR

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See page 118



# LOG OF THE MARYLAND

OR

## ADVENTURES AT SEA

BY ✓

DOUGLAS FRAZAR

AUTHOR OF "PERSEVERANCE ISLAND OR THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE  
19TH CENTURY" "PRACTICAL BOAT SAILING" ETC.



BOSTON MDCCCXCI

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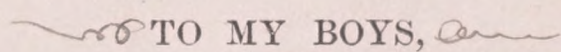
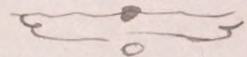
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FROG OF THE MARYLAND

BOSTON  
S. J. PARKHILL & Co., PRINTERS



TO MY BOYS,   
  
**Amherst and Gerard,**

ARE INSCRIBED

THESE ADVENTURES OF MY EARLY MANHOOD.





## P R E F A C E

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RECITALS of events that occur at sea are not, as a rule, preserved; but the ocean has its joys, pleasures, and pains, as well as the land; and in this "Log" are presented some of the most striking, that happened on a voyage abounding in adventure, profit, and pleasure, and very nearly disaster before its successful ~~d~~etermination.







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# LOG OF THE MARYLAND

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## CHAPTER I.

ANTECEDENTS OF THE AUTHOR. — THE PURCHASE OF THE MARYLAND. — HER FITTING-OUT FOR A VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES. — SHIPPING OF THE CREW. — COOK, CHINEYBOY, AND CARPENTER. — THE DEPARTURE. — THE CHOOSING OF THE WATCHES, AND THE FIRST NIGHT AT SEA.

I WAS very young for a sailor, and yet I had just arrived home from a voyage round the world, as chief officer of the clipper ship *Storm King*, from Shanghai, China, for New York, loaded with teas and silk, in the year 1854, when only twenty years of age.

Gladly received by a loving father and mother, I was not sorry for a short time to enjoy the pleasures of the paternal mansion, and rest from the excitement of sea life.

My father was a merchant and ship-owner of considerable prominence in the city of B——, and came from a race of seamen, having himself been captain of a vessel at the age of twenty-one, and once brought



over the mail and latest authentic news from Russia in his own brig. Coming from such a stock, it was as natural for me to take to a seafaring life as for a duck to take to water; so that when my class in Dr. Dixwell's school stood up in a row to be checked off for Harvard, I decided to forego the pleasure of being matriculated, and walked down onto the wharves and shipped as a boy, or green hand, in the clipper ship Neptune's Favorite, for a voyage round the world, at the enormous stipend of three dollars per month, and the daily cleaning-out of the pig-pen, as I found out afterwards, thrown in free.

From this apprenticeship I rose gradually through the different grades of ordinary seaman, able seaman, third mate, second mate, till at twenty years of age I came home, as I have said, chief officer of a large East-India ship.

I had not been at home long before the restlessness of the sailor on land began to manifest itself, and my desire to again breathe the free ocean air became more and more uncontrollable.

One day my father said to me, in his quiet and business-like way, speaking like a sailor direct to the point, "How would you like to take command of a vessel to China, and establish a house there, with your cousin, Mr. Edward Frisbee?"

"I should like it of all things," said I, in reply.

"Very well," continued he, in his practical way, "go down to the wharves to-day, and pick out the vessel



that you think will suit you, and I will purchase her for you if the price is reasonable.”

Eagerly rushed I to the wharves to seek my bride of the sea, but, having a little respect for the purse-strings of my father, I passed many brilliant, dashing clippers by, and fixed upon the modest, rather old-fashioned bark Maryland, built by Paul Curtis, and sound and strong in every timber, and of about two hundred and sixty tons burden.

The arrangement for the purchase was soon made, and into the dry dock went the Maryland for a sheathing of new copper and a general overhauling, preparatory to her East-India voyage. These completed, she was towed to the head of the wharf, and the customary advertisement of the day was inserted in the daily papers.

**FOR SHANGHAI, CHINA.**  
 **T**HE A 1 copper-fastened Bark MARYLAND will have quick despatch for the above-named port. For freight or passage, apply to Capt. DANIEL FRISBEE, on board, or at No. — S — Street. I. S. T. F.

Ever since the Maryland had been purchased, my time had been fully occupied in supervising her preparations for sea, and seeing to the storing of the cargo. We had considerable freight consigned, but the bulk was taken by us on owner's account, and consisted of all kinds of hardware, shipchandlery, agricultural implements, and quite a large venture in American drills, or cotton cloths, at that time just commencing to be appreciated by the Chinese for clothing



purposes. After all the cargo was on board, and the hatches battened down, the next question of importance was the shipping of the crew. In the days of which I am writing, the American sailor had almost disappeared, and his place was fast being filled by Danes, Swedes, and Dagos (a sailor's term for a Portuguese). For chief officer, a Mr. Cutter was chosen, who had before made several trips to China, and at one time commanded for a short period one of the opium schooners of those days called the Nankeen, and afterwards the schooner yacht Fenimore Cooper.

Mr. Cutter made a very acceptable first officer, and was a good, practical seaman, but rather wanting in education; but of that, more hereafter. For second mate, the services of a Mr. Jones were secured, who was of a good, jolly, Cape Ann fisherman stock, but who had never made any Eastern voyages, or been round the capes, as sailors say; i. e., Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope. After the two mates, a cook and steward combined, in the person of Julius Africanus, was secured, who, for the consideration of a monthly salary of thirty dollars and the slush thrown in, consented to act as Ganymede to the whole ship's crew. And now for the crew itself. Ten men were shipped, whose various ages, country, and rating you will find further on. Thus everything having been gotten ready, and a pilot engaged, one fair Saturday morning, April 10, 185-, the gallant bark was loosed



from the wharf, and with a favoring breeze from the N.N.W., started down the harbor of B——. As her hawsers were thrown off, a parting salute was fired, from her port and starboard carronades, to the many personal friends who thronged the end of the wharf. Of course you understand that Edward Frisbee, the cousin, was a passenger, on this his first voyage, to establish a business in the far East. Our leave-takings were all over, and at 2.30 P.M., the pilot was discharged, and the open sea was before us, out into which gallantly pointed the Maryland on an E.S.E. course.

Besides the passenger Mr. Frisbee, there were two other personages on board, each peculiar in his way, which have not been mentioned. One was a young Chinese boy of about fourteen years of age, whom Mr. Cutter had brought home with him from his last voyage, and who passed by the name of Chineyboy, all in one word, and who acted as cabin boy and a sort of steward, and was under the immediate charge of the cook, as Mr. Cutter, by agreement and arrangement before sailing, gave up all rights and claims to his services, and was only desirous of having the young fellow reach his home again safely, as he did not seem contented in the United States.

Besides Chineyboy, we shipped as carpenter a connection by marriage, of both myself and the passenger, Mr. Frisbee, whose name was Charles Danbury, one of the pleasantest, most ingenious and



drollest fellows it was ever my lot to meet, and of whom you will hear more hereafter. This was his first voyage. He was bald, though not forty years of age; and some one on board started the joke that he was not old enough to be naturally bald, but that he had worn the hair off his head by holding open the lid of his chest, while he sought for tools with both hands.

The afternoon was passed in getting the anchors on board from off the bow, and lashed to the deck, where they were to remain during the long sea voyage ahead of us.

We had on board, also, two other creatures that have not yet been announced. One of these was a fine young Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar, and a companion, a large St. Bernard, called Tanner, whom I did not know was even on board until after we were in blue water, when Mr. Cutter, the mate, to my amazement, let him out of his stateroom when it was too late to object, and said, —

“Captain, don’t be angry with me; I couldn’t part with Tanner, and I was afraid to ask your permission to bring him, so I smuggled him on board with the intention of acknowledging the deceit when it would be too late to remedy it.”

I was annoyed at first, at this unforeseen addition to our number, but in a very short time I had forgiven the mate his duplicity, and Tanner was accepted as one of the family.



As we sped along seaward, with a favoring breeze, six o'clock approached, or the beginning of the second dog-watch, and it was time to call the crew together and choose the watches for the long voyage ahead of us. The crew, ten in all, were therefore mustered aft, by the mainmast, and the choosing commenced, the second mate, Mr. Jones, choosing for the captain's, or starboard watch, and the mate, Mr. Cutter, for his watch, or the port watch. The selection resulted as set forth in the following table : —

STARBOARD WATCH, OR CAPTAIN'S WATCH.

NAME.	COUNTRY.	AGE.	RATING.
Pete Ogley,	Norwegian.	28	Able seaman.
Hiram Strong,	American.	32	Able seaman.
Antonio Sylvester,	Dago.	25	Able seaman.
Michael Flynn,	Irishman.	24	Able seaman.
Dee-Dong,	Frenchman.	28	Ordinary seaman.

PORT WATCH, OR MATE'S WATCH.

NAME.	COUNTRY.	AGE.	RATING.
Jacob Dantze,	Dane.	30	Able seaman.
Hans Speiler,	Dane.	24	Able seaman.
Carl Sygnvalt,	Swede.	31	Able seaman.
George Albion,	Englishman.	31	Able seaman.
Louis Allonio,	Dago.	24	Ordinary seaman.



After the watches had been chosen, I took a stand at the break of the poop, and spoke to the crew somewhat as follows:—

“My men, we are about to undertake a long voyage, which can only be successfully effected by each and every man doing his duty. This is not a clipper ship, and there will be no attempt made to overwork you to secure a quick passage. Order and system must, however, rule, and implicit obedience will be expected and demanded. There can be but one head of a vessel on the high seas. No foul language will be permitted, and no abuse of the crew by the officers. On Sundays, nothing will be undertaken except what is actually called for to secure the safety of the vessel, and force her forward towards her destined port. No grog will be served on this voyage, and a willing service is expected from each of you; and I hope, by fair treatment, to gain the approbation of both my officers and men, and ask of you, in return, a ready and willing obedience. Strike eight bells, and let the port watch go below.”

My speech seemed to be received with approbation; and the crew, after three hearty cheers, moved forward, and Mr. Jones took charge of the quarter-deck.

The sun had long since set in golden glory on our starboard quarter, and, as the Maryland forged along with a fair wind, I watched the heavens, brilliant with a thousand stars, and proudly walked the quarter-



deck of this, my first command, and built castles in the air.

The pure sea breeze brought quiet and refreshment to my sailor's heart, and the murmur of the waves, as they lashed our port quarter, and sailed along as if to keep us company, was music in my ears. And thus passed the lovely night, for I was on deck much more than below, as we had not yet made offing enough to please my sailor's instinct, which fears nothing so much as the proximity of land. We were also, as yet, in the line of coasting-vessels and steamers, and extra caution was to be observed. In the middle watch, the wind freshened so that the main royal was furled, but was again set at daybreak; and as the breaking of a beautiful day commenced to foreshadow itself in the east, I slipped below to take some needed rest, leaving Mr. Jones in charge in the morning watch.



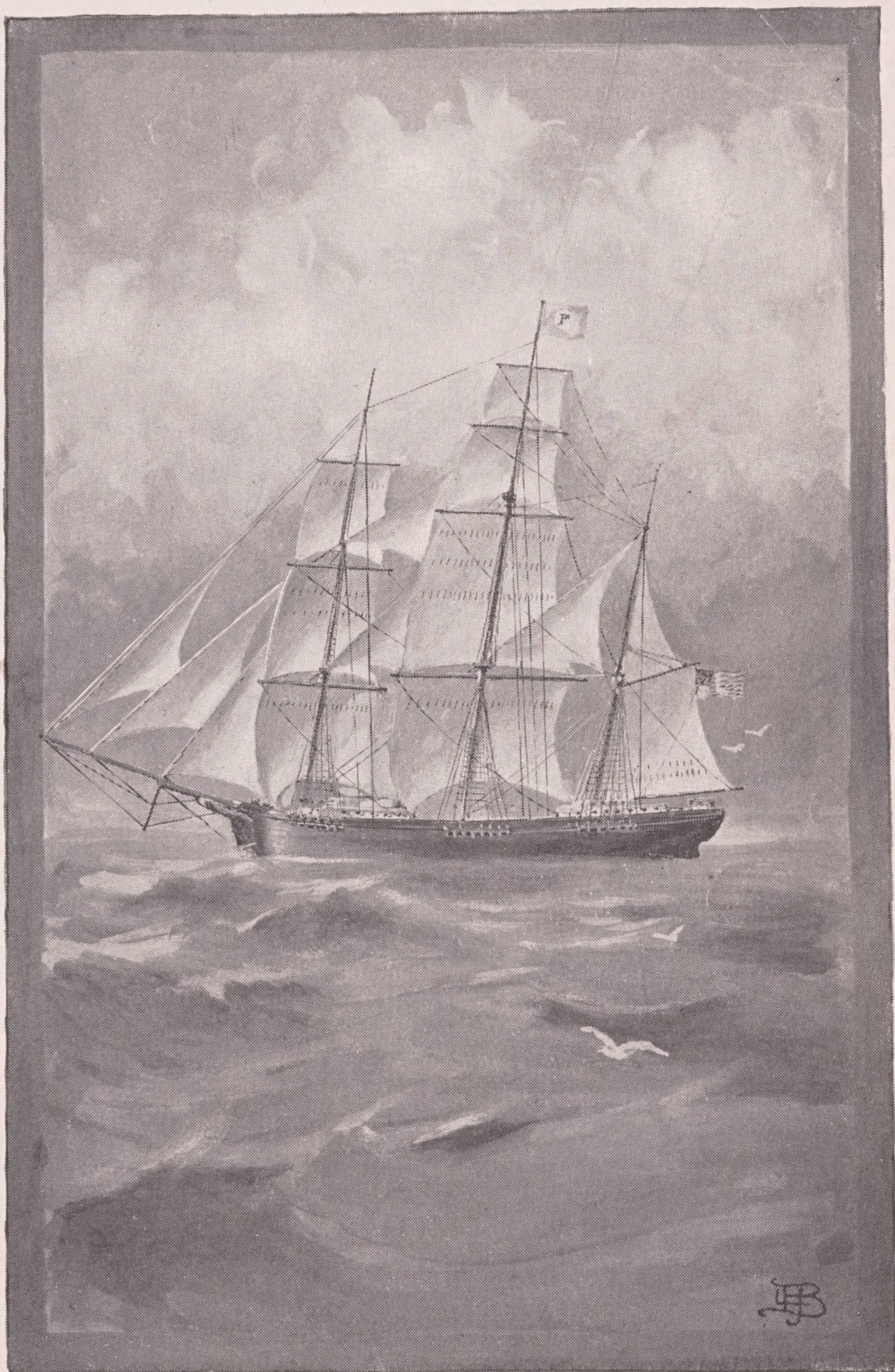
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A NECESSARY CHAPTER TO ENJOY THE VOYAGE. — DESCRIPTION OF THE MARYLAND. — HER RIG, ARMAMENT, AND DIMENSIONS. — FORECASTLE, COOK'S GALLEY, CARPENTER'S ROOM, CABIN, AND THE USUAL ARRANGEMENTS OF A SEA-GOING VESSEL. — BINNACLE LIGHT, BOATS, CANNON, MUSKETS, CUTLASSES, BOARDING-PIKES, ETC.— WATCHES, DISCIPLINE, AND A GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

OF course the young people for whom I am writing this sea-yarn will want to know, in the first place, what kind of a looking vessel the Maryland was. How large, what accommodations, armament, etc.; so we will devote this chapter to that purpose. The Maryland, as I have said, was a good, strong vessel, but by no means a clipper. Like all the models of Paul Curtis, she was an admirable sea-boat, and I think, take it all in all, the best I have ever put my foot aboard of: far superior to the famous clipper ships, which, in many instances, were the wettest vessels, in heavy weather, ever constructed, their sharp model keeping them continually buried and shipping seas when hove to in a gale of wind.

The Maryland, on the contrary, hardly ever took a





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drop of water on deck, even in the heaviest gale. She was about one hundred and ten feet in length, with full, fair bows, and the picture preceding this chapter is a very excellent representation of her. She was full bark-rigged; that is to say, she carried square sails on her foremast and mainmast, and fore and aft sails (a spanker and gaff-topsail) on her mizzen.

For medium-sized sea-going vessels, of not too great dimensions, this bark-rig has been pronounced by seamen as the best and handiest in the world, as well as the safest. It only went out of use when the enormous clipper ships were built. The Maryland was two hundred and sixty tons burden, so you see she was not a large vessel: just the right size to handle easily with a small crew, not at all oversparred, in fact, rather undersparred if anything, which made her very staunch and safe in squalls and heavy weather.

On the main deck, which ran from stem to stern, were erected several buildings, or houses, which I will try to describe: this main deck was enclosed in the customary manner, by what are called bulwarks, or sides, that were about as high as a man's head; that is to say, if you were standing on the main deck, you could not look out onto the water without climbing up the sides to do so, unless the vessel was pitching about, and should thus give you an occasional view of the ocean blue.



Now, in the bows was built a little deck that was only a foot lower than the bulwarks, and which is called the top-gallant forecastle, and is reached from the main deck by two step-ladders of three steps each, on either side of the deck, firmly fastened down. This little top-gallant forecastle is where the seamen stand in the night to keep the lookout, and is also the deck from which they go out on the bowsprit to furl the jibs, and upon which the anchors are taken in-board; and it also has a capstan upon it. Just under this deck, or rather, at the break, and forward of the foremast, is the heavy, massive windlass, upon which the iron cables of the anchors are hove in and wound up when recovering them after anchoring.

Just abaft the foremast came the forward house, or forecastle as it is called. This house, built solidly upon the main deck, rises possibly a foot higher than the bulwarks, and has sliding doors on each side. It runs quite a distance aft, leaving a space of perhaps six feet on each side between itself and the sides of the vessel.

The forward part of this house is the home of the crew when off duty, and the sides are lined with bunks inside, one above the other, with window and shutter to each top berth. In the centre, from an overhead beam, hangs a large lamp with an open wick, which is kept lighted all the time, for the purpose mainly of giving the crew something to light their pipes



at, for matches are a quarter-deck luxury at sea; the sailor has none. Under the lower berths are stowed the chests of the seamen, and small battens of wood are tacked down to keep them from "fetching away" in a heavy sea. The sailor has no table, but eats his food seated on his chest; but of this more hereafter.

Abaft the forward house, or forecastle, but forming part and parcel of it (except that it is apportioned off), comes the cook's galley, or kitchen as you would call it. This extends across the house from side to side, and is fitted with sliding doors. Here is firmly strapped down the ship's stove, upon which all food for the crew is cooked, a short funnel piercing the roof to carry off the smoke, and fitted with a movable cover to keep out the rain, sea, and wind. Abaft this again, and forming the rear part of the whole forward house, is what is called the boatswain's locker, or carpenter's room. This room has a door in the centre, and as you look out you see the mainmast facing you.

From the door of the carpenter's room till nearly to the mizzenmast the main deck is all clear, and this is the roomiest part of the vessel. Ten or twelve feet before the mizzenmast is reached another house is built up from the main deck a foot or so higher than the bulwarks; and this is the cabin. You can enter here by the two doors that open onto the main deck on both sides, or you can go up the step-ladders on each side that lead to the narrow



deck that surrounds the house, till you come to the wheel that is at the stern; and then you will find that you can descend into the cabin by a companionway, in the centre of the house, by stepping down the staircase, and find yourself on the same level as the main deck. The little deck around all sides of the after house is protected by a light railing all round the vessel; and the railing and the house are about the same height, namely, some two and one-half feet. This part of the vessel is called the quarter-deck.

Beyond this after house, and in the very stern, is a small house that is called a wheel-house, built over the machinery part of the steering apparatus to protect it. This wheel-house has lockers in it to keep handy things in, and also the ship's flags and signals. In front of the wheel, in the centre of the deck, is strapped down the binnacle, which holds the compass for the man at the wheel to steer by, and in the night-time receives lamps on each side, in apertures made for the purpose, that light up the compass card, but give out no ray of light to dazzle the eyes of the helmsman.

On top of the forward house is stored the long boat, keel up, and securely strapped down, only to be used in case of emergency or shipwreck; and on each side of the quarter-deck, hung to iron davits, are the quarter-boats, light, handsome, but strong American boats, all firmly lashed, with oars and rudder on board, ready for any emergency.



Going into the cabin from the main deck, by one of the front doors, the first thing that strikes the eye is the officers' dining-table, that extends forward from the mizzenmast, and hangs perpendicular in two great leaves when not in use. Over this is the swinging rack for glasses, tumblers, etc. On the port hand, with a window looking out upon the main deck, is the first mate's room; and opposite to it, on the starboard side, the second mate's room. In rear of this is the steward's pantry on the starboard side; and opposite to that on the port side, a storeroom. Then we come to two doors, one on each side, leading into the after cabin; and here is really the parlor of the vessel, with the sunlight streaming down through the skylight, and the companionway steps in the centre. On each side are staterooms with bunks running fore and aft; and Mr. Frisbee occupies the port, and your humble servant the starboard room. This is the nearest point to sleep, and yet reach the deck at a moment's notice, by the companionway, in answer to a call from the officer on watch, or in case of any emergency. In the parlor is a stationary table, a swinging lamp, lounge, lockers, etc.

The companionway is closed in bad weather by means of a slide overhead and small doors, but never but so it can be readily opened.

In the forward cabin, a swinging lamp is screwed to the mizzenmast; and here, also, hangs the barome-



ter, to be consulted every few hours, to forecast the weather.

The top of the house is used to walk upon, as a deck, as much as any other part of the vessel; and the officer often stands here to give orders, or at the head of the steps, which is called the break of the poop. Along the sides of the main deck are strapped down long spars, which are to be used in case the masts are carried away, or to replace a broken yard. Lashed to these, at intervals, are huge hogsheads, which are filled with fresh water; and others are stowed below, for use in case these are destroyed by the sea, or by accident.

As for armament, the Maryland was well supplied. In the first place, she had two nine-pounders on the main deck, that were lashed securely in place just forward of the forward house, and which could, in an emergency, be taken up upon the top-gallant forecastle. At the place where they were stationed and securely lashed, a port in the bulwarks could be thrown open, and they were ready for immediate service. In the cabin, round about the mizzenmast, were ranged six Sharp's rifles; and in a rack in the after cabin, six U. S. muskets, fitted with bayonets, fourteen boarding-pikes, and twenty cutlasses.

Besides these ship's-arms there were several others on board. Mr. Edward Frisbee, the passenger, was the possessor of two splendid Colt's revolvers, of the latest patterns of that day, and a first-class muzzle-



loading, English double-barrelled gun, in which he very properly took great pride.

Mr. Cutter was the proprietor of a very fine pair of long muzzle-loading duelling-pistols, and a heavy single-barrelled duck-gun, of a very large bore. The carpenter, Mr. Danbury, had a regular old-fashioned king's-arm, as eccentric as himself. The second mate, Mr. Jones, did not have any arms except a pair of toggle-irons (harpoons), in which he took great pride. He had been one voyage whaling in the North Atlantic for three months, in which a few fin-backs and one sperm whale had been killed, and he was never weary of telling about the one he struck "with that there iron." For myself, I had a brace of Colt's revolvers, the counterpart of those owned by Mr. Frisbee, and also a small, but very efficient, double-barrelled English shot-gun.

For all these arms, we had laid in an ample amount of ammunition of all kinds, and felt that we should be able to repel the attack of any enemy whom we should possibly meet in the East Indian seas, for no one dreams of making this voyage without being prepared for the pirates of the Java seas and the adjacent waters.

On the quarter-deck, however, was the pride of the whole ship's crew, including the captain and even Chineyboy. Mounted on a sliding carriage, was a fine twelve-pound Dahlgren boat howitzer. For this gun I had not only shot and grapnel, but



even shell with time fuses and percussion primers. This gun was the pet of the whole vessel.

The regulations and discipline of a vessel at sea are very strict; this is necessary for the safety of all on board. The crew, after being divided into watches, take turns at duty and at the wheel. The watches, as they are called, are four hours in length, and one watch relieves the other; but to prevent the same watch from serving the same hours all the voyage, the watch from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M. is divided into two watches, called the dog-watches. This changes the watches each twenty-four hours. So that if the star-board watch has been on duty from 8 A.M. till 12 M., one forenoon, the port watch will be on duty at the same time the next twenty-four hours, and so on during the voyage.

A man at the wheel steers his trick for two hours, and is then relieved by another seaman, and the same with the lookout on the forecastle in the night-time.

As soon as it becomes dark, a large lantern is carried out each night, and fastened under the but of the bowsprit, to give warning to any vessel approaching in an opposite direction; and, near the coast of all civilized countries, green and red side-lights are displayed for the same purpose; but these are dispensed with at sea.

Upon three men depends the safety of the vessel at sea in the night-time: upon the officer of the deck, whose duty it is to watch the changes in the weather,



and take in or make sail according to circumstances, to see that the vessel is kept upon her course by the man at the wheel, and in case of change of wind, so that the vessel cannot lay her course, to call the captain, or awaken him upon any apparent approaching change in the weather.

Next, upon the sailor on the lookout, who is supposed to keep moving about, to prove that he is not asleep, and whose duty it is to give notice of anything that he may see ahead of the vessel, such as a light, or land, or white water, or any peculiar or suspicious object.

And, lastly, upon the man at the wheel, who must be prepared for any change of wind, and take care, in conjunction with the officer of the deck, that the sails of the vessel are not taken aback, which often endangers the masts, and, in a heavy wind, has been known to dismast a vessel.

A captain of a sea-going vessel never dreams of going to bed for a whole night, but is up and down the companionway a hundred times, and in dirty weather is always on deck to take command in person.

The meals served on board a ship are as follows: the watch to come on deck at 8 A.M. is called at 7.30 A.M., and breakfast is served; and after they have eaten, at 8 A.M., they relieve the watch on deck, who take their turn. At 11.30 A.M. the same thing happens again, and at 5.30 P.M.



The captain and officers have their meals at the same time as the crew; but the second mate and carpenter sit down at the second table, after the captain, first mate, and passengers have finished.

The time at sea is kept differently than on shore. The day commences at noon, when the captain, by an observation of the sun, has ascertained his position on the ocean at that time. He then tells the man at the helm to strike eight bells, which makes it 12 o'clock noon, and the commencement of a new day, which lasts for twenty-four hours, till noon of the next day; time being reckoned from noon to noon, instead of from midnight to midnight, as on shore.

In stormy weather, little rest is given to anybody, and all hands are often called from their watch below to aid in reducing sail; and in very heavy weather the cook and carpenter have to turn out, also, and lend a hand; but, as a rule, these two latter are supposed to have all night in, doing all their ordinary work in the daytime.

No sailor comes upon the quarter-deck, except to relieve the man at the wheel, or take in sail; and never abaft the mainmast, except on matters of duty. This part of the vessel is reserved for the captain, the officers, and the passengers; and the seamen never invade its precincts.

Every morning, whenever the weather will permit of it, all the decks of the vessel are washed thoroughly with salt water, and scrubbed with hickory



brooms, by the morning watch; and at six o'clock a cup of hot coffee and a hardtack is brought to the officer of the watch from the galley.

During the whole voyage, in the daytime, the crew under the officers are kept at work, repairing sails and rigging, tarring down shrouds, making chafing-mats for the backstays, setting up rigging, changing and reeving off new running rigging, and always have enough to do. In the dog-watch, however, from 6 to 8 P.M., no work is done; and the crew, if in a good vessel with a fair captain and wholesome food, always indulge in more or less skylarking at this time.

As this sea-yarn goes on, it will be necessary for my readers to understand many of the customs that I have here written down, and have a general idea of life on shipboard, else many of the adventures to be hereinafter described and related would be without point. It is for that reason that this sort of explanatory chapter is here inserted, to provide for future recitals, and to save many explanatory sentences that otherwise might be made necessary, unless this had been written. But, after a perusal of this, I feel confident that all of you will be able to follow me, with full knowledge of how the most important things on board of the *Maryland* were placed, and picture in your mind's eye just how she looked, and thus you can enjoy all that follows without being in doubt as to just what the author means.



## CHAPTER III.

SEASICKNESS OF THE PASSENGER, MR. FRISBEE. —  
LOOKING OVER THE HARPOONS AND GRAINS, AND  
FITTING THEM WITH STAFFS AND LINES. — DESCRIPTION  
OF PORPOISES AND THEIR PECULIARITIES. —  
ARRANGEMENT OF A STANDING-PLACE ON THE BOB-  
STAYS TO STRIKE FISH FROM. — CARE OF THE FIRE-  
ARMS. — MR. FRISBEE INSTALLED AS ARMORER. —  
PORPOISE-CATCHING IN A GALE OF WIND.

WE had been out about a week, and were getting every day better and better acquainted with each other.

Edward Frisbee was at last getting his sea-legs, and forgetting to be seasick. He was a brave fellow in the main, was our passenger; but for the first week he had to succumb to the inevitable, and his libations to the god Neptune were quite frequent. Of course he was kindly told all sorts of sea-cures, for no sailor has any pity for any one who is seasick. The cook, Julius Africanus, used to say to him, at times when his stomach revolted at the very name of food, and especially fat food, "Why, Massa Frisbee, I've seen heaps of people cured of seasickness, in two days, by taking a piece of fat pork, and tying it round



de middle wid a rope yarn, and den swalling it and pulling it up again, kinder greesing de gizzard and insides like." This advice, once or twice repeated, sent the poor passenger to the lee-side at once, to present the usual libation to the sea-god; and, in fact, after having had this advice given him at least thrice, it was noticed that he avoided the cook's galley and gave it a wide berth in his staggering walks about deck. The second mate offered to hoist him up in a bowline to the main-top, and then let him swing with each motion of the ship; for said he, "You might just as well get over this at once, and if you are hoisted up there, you will jump about more in an hour than you will in the whole voyage on deck, and will therefore be quicker cured." But Mr. Frisbee declined the pleasure of hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, especially in a boatswain's chair, which is simply a narrow piece of board to sit upon, like a swing-board in a swing. Some of the crew told him that the best plan in the world to cure seasickness was to "scoff" and "caulk" all he could, by which they meant eat and sleep.

Mr. Frisbee did not have to pass a very severe ordeal; but yet it was evident that little sympathy can, or ever will be, obtained from sailors for one suffering from this malady. By my advice, Mr. Frisbee kept on deck as much as possible, which is one of the best things to do, and eat whenever he



possibly could without being nauseated, which is another good rule; for then the stomach has something to discharge when it must, and the fearful retchings, with nothing to emit, is avoided.

But, finally, at the end of a week, our passenger was gradually getting the best of his enemy; and if he had hastily to leave the table, once in a while, to see how the weather was on deck, within the first ten days of our passage, why, it was but natural that he should be excitable and interested in the minutest details, on this, his first voyage and first ten days at sea. And here it may be stated that, once having conquered, our passenger, Mr. Frisbee, was, for the remainder of the voyage, as free from seasickness as any jack sailor of us all.

“Now look here, Mr. Frisbee, you are getting along so nicely, that it is about time that we began to arrange to have some fun.”

“Mr. Jones, have you got those irons in your stateroom?”

“Yes, Captain; I have them all handy.”

“Well, bring them up on the quarter-deck, and let us have a look at them.”

“Ay, ay, sir;” and the second mate soon appeared with three handsome harpoons and a pair of grains; one harpoon was of the usual old-fashioned, broad-arrow pattern, and the others of what is called the toggle or lily iron style. I gave Mr. Frisbee his first choice, and he decided upon a lily iron; and I chose for my weapon the old-fashioned broad arrow.



“Now, Mr. Frisbee, we have to get these fitted with staffs and lines.”

“Call the carpenter, there, and tell him to come aft.”

“Ay, ay, sir;” and aft he soon appeared.

“Now, carpenter, can you make me two good oaken staffs for these harpoons?”

“Oh, yes, Captain, if you will provide the wood.”

“Well, that is easily done; take two of the spare capstan-bars, in the boatswain’s locker, and fashion them so that they will fit these sockets, will you?”

“Ay, ay, Captain;” and away he went to complete his job.

The difference between the lily iron and the old-fashioned harpoon is, that one enters and holds by its barbs alone, while the lily iron is released after it enters the fish by the little grommet that holds it in place being pushed back, and turns round in the fish, and cannot be withdrawn; but then, again, it takes more force to make it penetrate, and if the fish is missed, the grommet comes off by the force of being darted into the water, and the whole apparatus must be taken in hand and rearranged before another dart can be made; whilst the old-fashioned arrow-head is always in order, so you will see that both have their advantages: the lily iron holding the best when once well entered, but demanding more strength to make it enter; and the broad arrow being handier, and cutting its way in much more readily.



The staff is not fixed very firmly in the socket of the iron, and quite often comes out after a dart, especially if the fish struggles much; but this is of no consequence, for the line that the fish is finally captured with is made fast to the iron itself, and is also run through a becket on the staff, so that the latter cannot be lost if it gets out of the socket.

Now, the fish that is most usually captured with harpoons at sea, and which is considered a great luxury for the table, is the porpoise: its flesh can scarcely be distinguished from fresh pig, and the liver is almost exactly like pig's liver. In fact, this fish, which is found in nearly every ocean, and in all latitudes, is often called the puffing-pig, and, in fact, is not a fish; that is to say, it is an animal like the whale, and has to breathe, and for that purpose often comes to the surface of the ocean, and as its back appears, and it expels the exhausted air, it emits a peculiar puffing noise, well known to sailors.

Besides this peculiarity, it often appears in schools; and, if the vessel is sailing fast, the whole number will dart at once under the bows, and precede the vessel in her course, sometimes for a few moments, and sometimes for hours. It is, therefore, customary to place a small piece of board on the bobstays of the dolphin striker, so that one can stand thereon and strike at them with a harpoon, the line fastened to the same being manned by the crew on deck, to haul in as soon as a fish is struck. But the trouble is, that



this standing-place in a fresh breeze, is under water about half the time, in the plunge of the vessel through the opposing waves, and it is a dangerous spot, as one may be washed overboard by being submerged in a heavy sea.

In fact, in moderate weather even, about half the time is occupied by climbing up on the dolphin striker to clear the seas, and the other half in trying to get a strike at a porpoise that may breach in a position near the dolphin striker, so that one can get a dart at him. Usually, for the reason that the porpoise will not play about the bows unless the vessel is sailing fast, the chances for striking one are greatly lessened; for, if the vessel is sailing fast, the danger of attempting to stand upon the bobstays for a strike is greatly increased.

In calm weather, these fish will not come near the vessel; but when she is in motion, these animals play about her as if she were an enormous specimen of their own species. Nothing is more exciting at sea than the cry of porpoises! porpoises! which always brings everybody on deck, even in the night-time, and the danger of the sport lends great zest to it.

Now, after we had both the irons rigged with nice staffs, and good lines fastened to each, of strong rattling stuff, I took occasion, it being a fine, pleasant day, and the vessel not plunging much, to have the carpenter cut out a V-shaped board, with auger-holes in the sides, which I had two of the crew take out and



lash in its position on the bobstays, at the dolphin striker.

The grains, to which reference have been made, are a sort of five-pronged, small harpoon, suited to strike small fish or dolphin with, and allowing of considerable deviation from a true aim, and yet running a chance of having one of its five barbs penetrate the fish aimed at.

It was well into the afternoon before we had the harpoons and grains fitted to suit us; and when they were complete, I had the broad-arrow one carried out to the dolphin striker, and lashed up and down alongside of it with the line leading in over the rail on to the forecastle. Here it was to remain during all reasonable weather, and here it was kept the whole voyage, except in very heavy gales, or stormy weather, when it was brought in on deck, and stowed under the t'-gallant forecastle, till it was again pleasant; and it was one of the daily duties of the crew to see that this harpoon was lashed in place for immediate use, in fair and medium weather, and stowed away safely during a gale.

Mr. Frisbee was surprised at the way everything rusted at sea, and he soon found out that the guns and pistols needed almost daily care. The boarding-pikes and muskets were kept in good order by deliberately varnishing over all the steel and ironwork with a light coating of copal varnish; but we could not treat our Colt's revolvers and fine English guns



in this manner; so it ended by Mr. Frisbee being installed as armorer. And, being methodical and careful in his ways, he looked after nearly all the fire-arms daily, and saw that they were in good condition. By a liberal use of mercurial ointment, which the medicine-chest furnished, they were kept from rusting, and this is probably the best preventive that has yet been discovered to preserve iron and steel from rusting at sea.

The air is so charged with salt, that everything in the shape of iron, if left to itself, appears in a day or two in a coat of angry red rust, and to prevent this, all the ironwork about the vessel is either covered with coal-tar or black paint. The brasswork about the binnacle lights, however, and a few railings and ornaments in the cabin, were kept bright by being daily rubbed with vinegar, pumice-stone, and oil, till they shone like burnished gold, and had no time to get tarnished.

Before we had the harpoons in order, we had, at different times, seen several schools of porpoises, but the work of getting the vessel in good trim, and in seamanlike shape, had prevented us taking any notice of them heretofore. Sailors have many superstitions concerning these fish. They are one of the few things that they think may be captured without bringing bad luck to the vessel. In fact, it is deemed quite lucky to strike and capture a porpoise, especially in the early part of a voyage, and denotes a



prosperous passage. Singularly enough, these animals are quite often seen in dead calm weather, when the sea looks like molten lead, and its breathings or swells, that never cease, alone give motion to the sleeping sails, by swaying the vessel slightly, in different directions, as she moves, to keep her equilibrium on the ever restless waters. At such times, every sailor on board notes the quarter from which they appear, and that in which they are heading, and everybody on board believes that the wind will shortly start up from the quarter towards which they are proceeding, and no amount of failures will eradicate this belief; one single coincidence will outlive a thousand miscarriages.

Instead of looking for porpoises to strike, in calm weather, it is at this time that dolphin and other smaller fish are looked for eagerly over the side; but the ocean is vast, and it is at long intervals of time that the smaller fish, such as boneta and dolphin, are seen.

Both the dogs, Tanner and Cæsar, had suffered a little from seasickness, as well as Mr. Frisbee, but recovered their appetites long before he did. The carpenter, Mr. Danbury, was one of those fortunate fellows, whom one sometimes meets, who are scarcely sick at all. The crew had laid themselves out to have great fun with him, as, being nearer their own rank, they could fool with him, where quarter-deck discipline prevented them from scarcely speak-



ing to Mr. Frisbee, unless spoken to, while moving amongst them in the forward part of the vessel; but they were out of their reckoning, for, with the exception of a few hours of nausea on the first three or four days, the carpenter was not afflicted, and in a very short time appeared at the second table in the cabin with the second mate, and hoisted in his provender with great gusto and regularity. He soon became a great favorite with both officers and crew.

The wind had held throughout the day at W. by N., and, by observation at noon, the Maryland was found to be in latitude  $35^{\circ} 16'$  N.; longitude, by chronometer,  $56^{\circ} 55'$  W.; this was on Saturday, April 17, and we were humming along with a fore-topmast stun'sail set on the starboard side. Towards night the weather changed considerably, and as the sun went down, banks of angry-looking clouds appeared in the western horizon. After the first watch had been set at 8 P.M, the weather became more unsettled, and the stun'sail was taken in for the night.

Mr. Frisbee, in walking the quarter-deck, kept up quite a conversation about porpoises, evidently intending to post himself in all particulars.

“How large a fish is a porpoise, Captain?” asked he.

“About five or six feet in length,” said I.

“Is there no other use for the porpoise than eating his flesh, Captain?” he asked.

“Oh, yes; the oil is extremely valuable, in fact,



the outside fat, or blubber, must be carefully removed, for, if it is left on, the oil it contains, if cooked with the meat part, spoils it. We always try out the blubber, and preserve the oil. The jaw-bone oil is so valuable that it sells at a very high price to jewelers, and, when refined, is used in watches. We obtain it at sea in a crude state, by hanging the bone up in the sun and preserving the drippings, and not over an ounce or two can be procured from one set of jaws. We use it at sea to oil the locks of our guns and for polishing up a sextant or compass."

"How do you cook the meat, Captain?"

"Well, the best way is to chop it up exactly as you do fresh pork to make sausage-meat, and then fry it in balls, the shape and size of salt-fish balls, in a spider with pork-fat, and I defy you to distinguish it from sausage-meat."

"Are you going to stay on deck, Captain?"

"Yes; I sha'n't go below yet; the weather looks a little dirty, and I think I shall walk the deck for an hour or two. I don't believe that it is going to blow a gale, but the wind is freshening, and the sea getting up."

"Yes, I feel that it is," said Mr. Frisbee; "and therefore I will say good-night, Captain, and go below."

After Mr. Frisbee had gone below, I continued to pace the deck for about an hour, till I was convinced that the wind had slightly decreased, and that the



rest of the night would probably be uneventful in spite of the dark, overcast heavens, and that the sea, although rather lumpy, would not increase.

The bark was jumping about considerably, and the main royal had been taken in for the night, and we were speeding along with what sailors call a pleasant gale. As the *Maryland* settled down in the hollows of the sea, running before a quartering wind, magnificent gleams of phosphorescence lashed her sides, and played about her rudder, and turned and twisted in her wake, lighting up the waters in a weird and peculiar manner.

I had almost made up my mind to go below, and had my hand upon the companionway, and was saying to Mr. Jones, the second mate, "Keep a good lookout, and call me if there is any change," when, instead of replying with the customary "Ay! ay! sir," he said, —

"Captain, hark! Ain't them porpoises I hear on the port-quarter?"

Yes, there they were, sure enough, a whole school of them advancing, with their peculiar puffing noise, and leaving a phosphorescent wake behind them as they came to the surface, and catching up to the vessel with as much ease as if she was at an anchor.

"Porpoises! porpoises!" was now the cry from all the watch on deck; and the last thing that I remember, as I pulled off my monkey-jacket, and started to go forward, was the arrival on deck of Mr. Frisbee, in a



scantily-dressed condition, to see what the matter was.

“Now mind you don’t yaw her about,” was my command to Hiram, at the wheel, as I dashed forward. “Look out for her, Mr. Jones, and don’t leave the quarter-deck.” Antonio was on the lookout on the forecastle when I arrived there, and the watch were already gathered, looking down upon the wakes of the porpoises, as they breached directly under the bows.

“Clear away that harpoon-line, boys, and give me plenty of slack. You had better take it to a snatch-block, as it will be a hard job to get a fish on board, in this weather, if I am lucky enough to strike one.

“Go aft, Dee-Dong, and tell Mr. Jones to be ready to luff her up into the wind as soon as I sing out; but to be careful and not get the bark aback.

“Here, bring that lantern out on the bowsprit, Pete. Now look out to haul in the moment I strike.” And in the midst of a chorus of “Ay! ay! captain,” I rushed out on to the bowsprit, and down upon the dolphin-striker bobstays, and commenced to cut the lashings of the harpoon adrift. Now this was no fool of a job. The bark was plunging badly, and I was up to my waist in water half a dozen times, before the task was done; but, finally, aided by Pete, who stood above me on the jibstays, and took the iron, when I had to hand it to him, to jump out of the way of some deep plunge of



the vessel, I succeeded in reaching the board lashed to the bobstays. Pete had handed his lantern to another of the crew, and stood ready to aid me, as I have said.

Every minute or so I had to draw myself up on to the jibstays, to prevent being submerged, and I would not more than get a foothold, and Pete make ready to hand me the harpoon, than up again I would have to climb, to clear the angry waves into which the old Maryland was plunging her dolphin striker. It was really blowing too fresh to undertake the feat, but, in the excitement of the moment, all danger was forgotten, and the attempt was again and again renewed. No one but sailors would have persisted in the effort; but they work so much in unison, and so differently from landlubbers, that they can accomplish things that to the latter would be simply impossible.

Pete, as well as myself, felt intuitively when the vessel was going to plunge the worst, and at such times the harpoon was in his hands, and my body drawn up out of the angry waves, before they could reach me; and then, in the next lull, my feet would seek the board on the bobstays, and my arms reach up to Pete for the harpoon. Twice or three times was it in my hands, and had to be again hastily returned to Pete, and a jump made to the higher jibstays, before I could get a dart.

All this while, as is usual in stormy weather, the



porpoises were literally playing about my feet, and the forecastle rail lined with the heads of the crew, all anxious for the final result. I thought at one time that I should have to give it up, and Pete, even—and a sailor seldom dares to speak to an officer to advise him—said,—

“Captain, look out, sir, she’s plunging awful, and I’m afraid you’ll get carried adrift.”

“Never mind, Pete; now stand by,” was my answer. “I think after that long swell that we are going to have a chance.”

And, sure enough, the long-wished-for moment came at last. The vessel descended in a gentle pitch, which did not bring the water above my knees, and by the motion, both Pete and myself knew that she would not plunge deep the next time. Handing me the harpoon in a twinkling, I poised it, and let drive at a porpoise directly under my feet, as the vessel was plunging downward, and at the same moment sprang up to the jibstays, and was caught by the arm by the faithful Pete.

“Luff! luff!” cried I to the second mate, who, from the quarter-deck, answered back,—

“Luff it is, sir,” and the bark came rapidly to the wind.

“No higher.”

“No higher, sir;” and the sails shook, in the wind’s eye, and the momentum of the vessel was perceptibly decreased.



All this time, the crew were at work trying to board the fish, amidst cries of, "You've got him, Captain; bully for you; that iron went clear through him. Haul away, boys, haul and hold!" But not an inch could they get till the way of the vessel was stopped, by bringing her into the wind; and then, finally, they began to gain on the line, and presently walked it along, hand over hand, till, floundering and thrashing, helped in over the rail by a half-dozen willing hands, and down upon the main deck, lay a handsome porpoise, thrust through and through, just forward of his dorsal fin.

"Keep her on her course, Mr. Jones!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer, and the slatting sails, filling with wind, away went the Maryland again, dashing into the seething waters and the darkness of the night.

On board ship, the cook, or the "doctor" as he is familiarly called, does all the butchering, and when the prey is secured, takes full charge of all subsequent proceedings. Julius had long since been on deck, waiting in great expectancy for the final result; and you have all of you witnessed the importance that an African always gives himself when called upon to take charge of a job, while white men look on, and obey his commands.

"Now get out ob de way dare, you lan'lubbers, an' lem me get at him. You Pete, dare, you just draw a bucket o' water, and lem me have it to once.



“Dare, don’t stan’ foolin’ round here; tink you never seen no pupoise befo’.

“Slack up on dat dare line, Antonio; and you, Dee-Dong, if you don’t get out ob de way I’ll slice ye sure. Now hist him up, boys, an to-morrow mornin’ I’ll hab his jacket off in no time.

“I reckon de skipper of dis yer craft can strike a pupoise in a gale of win’, and dis here chile can just cook him to kill.

“Dare, boys, you’d better all turn in,” and with this advice, after seeing the fish nicely strung up to the mainstay, the doctor exemplified it by plunging into his galley and slamming to the door, and the watch that had come on deck to see the fun retired to the forecastle, while the man at the helm announced four bells, or 10 P.M., by striking the bell in front of him, and I retired to the cabin to change my wet clothes, and talk over the capture with Mr. Frisbee, who was up and waiting to see me.

In half an hour afterwards I turned in, and the Maryland ploughed on through the dreary waste of waters under the starless sky, governed in her mad career by the motions of the vigilant seaman at the wheel, the careful attention of the officer of the deck, and the watchful lookout on the top-gallant forecastle.



## CHAPTER IV.

NO HURRY TO REACH OUR DESTINATION. — DUTIES OF MASTER AND CREW. — SUNDAY AT SEA. — ARRANGEMENT OF STATEROOMS. — DAILY ROUTINE. — CLOUD PICTURES. — THE DOGS TANNER AND CÆSAR. — MELODEON GOTTEN UP OUT OF THE HOLD, AND PLACED IN THE CABIN. — LOVE OF MICE FOR MUSIC. — BACKGAMMON, CHESS, AND CHECKERS. — READING BY MOONLIGHT. — CLOSING REFLECTIONS.

THE voyage that we had undertaken was a peculiar one in some respects, something like a yacht voyage, for we were in no great haste to reach our port of destination, there being no one waiting there to meet us, and our fortune was in our own hands. I do not mean that it was not our intention to make a direct course to the East Indies, but I do mean that it is usual, on all such voyages, as a rule, to clap on all sail, and push the vessel to her extreme capacity to reach port as soon as possible, and make a quick return to the owners.

Such was not our case; the vessel and cargo belonged to Mr. Frisbee and myself, and we could do as we pleased. We had started upon a venture that would consume some years of our life, and were pre-



pared to see all that there was to be seen before settling down to a mercantile life in the far East: this was our holiday, and we were bound to enjoy it.

The necessity of making a quick voyage was wanting, and we had all the pleasure of feeling that we could take our own time, and study the wonders of the deep, and, if we desired, make a detour in any direction that our fancy might lead us; a few months more or less would make little difference in our future mercantile career.

At sea, one has much leisure time, if a passenger or in command: the daily routine of work is carried on by the crew, under the direction of the mates, and the food is prepared by the cook. The carpenter works daily at his profession, always finding something to tinker upon, mend, or construct. The passenger has literally nothing in the world to do but to eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy himself as he may deem best; and the captain, although he has arduous duties to perform, has also a great deal of leisure for reading and pastime. His chief duties are to find out each day the position of his vessel by the laws of navigation, and observation of the planets, or sun and moon, by means of a sextant, and to define and pronounce upon the course to be steered: to consult with the mate as to the daily work of the crew; remain or be on deck in all bad weather and storms; to preserve the discipline of the vessel, the distribution of the food and care of the fresh water; and take personal



charge and command in all times of emergency and danger; to keep a daily record, or log, of all occurrences on board, the changes of wind and courses sailed; the speed of the vessel, and a complete journal of all important events.

The mate also keeps an official record of each twenty-four hours, in a book prepared for that purpose, which is the vessel's legal record, or log. The captain's record is for his own use, and belongs to himself, and not to the vessel.

At sea, the captain's word is law; nobody dreams of disobeying. No person has a right to ask why such and such a course is sailed, or why such and such a sail is taken in or set. The law, recognizing the fact that there is need of one executive head and master for a vessel on the high seas whose edicts for the safety of all shall not be disputed, gives greater discretionary power to the master than to persons on shore, except to generals and commanders of land forces in time of war. At sea, the captain has the power to put seamen or officers in irons for serious misdemeanors, and imprison them in the vessel's hold, till a port is reached where an American consulate is established. Passengers also are obliged to obey all reasonable commands of the master, and are as liable to be deprived of their liberty as any of the crew, in case of mutiny or an attempt to turn the crew against the captain. The law so thoroughly recognizes the need of one power



to command at sea, whose legal commands shall be undisputed, that death is the penalty of any person convicted of depriving a captain, or attempting to deprive him, of his command; and the law gives him extreme license in defending his trust if attacked, and calls for implicit obedience from all on board to all legal commands that he may issue. That this power is abused, at times, is true, but unless it was granted, in times of distress and danger, sailors would not obey in the way they must obey, if a vessel is to be saved; and, for the safety of all on board, there must be one head whose word is law.

Sunday was always a day looked forward to by the crew of the Maryland; for, except the necessary steering of the vessel, the taking in and setting of the sails according to the state of the weather, and washing down the decks in the morning, no work was ever done. On pleasant Sundays, the Maryland was a very happy vessel to be on board of. On that day the food was always better than on the weekdays, and the dinner especially, both in the cabin and forecastle, was the delight of all on board, and for which the cook always made preparations throughout the week. On Sundays, the crew also had a plum duff, — a flour pudding, as big as a small boy, stuffed full of raisins, and served with plenty of molasses.

In the morning, after breakfast, if the weather was fine, the crew were called aft upon the main deck,



near the mainmast, and Mr. Frisbee, who was an excellent reader, read to them selections from Holy Script, followed by prayers from the Episcopal prayer-book, while the officers of the vessel reverently listened from the quarter-deck, and took part in the ceremony.

After the crew were dismissed, the famous plum-duff dinner followed. And in the afternoon, the crew all went to work, washing their clothes, and shaving off the week's growth of beard. Fresh water is not a commodity that is used lavishly at sea, and is always dealt out with care; but on Sundays the men are allowed a sufficient quantity, if it can possibly be spared, to have a real good wash and clean up. A sailor never dreams of washing throughout all the remainder of the week.

After the wash and shave, the clothes received attention, and with salt-water soap, and salt water, — for fresh water is too precious for this, — they were purified. Often they were towed overboard, at the end of a line attached to the bowsprit, that lifted them out of the water, and dipped them in again, as the vessel rose upon a swell, or plunged into the valley between two waves.

The remainder of the day in the dog-watches was taken up in fun and skylarking by the crew forward, and in singing sea songs, or dancing to Dee-Dong's fiddle.

You must remember that at sea, time is computed



differently than on shore: the sea day commences at noon, when the captain has ascertained, by observation, that the sun has passed the meridian, and the moment eight bells is struck for twelve o'clock, the new day commences, which is Monday instead of Sunday, so that all these antics are permissible, as Sunday ends when the bell strikes. It commences, of course, on noon of the preceding day, which is Saturday by civil account, but by sea custom no observance of the day is made on Saturday afternoon, but only on Sunday morning.

We took great pride in our staterooms on board the Maryland, and arranged them in many pleasant ways.

In mine, right over my head, as I lay in the bunk, was screwed a compass upside down, so that I could look up at any time of the night, by aid of a lamp hung near it, and see the exact course of the vessel, and how the man at the wheel was steering. In the further end of the stateroom was the chronometer, in its mahogany box, set in another box, and stuffed round with cotton wool, to keep it from any jar caused by the plunging of the vessel, or the discharge of cannon.

On the partition, at the foot of the bunk, hangs an aneroid barometer in full sight, and near the door a complete suit of oilskins, so'wester hat, and rubber boots, ready for any emergency.

On the starboard side of the room hung my English



gun in brackets, with two Colt's revolvers below it, and a good American cutlass below them. A copper magazine for cartridges for small arms fitted under the bunk, and was securely locked with a key which I alone held possession of.

A large magazine, with ammunition for the cannon and spare cartridges for the small arms, was stowed in the run, access to which was gained by a hatch just at the foot of the companion ladder in the cabin.

Mr. Frisbee had his stateroom, on the port side, fitted up in great style, with his gun and pistols hung on the side over his bunk, and a nice lot of books in a handsome rack.

The mate had his desk built into the end of his room, with drawers underneath, in one of which reposed the log-book. Upon this desk was kept the log-slate, that was written up every four hours by himself or the second mate, and finally copied into the log-book in ink, at the end of every twenty-four hours.

Before I went to sea, I used to think that the crew set the sails, and then sat down on deck, and told yarns and sang songs till the end of the voyage; but such is not the case: there is always something to do at sea. A great part of the time, both night and day, is taken up in setting, trimming, and taking in sails, according to the state of the weather, and the larger sails of a vessel are not easily or quickly



furled or set, and, in stormy weather, an hour or two of "all hands" on deck is necessary to reef and set, or furl the larger sails.

Besides this necessary, never-ending work, there is plenty of other work to do. Some person must be at the helm at all times, steering the vessel, and two hours is about as long as one wants at this arduous and careful duty, that needs continuous care and attention of the strictest kind; so that in twenty-four hours there will have been twelve changes at the wheel alone. Then, in the night, the lookout on the forecastle has to be relieved every two hours.

In the daytime, the decks are thoroughly washed down and scrubbed every twenty-four hours, if the weather will permit; this duty commencing at 4 A.M., the water being dashed plentifully over everything, and drawn from alongside by means of a canvas-bucket and a pulley, the crew, with naked feet, scrubbing in the water with hickory brooms.

The remainder of the day is taken up in sewing on sails, unbending and bending new and old sails, repairing those that are split or torn; setting up the standing rigging; tarring down the shrouds; reeving off new running gear; slushing down the masts and stays; scraping the masts; putting battens and chafing gear upon the backstays, etc. In fact, a capable mate can always find plenty of tasks for his watch to perform.

In very pleasant weather, in the tropics, the sailors



often make mats, and lay up sennit, a sort of braided line, made out of the strands of old junk, and splice and renew the ends of frayed-out ropes. If men were allowed to be idle at sea, discontent and murmuring would soon arise; and then there is really always enough for them to do; in stormy times, often too much, and the crew become at times worn out and exhausted by a continuance of bad weather.

In the dog-watches, near night, all work is stopped, and the crew are permitted to smoke and skylark, preparatory to the night-watch; but, even at this time, they are liable to be called upon, at a minute's notice, to take in or make sail.

The captain stands no watch, the second mate keeping watch for him. This is because he is liable to be called upon at any time of the night or day, and really has the most irregular hours of any person on board; but when not watching the vessel, in bad weather, or figuring out her course, and pondering over his charts, has plenty of leisure on his hands to enjoy himself.

And how shall I give my readers, who have never been upon it, an idea of the beauties of the ocean? To be sure, each day is like the other, in the boundless expanse of water that greets the view each morning, in coming on deck, yet the ocean is never twice alike. Its color, motion, and appearance are never the same, and it is so also with the heavens above. I have sat hours and hours upon the quarter-



deck, and looked upon the most magnificent cloud-pictures that the eye of mortal ever rested on; change upon change, but as real to me as the painted panorama to the boy on shore. There come two immense giants, three hundred feet in height, and there is their castle to the right, and there comes Tom Thumb to tackle them, and, as he approaches, his weapon changes, his hat blows off, his sword becomes a spear, and before he reaches the giants, they have changed into an immense two-headed lion, being attacked by their own castle, in the form of an immense dragon with wide open jaws.

See that fairy landscape with the magnificent lawn and palatial castle, and the mirror-like lake with the two lovers in the motionless boat, with the grand old oaks on the margin, casting their shadows far out into the silent waters. What a heavenly picture of peace and contentment. And, as we gaze, it fades away, and here comes a ship under full sail, with every stitch of canvas set, striving to weather yonder rocky headland, but she cannot do it; and, as you look, as upon a real picture, the two mingle together in one vast mountain of cloud, framed against the dying western sky.

No pictures by any of the masters can compare with the cloud-pictures of grand old ocean.

Our dogs were a great comfort to us, and pets with all on board. The St. Bernard, Tanner, was not a pure specimen of that breed, and, to tell the truth,



rather of a mongrel, but retaining many of the qualities of the noble strain from which he was descended. He was large, clumsy, quite sedate, and, in fact, rather aged, and did not exert himself very much in doing anything. He was rather of a patriarch, and fast falling into the sere and yellow leaf of life.

Mr. Frisbee used to plague Mr. Cutter, the mate, a good deal about Tanner, for the latter, like all seamen, had been rather over-reached in his purchase of Tanner, as a young and pure St. Bernard; but, for the very reason that he was fast beginning to find out that Tanner was neither young nor a pure St. Bernard, he stood up for him all the more, and was really very fond of him. Mr. Frisbee used to say to the mate, —

“Mr. Cutter, Tanner’s name is too long; it ought to be Tan, and to make that agree with the dog, he ought to be killed, and his skin tanned.”

“Never you mind, Mr. Frisbee,” returned Mr. Cutter, “I’ll make five hundred dollars out of that dog, in Shanghai, selling him to some Englishman; he’s the real, pure breed.”

All this while, Tanner would sit up, lazily wagging his tail, and with a most comical grin on his ancient features. All he did all day long was to wag his tail slightly at the approach of Mr. Cutter, eat, and sleep. In fact, he did not take to the sea, and evidently often wished that he was on shore, where he could sleep without being rolled about by the



lurching of the vessel. He had a contemptuous expression of countenance, as if he was disgusted with the whole business, and I am inclined to believe that he was bilious during the whole voyage. But he was a harmless old fellow, and soon found out the places where the hurrying crew, in the night-time, were least apt to run over his prostrate, sleeping body; but sometimes his plaintive cry of distress, as the crew stumbled over him, in some quick movement to take in sail, showed that he had not chosen the right spot.

Cæsar, on the other hand, our Newfoundland dog, was a young and noble specimen of his breed. He was purchased, a few days before we sailed, from a vessel that had just arrived from Newfoundland. He was of the long-haired breed, jet black, with the exception of a handsome white shirt-bosom, and a white streak down his nose. He was extremely playful and intelligent, and all over the ship at all hours, and never underfoot.

He was the bane of poor Tanner's life, for he used to try to get the latter to romp, and teased and plagued him in a thousand doggish ways. Tanner evidently put him down as an unmitigated nuisance, a spoiled dog, and an overgrown puppy. They did not quarrel, — we would not permit that, — but they were not the best of friends.

Cæsar took to a sea-life as naturally as any sailor on board. We taught him many amusing tricks,



and further on you will be told how he used to go in swimming.

Mr. Frisbee and myself used to play a great many games of backgammon, to wear away the time, and I am inclined to think that the enormous score that was kept till the end of the voyage showed in his favor by several hundreds.

After we had been out a few weeks, in looking over our invoices, Mr. Frisbee discovered that there were four small organs, or melodeons, on board, and it was voted to open the after-hatch, and get one up, and this was done. It was a small instrument, of about four and one-half octaves, and fitted nicely into a recess in the after cabin.

Mr. Frisbee was quite a performer upon this instrument, and it added great pleasure to the whole voyage.

I used, at times, to blow my sorrows down a flute, and add a fitful accompaniment to the melodeon.

When Mr. Frisbee really started in to play, as he did often in the dog-watches, the crew would come as far aft as etiquette permitted, and listen for every strain.

Cæsar liked the music, but old Tanner, true to his misanthropic tendencies, would, with a mournful whine, leave the cabin whenever the performance commenced.

About this time, when we had the melodeon in full blast, it was found that the cabin was overrun with



mice, and the belief that these little creatures are pleased with music was verified. At any hour near dark, Mr. Frisbee could entice them out onto the deck of the cabin by softly playing; but the moment he stopped, they would rush back again to their holes, to reappear as soon as he recommenced to play. They seemed to be perfectly fascinated with the music, and, under its influences, to be deprived of their natural timidity.

It would not do, however, for us to be overrun with them, or to permit them to increase; so the traps were put at work, and we were soon rid of them, except that we could not bear to destroy the first few we caught. We thought they might be the musicians who had appreciated our music, appearing sometimes even when I was blowing my sorrows down the flute, of which I have spoken. So we kept the first two or three we caught alive, and Mr. Frisbee, with the assistance of the carpenter, made for them a nice little cage with a wire front, and they were our pets for many a long day.

Besides our games of backgammon, we used to play occasionally a game of chess, and this was, and is, my favorite game; at this I rather excelled.

It was amusing to see Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Cutter play at checkers, and they fought out many games. Mr. Frisbee was the better player, but Mr. Cutter used to give him some hard trials. I never cared much for the game myself, and scarcely ever engaged



in it, and, if I did so, it was always to be easily beaten by Mr. Frisbee.

We used to do a good deal of reading on deck in the pleasant days, and in the night-time for that matter; for, in the tropics, with a cloudless sky and a full moon, I have often read for hours with the greatest ease; the beauty and brilliancy of the moon at such times must be seen to be appreciated.

We had, at this time, been out about three weeks from port, and were fast approaching the equator. The ship's crew were all working harmoniously together, and no accident worthy of notice had happened. Chineyboy had been laid up with the measles, but was rapidly recovering, and the ship's company could be pronounced in good health and condition. Up to this time nothing had occurred to interrupt the daily routine and monotony of a sea voyage, except the capture of the porpoise; but plenty of adventure lay before us, as the sequel will show.

The voyage was progressing satisfactorily. The Maryland was not a fast vessel, but had proved herself seaworthy, and an excellent seaboat, stanch and strong; and we had her, by this time, in good trim, with all the running gear and standing rigging in good working shape. The spare, useless skids, fenders, and side-steps, used only in port, were safely stowed away, and the vessel "in ship-shape and Bristol fashion." We were now, on Sunday, May 2, in latitude  $3^{\circ} 57'$  N., and longitude  $37^{\circ} 27'$  W., with every prospect of a pleasant voyage.



## CHAPTER V.

CROSSING THE LINE. — DESCRIPTION OF THIS ANCIENT CEREMONY. — NAMES OF THE VICTIMS. — NEPTUNE COMES ON BOARD, AND THE VESSEL IS HOVE TO.

IF you will remember, the last chapter left the Maryland in latitude  $3^{\circ} 57'$  N., or, in other words, about two hundred and thirty-seven statute miles from the equator. Now, crossing the equator has, from unknown ages, been celebrated on board all sea-going vessels by more or less merriment and pastime.

It is quite an important event at sea to cross the line. It is a mile-stone in the vast expanse of ocean, a point from which to reckon events. Thus we say so many days from B—— to the line, so many degrees north or south of the line, probably so many days more to the line, etc.

In earlier times, the act of crossing was marked by great jollification, and extreme license was permitted to the crew, even on board well-regulated men-of-war, and great barbarities were often practised upon the passengers, and all those on board who had never before crossed the equator. In fact, not only barbarities, but even cruelties, for which there was no



redress. This has been vividly depicted by Marryat and other authors of sea stories.

In my day at sea, the practice had not fallen exactly into disuse, but the matter-of-fact busy times in which we live had rather relegated the ceremony with all its barbaric accompaniments to the dark ages, and, in some vessels, it was not even permitted; in others it was allowed in a mild form, stripped of much of its attendant horse-play and coarseness.

Now we were determined to have the rite properly performed, but in a civilized manner. There are but very few conditions in the mode of procedure, and all crossing of the line is based upon the following formula, which, as I have said, is carried out in detail, or much curtailed.

Neptune, the god of the sea, comes on board from over the bow as soon as possible after the vessel crosses the line. He is sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by his wife, Aphrodite, and sea-nymphs and nondescripts of the ocean. He pays his respects to the captain and the officers of the quarter-deck, and, after asking for the news, takes charge of the vessel, the captain gracefully giving up the command to His Majesty. Neptune then has the crew mustered aft, and picks out all those who have not before crossed the equator, and passes them over to his myrmidons to be initiated.

This formerly consisted of sousing in hogsheads of water, shaving with an iron hoop, with lather of tar,



slush, etc. Passengers were sometimes put through all the details of initiation, but oftener permitted to escape them by a payment of a sum of money, or a bottle of rum to the watery god.

After duly shaving, bleeding, and initiating all on board, on their first voyage south of the equator, His Majesty would disappear over the bows again, and the captain resume command of the vessel.

It was this ceremony, in a modified form, that we were about to perform, and for which we were making preparation. The victims were already picked out, and studiously kept from discovering the plots and arrangements that were being perfected. They consisted of Mr. Frisbee, the passenger; Mr. Danbury, the carpenter; Mr. Jones, the second mate; Dee-Dong, the Frenchman; and Louis Allonio, the Portuguese, or Dago.

Mr. Jones, the second mate, although a good sailor, had, in an unguarded moment, sometime during the voyage, confessed that he had never crossed the line, and Dee-Dong and Louis were in the same category; for, although good North Atlantic sailors, they were making their first East-India voyage. Now they were not so very green about these matters, as they, as sailors, had often heard of the ceremony; and, as for Mr. Frisbee, he was not deceived at all, as he came of an old sea-faring family, and, although not a sailor, was fully posted in all the details of this ceremony, but of course had never witnessed it.



Mr. Frisbee, I think, smelled a rat a day or two before the ceremony, but Dee-Dong and Allonio were as unsuspicious as two sucking calves, never even giving the thing a thought, while the carpenter finally got it through his head that something mysterious was going on, but could not tell what, and as for the second mate, Mr. Jones, I have no doubt but what he cursed his stars for ever having confessed to never having before doubled either the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn.

As for Mr. Cutter, he was for a day or so nearly bursting with concealed mirth, for he was the king-pin in the affair: it not being etiquette for the arrangements with the crew to be made with the captain direct. But to the mate came all the men for instruction, advice, and counsel, and intercourse with him was on a totally different footing for a day or two than on any other time during the whole voyage, either before or afterwards. And many a stealthy interview was held in his stateroom after dark, with members of the crew, who never before or afterwards put their foot inside the cabin door.

Of course Mr. Cutter was in consultation with me, and received my consent to several requests that the crew made to carry out their plans, the arrangement and perfection of which caused infinite sport and variety to those interested, and was a harmless change to all from the daily uniform sea duties.



Mr. Cutter awaited the announcement from me, that the vessel was south of the equator, to have the fun commence. This fact would be known five minutes after it happened, by the noon observation of the sun, which would at once demonstrate the fact when it occurred. The ship's spy-glass had been secretly rigged with a hair across the object-glass, so that all could *see* the line that we had passed over, and, although the intelligence of those whom we were about to initiate was such that this could not for a moment deceive such persons as Mr. Frisbee, the carpenter, or Mr. Jones, yet, for a moment, it is a startling thing to even a reasoning person to look through the spy-glass and *see the line*, and, for one brief moment, believe that you do see it, and, in that moment, acknowledge the belief for just one second of time by a pronounced expression of surprise, for which the initiated are awaiting.

Wednesday, May 5, was a lovely day, with light airs from the south-east, and when it was about to commence at noon, I saw that my observation would place the vessel to the southward of the line, and I gave the tip to Mr. Cutter that such would be the case. In fact, when I ordered eight bells to be struck, the Maryland was in latitude  $0^{\circ} 12'$  south of the equator.

Mr. Cutter, who was prepared for such an announcement, and the sailors' also, for that matter, had the news quietly carried forward to the fore-



castle, and then dinner was served as usual, and leaving the deck in charge of the second mate, Mr. Frisbee, Mr. Cutter, and myself sat down to our usual meal.

Chineyboy, who waited on the table as cabin boy, was in a broad grin all dinner long, for he knew what was coming, the little imp, and, in fact, had been the mate's chief messenger to the forecastle for the last week. He was secure himself from molestation, was this heathen Chinese, for, although young in years, he had crossed the line twice in coming from China, and had been then put through his "facings."

Even Julius Africanus, the cook, could not resist the impulse of coming aft into his pantry as we sat at dinner, and to show his white teeth in a broad grin, as his face gleamed with the knowledge of the sport that he knew was soon to commence.

After a while the mate went on deck, and we soon followed him, and the second mate went below to his dinner, the carpenter coming aft, as was usual, to join him in the repast. There could not have been chosen a better day for the sport. The Maryland was just moving through the water, it being nearly a dead calm. All at once, as we were walking the quarter-deck, there came a most tremendous hail, from somewhere beyond the bows of the vessel.

"BARK A-A-H-O-E-Y! BARK A-A-H-O-E-Y! WHAT BARK IS THAT?"

"Mr. Cutter, where in the world does that hail come from? I can see no vessel in sight."



“Nor I, Captain. I don't know what it means.”

“Go forward, sir, and see what all this means, and call all hands on deck, every living soul; we'll have this mystery solved at once.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the mate, as he hurried forward, crying out, at the same time, —

“Turn out here, turn out here. All hands on deck! All hands on deck!”

“Well, Mr. Cutter, what do you find, sir, that you are looking so intently at over the bows?”

“Why, bless my heart, Captain Frisbee, if here ain't Neptune and all his crew, and he wants you to heave the vessel to at once, as he desires to come on board.”

“All right, Mr. Cutter, His Majesty's commands must be obeyed; lay aft here the port watch, and back the maintopsail.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” responded cheerily the amused crew; and the Maryland was brought to the wind, and hove to with her maintopsail to the mast, and her helm lashed alee. And then appeared, coming in over the bows of the Maryland, the following motley crew.

First came Neptune (Hiram Strong), rigged out in the following costume: His Majesty wore a crown, the points of which each represented a miniature trident, the counterpart of the large one that he bore in his right hand. His head was covered with a most luxuriant growth of hair, dangling down over his naked shoulders (made of strands of manilla rope),



and a beard of great length and beauty (of the same material). The eyes of the god were protected by huge green glass spectacles, and his nose, I am sorry to say, was of an extremely fiery red, for which state of affairs the Maryland's paint supply, especially vermilion, was just so much short. The god's body was naked to the waist, and tattooed with fishes, snakes, crabs, etc., also obtained by causing a shrinkage in the paint supply of the Maryland. On the trident was impaled a very fine Boneta (made of canvas and painted), which, no doubt, was to be presented to the captain. From the waist down, His Majesty was incased in a sea-green pair of unmentionables, which did not reach quite to his knees, and his naked legs and feet were tattooed in conformity to the rest of his body.

By this time, everybody on the bark was on deck: the officers on the quarter-deck, and the remainder of the crew in the waist, near the mainmast.

Neptune was followed by his secretary (Michael Flynn), who was fitted out with as grotesque habiliments, or, rather, want of them, as His Majesty, his insignia of rank consisting of an immense quill pen, several feet in length, a book of record under his arm, and a huge razor, with a bucket of suds and a paint-brush to be used as a shaving-brush in his right hand.

The secretary was followed by His Majesty's messenger (Chineyboy), who was just about as fat as he was high, and he was followed by two mermen



(George Albion and Hans Speiler), who were, if possible, accoutred in a more grotesque manner than His Majesty himself, and who held in leash two sea-lions (Cæsar and Tanner), most admirably disguised.

Proceeding straight aft to the waist of the vessel, and followed by his court, old Neptune made his way ; and, having arrived near the break of the poop, the following dialogue took place : —

“ Why, how do you do, Captain Frisbee? I hain’t see you since you came by here, in your voyage home from Shanghai last year. Glad to see you, Captain. You wa’n’t captain then, if I remember, only mate.”

“ You are right, your Majesty ; this is my first voyage as master.”

“ Yes, jes’ so, jes’ so. Captain, you will oblige me with the loan of that trumpet of yourn, please, and deliver over the command of this vessel to me till I have thoroughly examined your crew.”

“ Certainly, your Majesty, here is the trumpet, and you are in full command.”

“ Now, Captain, I find that lately lots of land-lubbers try to pass themselves off as blue-water sailors, who have never entered my dominions, and do not even know what the dividing line is that separates it from the remainder of the ocean. I am informed that, in the books that you mortals are given to study at school, that the question is written, in one of them, ‘ What is the equator?’ and the an-











swer given, 'An imaginary line drawn round the earth from east to west, equi-distant from the poles in all its parts.' Now, I want you to convince the green-horns on board here that that is a lie; that a real line exists, and that there it lies now, just eleven miles astern of you.

"Steward, bring me the ship's spy-glass." And Africanus, with a grin, disappeared in the cabin, returning with the prepared spy-glass in his hand.

"Now, Mr. Passenger," continued the sea-god, "no doubt you think that there is no real line." And, as Mr. Frisbee took the proffered glass with a polite bow, as being perhaps the best way to meet the inevitable, he was commanded by the sea-god to point it to the horizon astern of the vessel.

"There," said Neptune, as he saw the usual undisguised start that educated persons even, so often give when this trick is played upon them, and before they can stop to think, "there, don't never say there ain't no line there again, Mr. Passenger, will ye?"

"No, I certainly will not," politely replied Mr. Frisbee.

The glass was then handed to Mr. Jones, and to the carpenter, and finally to Dee-Dong and Allonio, and the old hands enjoyed their surprise. And probably, with the exception of Mr. Frisbee, all who looked through the glass were not only startled, but did not even know how to account for the phenomenon, which they knew well enough, however, was only a trick.



“Now, Captain, I am very anxious to know how things are getting along in America. I have not boarded a vessel for some time, and my wife, Aphrodity, is dreadful anxious to know if the fashions has much changed.”

“Well, your Majesty, when we left port, the crinolines were slightly larger than heretofore, and the bonnets somewhat higher.”

“Ah! I am sorry to hear that,” replied His Majesty, “for I shall have to send somebody way north to steal some more of the submarine cable to make Aphrodity a larger one, and her bonnet is so large now that she can’t move about without getting it full of shrimps, like a fisherman’s hand-net. I don’t think I shall tell her of the change,” continued the sea-god, reflectively.

“How about politics, Captain?”

“Well, your Majesty, the world goes on about the same: all the big nations are trying to swallow up the little ones, and Uncle Sam is fast catching up and even passing some of the older nations of Europe” —

“Yes, so I hear,” interrupted Neptune. “In fact, you Yankees are getting altogether too smart, and I don’t like them cruisers that you are sending out to dredge the bottom of the ocean, for deep sea soundings and all that; it is rather invading my dominions, and I should think that you would find enough to do on top of the water without meddling with my king-



dom ; that their submarine cable has made lots of trouble, and I have had hard work to keep my people from destroying it. In fact, if you remember some rebellious subjects of mine did cut it in two on the banks of Newfoundland after the first message had passed through it, but I had them so severely punished that they have let the second one alone. I ain't agin humanity, but I don't want them to invade my dominions. And now, Captain, we may as well proceed to business."

"I presume, Mr. Passenger," said the sea-god, turning towards Mr. Frisbee, "that this is your first voyage, in fact, I know so 'by the cut of your jib.'"

"I cannot deny it, your Majesty," said Mr. Frisbee.

"Well, don't you think that your whiskers need a little trimming after so many days from port?"

"No, I don't think they do," replied Mr. Frisbee.

"Well, I can't agree with you, sir: you don't look at all ship-shape."

"Perhaps it is because I do not take kindly to tobacco," said Mr. Frisbee. "I brought some with me to sea, but find I do not care to use it."

"Ah, that's what makes you look so unsailor like," interrupted Neptune. "I knew it was something wanting in ye, but I could not place it."

"Now, if your Majesty would accept of a pound of this tobacco, I should be much pleased," continued Mr. Frisbee, who was evidently a born diplomatist.

"Well, I guess I'll take it," said Neptune, who prob-



ably saw that he had gone as far as would be agreeable with the passenger, and to bind the bargain Mr. Frisbee went below, and returned at once with a pound of tobacco, which Chineyboy advanced and received from his hand as his tribute to the sea-god.

“Mind you, Mr. Passenger,” said Neptune, who wished to get in a parting shot, to cover his discomfiture in his attack, and to uphold the dignity of his rank and power, “I only accept this tobacco in lieu of my other rights, on the express condition that you will never attempt to become a sailor, or make that your profession, and it is as well that you should thoroughly understand this now.”

Mr. Frisbee answered the sea-god “that most assuredly he should not make the sea a profession.”

“Ah! then that makes that matter all right, and, Mr. Secretary, you just log down in that book of yours the affidavit made by this ’ere passenger.” The book was gravely opened by Neptune’s secretary, and the record made.

“Captain Frisbee, I don’t think that your second mate has a real South Atlantic, blue-water look. What’s his name?”

“Mr. Jones, your Majesty.”

“Well, Mr. Jones, I will ask you to step to the break of the poop,” said Neptune. And amidst the suppressed laughter of all the crew, Mr. Jones thought it best to comply.

Now Neptune knew it would not do to go too far



with an officer of the vessel, and handled Mr. Jones carefully, without passing the bounds of discretion. Knowing it would not do to try to shave him, he pestered him with questions, to the great edification of all his listeners ; and, to tell the truth, the second mate took his dose manfully, probably glad to be let off even as easily as he was.

“Mr. Jones,” commenced Neptune, “I am sorry that such a good-looking sailor as you are should have arrived at the age of discretion, and not passed over the line. I am ashamed of you, and more ashamed of you, to think that you, as a seaman, did not notice the line when the vessel hit it, just before noon, and jumped over it. I don’t think you would now believe it, if your own eyes had not seen it through the ship’s spy-glass. I am sorry, also, to say that the cook informs me that you eat more than your share of the food served in the cabin, and the rotundity of your person proves his assertion. Now, I am sorry to have to speak in this manner to an officer, but it is my duty. Now, Mr. Jones, I shall have to ask you a few nautical questions, to see if you are capable of filling the position you hold on board this craft, before I can issue to you my certificate of character.”

NEPTUNE. Can you tell just what place at sea you are on, by smelling of the soundings that the deep sea lead brings up?

MR. JONES. No, I can’t say that I can.



NEPTUNE. You must perfect yourself, sir, in this, and never in future neglect to smell of all soundings, and get posted on all the different flavors. How many points are there between north by east and north by west, Mr. Jones?

MR. JONES. Why, two, of course.

NEPTUNE (severely). No, sir, there is but one; the north point. I thought you did not know. Now pay attention. How many ropes are there in a ship?

MR. JONES. Well, I don't know; possibly a hundred and fifty.

NEPTUNE. Wrong again; there are only five, the man-rope, the tiller-rope, the foot-rope, the leach-rope, and the wheel-rope. I am surprised at you. What does a vessel weigh with all her cargo on board and ready for sea?

MR. JONES. I don't know; different weights for different sizes of vessels, I suppose.

NEPTUNE (indignantly). No, sir; she weighs her anchor. I thought every seaman knew that. I find you so lamentably ignorant in sea affairs, Mr. Jones, that I will ask you only one more question. If the cargo in this vessel is worth forty thousand dollars, and the vessel twelve thousand dollars, and the interest on the same amounts to four hundred and twenty-two dollars per year, what will a ton of coal for the cook's galley come to, at that rate?

MR. JONES. I give it up; that is too hard a one for me.



NEPTUNE. Well, I thought so. Why, it will come to ashes, of course. And now, Mr. Jones, I certainly must fine you one pound of tobacco, and when you come back again over this part of the ocean, I hope to see you greatly improved.

MR. JONES. Well, I suppose I'll have to pay.

And this ended the dialogue between the second mate and His Majesty.

"Captain Frisbee, that is a smart-looking carpenter you have," said Neptune. "What's his name?"

"Mr. Danbury, your Majesty."

"Ah! a sweet name. Come hither, my child," said His Majesty, beckoning to the carpenter, who thought it best to advance a little towards the sea-god.

Now Mr. Danbury was the wit of the vessel, and Neptune had his hands full when he tackled him, and I should be glad to relate to you all that passed between them, but memory will not serve me to give you more than a specimen or two.

NEPTUNE. Mr. Danbury, you of course do not come exactly within my jurisdiction, not being a real sailor, but one who must always pass by the designation of "Chips," instead of able seaman. I rather like your appearance, and especially the plentiful lack of hair that appears on your cranium. How do you account for it?

MR. DANBURY. Early piety, holding the lid of my chest up with my head, and indulging in no tomfoolery, such as this is.



NEPTUNE. Ahem! Are you a married man?

MR. DANBURY. No; and if I couldn't manage a wife better than you do your old Aphrodite, I wouldn't get married at all.

NEPTUNE. Do you believe in the utter depravity of the human race.

MR. DANBURY. I did not up to this time, but I shall hereafter.

NEPTUNE. Do you smoke?

MR. DANBURY. I smoke when I *chews*.

NEPTUNE. What is your opinion of the Darwinian theory?

MR. DANBURY. Well, up to this time I utterly repudiated it; but, after a careful examination of your Majesty and your followers, I have become a strong convert to his theory.

NEPTUNE. Did you ever harpoon a whale?

MR. DANBURY. No; but I once whaled a harpooner in New Bedford.

NEPTUNE. How old are you?

MR. DANBURY. Ah, like the hair on the top of my head, the years of my life cannot be numbered.

NEPTUNE. How do you find yourself on board?

MR. DANBURY. I don't find myself at all, the ship has to do that.

NEPTUNE. I mean how do you like your post?

MR. DANBURY. I did not bring any on board with me, and haven't yet found one, so I can't tell.

NEPTUNE. I mean how do you like your quarters?



MR. DANBURY. I ain't got any. I spent them all before I came on board.

NEPTUNE. I mean how do you like the sea so far?

MR. DANBURY. Well, so far as I see, it's all right.

NEPTUNE. What would you do if you were in command at this moment?

MR. DANBURY. Tie you and your gang to a rope, and tow you over the stern.

NEPTUNE. There, that will do; you are dismissed; and Neptune had evidently had the worst of it, to the amusement of the officers and the crew.

It now came the turn for Dee-Dong and Allonio. These poor fellows were put through the regular routine, but not in a cruel or brutal way. Each was brought before His Majesty in turn and asked his name, and the moment he opened his mouth to reply the paint-brush of the secretary was thrust down his throat; he was then seized by the two mermen, and, in spite of his struggles, was lathered, shaved, and doused with a half-dozen buckets of water. Dee-Dong was the first victim, and as Allonio saw what he was going through with he made a break forward, but it was of no use, for as soon as His Majesty was through with Dee-Dong, Allonio was captured and brought back aft, struggling and kicking in the hands of the two mermen, and put through the same course as his predecessor. When these two were thoroughly washed and shaved, His Majesty politely handed back the trumpet to me as I stood on the



quarter-deck, wished the vessel good-luck and all on board a pleasant passage, and followed by his attendants gravely made his way forward, and over the bows, whilst I drew attention from the sea-god by ordering all hands to man the braces, and fill away the maintopsail, and get the Maryland under way, and the celebration of crossing the line was ended and the discipline of the ship resumed; but this innocent relaxation caused mirth for many a day to come, and reminiscences of it arose on many occasions, both in the cabin and forecastle, before the voyage was ended.



## CHAPTER VI.

SPEAK THE BARK EMMA C. JONES OF NEW BEDFORD. —  
TAKE A PULL IN A WHALE-BOAT. — EXAMINE A  
SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF THE NAUTILUS, OR PORTU-  
GUESE MAN-OF-WAR. — BUTTERFLIES AND BIRDS COME  
ON BOARD. — FLYING-FISH AND BONETA.

A DAY or two after Neptune had paid us his visit, and while in the latitude  $1^{\circ} 33'$  S., and longitude  $36^{\circ} 36'$  W., we were all pleased at about noontime to hear the always welcome cry at sea of, Sail, O ! Sail, O !

“Where away?”

“Nearly ahead, sir: about half a point on the star-board bow.”

Yes, there she was in plain sight, and not over three miles distant. It had been getting calmer and calmer all the morning, and at noon there was not a breath of air stirring. By the glass, we easily made out the stranger to be a whaler, as her numerous boats hung to davits on both sides announced. She hoisted American colors in answer to ours, and after dinner I proposed to Mr. Frisbee to go on board to visit her. This was eagerly agreed to, and the quarter-boat was lowered away, and with two sailors at the oars away we went. It took us about an hour to pull to the stranger, who received us very courte-



ously. We found that she was the bark Emma C. Jones, of New Bedford, whaler, Captain Jenney, homeward bound, with twenty-five hundred barrels of oil, and five days out from Pernambuco. Captain Jenney was very polite and glad to see us; we had had the precaution to bring a few newspapers and books with us, that were very acceptable, and in return Captain Jenney presented us with a fine bunch of bananas and a dozen or so of oranges.

We passed quite a little time on board, examining the whale-boats, and listening to the explanations of how to capture the leviathian of the deep. Finally, we thought it time to return, and Captain Jenney proposed to take us back in his whale-boat, and to let our men pull back alone. This was very acceptable to Mr. Frisbee and myself, as I had never been in a fully equipped whale-boat at sea in my life, and they are never lowered off soundings without being perfectly prepared to attack at any moment. Having dismissed our quarter-boat, and ordered the men to pull back to the Maryland, we descended into Captain Jenney's whale-boat to take a cruise with him. If anything in this world was ever eagerly desired, it was that we might hear the cry of "There she blows! there she blows!" and find ourselves fast to a whale before leaving the boat; but such was not our good-luck.

Perhaps my readers will like to know just what a whale-boat looks like, and how she is fitted out, so, as



we skip along over the glassy sea that looks like molten lead, I will try and give some description of this graceful craft. The American whale-boat is usually a long, narrow boat, sharp at both ends, with a handsome shear and low sides. She is fitted with a boat-compass, small kegs of fresh water, a bag of hard-tack and preserved meats, harpoons, and lances, all of which are never taken out of her except to be immediately replaced or renewed. Besides this, a short mast that carries a lug sail is stowed fore and aft, and can be utilized when the wind is fair. The crew usually consists of six men, who pull at the oars, three on each side, and the officer in command, who steers the boat with a very long oar instead of a rudder. This is for the purpose of swinging the boat's head in any direction by a sweep of its blade, when she is at rest, to escape the blow of a whale's flukes. A rudder only acts when the boat has motion through the water, and then very gradually; but with a steering-oar, an officer can with one sweep, throw the bows round thirty degrees in either direction, thus avoiding danger. The steering-oar is often twenty-four feet in length.

In the after part of the boat, coiled down with the nicest care, in what sailors call a Flemish coil, is the whale line attached to the harpoon. This line, which is of great length, is coiled in a half-barrel, or tub, so as not to get tangled in any way. Near by also is a round post that is built into the



boat, called a loggerhead, around which a turn or two of the whale line is taken when a fish is struck, to prevent the line from running out too fast. A whale line is about the size of a man's forefinger, and is made of the very best picked manilla.

When a whale is struck, this line leads forward between the men and out over the bows, through a chock, where it is held in place by a pin so that it cannot slip out no matter what direction the whale may take. Near the chock is a sharp hatchet in a socket, that can be used to cut the line at a moment's notice if the whale sounds, that is to say, dives so deep that the whole of the line is payed out ; if so, it must be cut at once, or the boat would be dragged under. The necessity of cutting the line occurs quite often, and then there is the total loss of the whale line and harpoon. In capturing a whale, the crew pull with all their might till near their prey, then the officer orders the bow oarsman to take in his oar, and get ready the harpoon, the bow oarsman being usually the harpooner. The officer then steers for the side of the whale and the harpooner delivers his thrust at whatever moment he deems most advantageous. As the harpoon leaves his hands, and while it is yet in the air, the officer commands, "*Stern, all,*" which is an order to the crew to back water with their oars to force the boat away from the whale so as not to be struck by the flukes when he makes his first plunge and dive ; and it is for this reason that



the boat is built sharp at both ends. After the whale is struck the greatest care is to see that the line runs out clear, and that it does not foul, and that no one gets caught by clothing or limb in the coils, which would be almost certain death.

The line is often taken out so fast by a large whale that the loggerhead smokes with the friction, and the line would take fire if not wetted with salt water. After a while the boat begins to move in the direction that the whale has taken, and then little by little the paying-out of the line is checked, so that finally it is wholly stopped, if it is found that the harpoon is well fast and will bear the strain; and then away goes the boat dead to windward at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, with the water at the bow much higher than the boat, and the whole line as taut as steel.

When the whale tires, the line is gradually hauled in upon and coiled down again in the tub; but usually before the boat gets near enough, off he starts again on another journey, and line has to be again payed out till the boat is well started so as to bear the strain of being towed. Then, when the whale comes again to a halt, the line is pulled in, and when the boat is near enough to the exhausted whale the officer steps forward, giving the steering-oar to the harpooner, and lances him with a long, thin lance, and, if he spouts blood, it is a good sign; if not, off he goes again and the towing again commences, and



afterwards the lancing, which, if successfully performed, the whale goes into the death flurry when great care must be taken to keep clear of his flukes.

As a rule, whales float after death, and are towed to the ship to be there stripped of their blubber or skin, that contains the oil, which is tried out in large kettles built on deck for that purpose. If the whale has a tendency to sink, the harpoon sustains it till the vessel comes up to aid in securing it with tackles from her yards.

It must be a moment of intense excitement to be towed by these monsters of the deep. Besides being used to capture whales, the American whale-boat is considered the best life and sea boat in the world, of any that is not fitted with air chambers or any extraordinary means of protection, and the one that will live the longest in an angry sea. In such a boat we were now taking a trip, and she moved through the water like a thing of life under the splendid muscular efforts of her trained boat's crew.

On our way back to the bark, we came upon a magnificent specimen of the Nautilus, seemingly sailing along with all sails set. It is called by sailors the Portuguese Man-of-War, and only seen in calm weather; at other times it sinks below the surface. We stopped to admire it, but did not trouble it, as it is so fragile that it will not bear much handling, and cannot well be preserved; besides, the floating tentacles that surround it often poison quite severely



the hand that attempts to lift it from the ocean. So we let it alone, and admired its fairy outlines.

Arriving alongside, we invited Captain Jenney and his crew on board, and he very kindly waited till we wrote letters home, which he promised to deliver. Then, stepping down into his graceful whale-boat, he wished us a good voyage, and shoved off.

After the departure of Captain Jenney, the breeze sprang up a little, and we slowly worked our way to the southward, while our neighbor was soon lost sight of in his course towards the north.

It was here that we had quite a set-back in our voyage; I mean as to time. The trade winds had been so scant since leaving B—— that we had crossed the equator much further to the westward than I desired to do, and found ourselves in a strong current, tending to the westward at the rate of even two knots per hour, and in the light winds and calms that prevailed we often lost as much in the drift as we made when there was wind enough to fill the sails, and for three mortal weeks we used to stand in and make Negro Mountain, near Cape St. Roque, in the daytime, and tacking seaward in the night-time, return the next day to make the same old mountain.

I almost made up my mind, at one time, to cross the line again to the northward, and try to make easting in that way; but finally, after beating about for nearly three weeks, we got a slant of wind, and went booming out again into the centre of the South



Atlantic, at which change none of us were at all displeased.

During these dull, drifting times, we managed to have lots of fun. Mr. Frisbee's toy boat-building came on apace, and the counterpart of the Maryland was fast being completed. It was off this Brazilian coast that we noticed the strength with which butterflies must be endowed, for we caught over one hundred varieties where the chart showed us to be over one hundred and fifty miles from land. And beautiful insects they were too, most of them quite large in size, and of beautiful variegated colors. They were all impaled and preserved.

It was off this coast too, when much farther at sea, at least three hundred miles from land, that two shore birds, a sort of sparrow, sought our rigging for rest and shelter. They were easily captured, but were so exhausted that they lived but a few hours, as we did not seem to have anything on board, in the way of food, that would tempt them to eat.

It was during so much calm weather that we had, however, lots of sport that we should not have had if the sea had been rough and the vessel under full speed; for, as it now was, we had a sail made for the quarter-boat, and often in light airs Mr. Frisbee and myself would take the boat, and sail all round the Maryland, and take sketches of her, from which to make drawings afterwards.

One day, Mr. Cutter saw a strange fish alongside,



and that set us all to work getting fishing-gear ready. He would not bite at anything we could tempt him with, neither would he come near enough to be struck with the grains; and yet, as the Maryland fanned along with a light air, he would chase the flying-fish, as they rose before the bows of the vessel. Now, flying-fish can't fly far, unless there is considerable wind. In fact, they are unable to fly at all, but merely jump out of the water with their large pectoral fins set stiff, which filling with wind, they are carried along from wave to wave, splashing into the crest of each, nearly always dead before the wind, till they sink again into the ocean, possibly a hundred yards away. Now, although the vessel will often, in a strong breeze, drive thousands into the air in a single day in the tropics, they never move a fin, but are borne before the wind by the size and position of their large pectoral fins. In size, the flying-fish is usually six inches in length, has a very large eye, and is of a silver color, very much resembling, with the exception of its fins, the fresh-water chub.

They are capital eating, and at night they sometimes fly onto the deck in small numbers, but the rail is usually too high for them; and of the thousands that bump their heads against the bulwarks in the dark, few fly high enough to come on board. Whenever they do, they are carefully picked up for the cabin-table. Off the islands of the West Indies they are captured by torches and firelight, and sold as a great delicacy in the markets.



We finally concluded that the strange fish that we had seen was an albacore, — a species of horse-mackerel, — but we shall never know surely, for soon afterwards he disappeared. It was the very place for us to see boneta.

The ocean around us abounded in flying-fish, and these are the natural prey of the boneta, or skipjack as they are called by sailors. This fish is of the mackerel species, and, as a rule, weighs about eight or ten pounds. They are caught in a very peculiar manner, and from one place only in the vessel. When it is calm weather, and the vessel has little headway, they are scarcely ever seen; but when she is going through the water, they often congregate in schools under the bows, seemingly waiting for the vessel to scare the flying-fish out of the water, when they pursue and devour them. They will sometimes keep with the vessel for hours, just ahead of the dolphin striker, and often leave the course the vessel is pursuing to chase the flying-fish that are driven up by her progress through the water. Sitting on the jib-boom end, these fish can be distinctly seen in the water beneath, and their charges after the fleeing flying-fish observed. In chasing a flying-fish, they keep right on under water, just behind the fish in the air, and seem to keep up with ease. The moment the flying-fish drops back into its native element, they go for him, but they do not very often capture him. Whether the flying-fish is quick and



agile in the water, or takes a side course the moment he is immersed, I do not know; but, as a rule, the bonetas miss their prey, and it is well that nature has made this provision, or else they would soon be gorged and the flying-fish exterminated. After one of these chases, successful or not, they return to the bows of the vessel, keeping along with her till another flight of flying-fish incites them again to the chase.

The boneta are good eating, and are always considered a prize at sea, and their capture is always attempted whenever they appear. They are very uncertain in their movements, sometimes, as has been said, staying with the vessel hours, at other times, only a few minutes. As a rule, they remain about half or three-quarters of an hour, it depends somewhat upon the speed of the vessel. If she is moving very fast through the water, they will generally remain longer than when she is going slower. Now, it is very difficult to catch these boneta after all: they are knowing fellows, and not easily deceived, and yet, those that are caught, are taken with baits that one would think they would decline — usually a red woollen rag, or a piece of pork rind, and sometimes with a bait made to represent a flying-fish. I do not know of any certain bait for them, as they are very capricious, and the great cause of failure to capture any great number of them lies in the impossibility of overcoming the mechanical motion of the vessel, so



as to keep the bait in play. To commence with, one must go out to the end of the jib-boom to fish, in order to keep the bait clear of the bows of the vessel, and here comes in the difficulty of which I have spoken. The bait, before it reaches the water, so as to drail at all well, is right under the bows, and only a few feet in advance of the cut-water, and abaft the dolphin striker, and the trouble is, that that is not the place the fish, as a rule, occupy. They are usually right under the jib-boom, or nearly under the seat you occupy, and the bait is astern of them. To overcome this, the fisherman keeps throwing the bait out well ahead, and in doing that, its motion of drailing is destroyed, and that is what is the matter, for the moment the bait loses its natural motion through the water, the boneta will not touch it.

Sometimes, when the fish take a position nearer the bows, as they occasionally do, then all is hurry to get the bait drailing before them, so as to get a bite, but here again one is doomed to disappointment, for just as the bait hits the water and commences to drail, the lift of the vessel on the restless waves of the ocean will send the jib-boom, on which you are seated, way up into the air as the stern settles down, and away goes the bait that had just commenced to drail properly, high into the air, and, under or beyond your seat, there to be dropped with a fathom or two of spare line, as the jib-boom descends towards the sea, in as great an angle and as quickly as it has just



risen, and this everlasting motion keeps on forever, and no amount of human dexterity or management will overcome it.

Hundreds of times the bonetas will dart towards the bait, that in one moment drails as it ought, but before they reach it, away it goes into the air, and, if followed by them, as it often is, drops with a dead plump into the sea, as the jib-boom descends, and the fish, undeceived in a moment, rush up to within a foot or two of it and then pass it by with contempt.

Besides all this, if you are not successful after a few attempts, the fish will soon become accustomed to your bait, and will not notice it when it is even drailing for a moment in the proper position. The time that the fish are captured is when they have just arrived, and their position in rear of the bait is such that they can reach it before the motion of the vessel takes it out of the water. It is at this lucky moment that they are captured even with a common red rag, for they have no time to make any inspection while the bait is whizzing through the water as fast as the vessel is sailing.

Mr. Frisbee was the best fisherman on board, and was always ready with a good strong hand-line and bait to lay-out on the end of the jib-boom at the first cry of "skipjacks under the bow." He used a bait made up of strips of white cloth and flannel as the best, after having tried and discarded wooden flying-fishes, spinning pieces of copper, birds' feathers, and



pork rind; but before he became an expert, he went through with two experiences that old sailors know all about, but took care not to tell him of. They were these: the first time that he got a boneta up to the end of the jib-boom, which it is no easy job to do, even after he is hooked, he unhooked him to bring him in on board, and, with one single flap of his tail, the fish escaped and returned to his native element, to the chagrin of Mr. Frisbee and the subdued laughter of the crew who were looking over the bows to see the sport.

The next one that Mr. Frisbee caught he was determined should not escape, so, fixing his fingers firmly in the gills and pressing the fish close to his body, he commenced to come in along the jib-boom with his prize; but before he got half-way in he turned as pale as death, and when he arrived at the forecastle deck, and had thrown down the fish in safety, commenced to vomit violently over the side.

Now this is a common occurrence, and all old salts know about it. Whenever a boneta is clasped to the body to preserve it, it has a method of setting up an indescribable sort of shivering that passes in rapid waves through its whole body, and so affects the person holding it as to make one always violently ill. Some say that it is the electricity in them, others that the rapid beating of the fish upon the heart and stomach of the one holding it is the cause. Let it be what it may, it always occurs to those who attempt



to secure a boneta by pressing it against their body to preserve it. The motion is not great, like a fish lashing about on deck, but exceedingly penetrating, and best described as a series of rapid shiverings.

After these two experiences Mr. Frisbee went to work in the right direction, and always afterwards one of the crew accompanied him to the jib-boom end, and when the boneta was secured, he was dropped, without being unhooked, into an open bread-bag, held ready for him, and, so confined, easily brought in on deck, to shortly afterwards appear upon the cabin-table as a great sea luxury.

When the fishing has gone on some time, either successfully or otherwise, an attempt is usually made to catch these boneta with the grains, and this used to be my forte. They do not swim very deep, usually four or five feet under water, and it is great sport to stand on the board at the dolphin striker, and heave the grains at them as they come near. They don't seem to mind this at all, but it is quite a task to make many casts, for the line fast to the grains is manned on the forecastle, and if the strike is unsuccessful, away goes the iron and staff, drifting past the side of the advancing vessel, and it has to be hauled up on to the forecastle deck, and carried out on to the bowsprit, and handed down to the striker, before another trial can be made.

But when boneta will not bite, it is human nature and rare sport to capture one in this way, and it is



quite often done, but it takes on an average ten or twelve throws before a successful one is made; and, even then, if the grains are not hauled in rapidly, before the fish gets to towing alongside, beyond the bows, he is often lost, being, in the latter case, torn off by the rapidity of the vessel through the water. When one is struck and hauled in on deck, there is a general feeling of, "There! confound you, you wouldn't bite, hey!" which I presume every boy has felt.

There is one peculiarity of the boneta of which I have not spoken. They, like the mackerel, appear to be without scales; that is to say, they are smooth-sided, and the minute scales do not show. They are of a dark greenish-brown color on the back, with silver sides. But the most peculiar thing is the dorsal fin, which is adipose in texture, and shuts down into a natural sheath in the fish's back, and works exactly as a centreboard does in a boat, in its centreboard box. Why it is fitted in this manner, I am unable to say. The tail is also exceedingly small and delicate for so large a fish, and the pectoral fins are evidently what it depends upon for speed. They seem to have no difficulty in keeping up with any vessel when at the highest rate of speed, and they prove the rapidity with which they can swim by inevitably darting forward out of sight whenever they choose to chase the flying-fish that rise into the air to avoid the on-coming vessel.



If boneta would only follow vessels, why then we could have great sport, for the lines could be made to drail properly; but no sailor ever saw a boneta following a vessel; they always make for the bows, and precede her in her course.

There is some little superstition amongst sailors about eating both porpoise and boneta, for fear of being poisoned, and it is no doubt true but that there are many authentic accounts of poisoning by the eating of fish. It all amounts to this: if the fish caught have been inhabiting or feeding upon copper-bottom ground, they are apt to be at times slightly poisonous, and in Nagasaki, Japan, I have seen a whole crew taken with vomiting by eating fresh mackerel that had been captured on coppery bottom. As a rule, the fish caught at sea are free from this, but to make assurance doubly sure, the cook usually puts a silver dollar into the dish in which these fishes are prepared, and, if it is discolored while the fish are cooking, why then they are rejected as being tainted with copper; but if the silver dollar comes out of the ordeal still bright, why then the fish are all right. At any rate, they are never poisonous to such an extent as to cause death, and, with the exception of the mackerel of which I have spoken, taken in Nagasaki Bay, I have never seen anybody suffer any bad results from partaking of the boneta and porpoises caught at sea.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE BOATSWAIN'S YARN. — AND SAILORS' RELIGIOUS  
BELIEF, AND IDEA OF HEAVEN.

ONE evening while we were sitting on the quarter-deck, Mr. Frisbee asked me if I had any objections to George Albion, one of the sailors, coming aft and telling us a yarn to pass away the time.

"Not the slightest," replied I.

"Mr. Jones, pass the word forward to George Albion to come aft; we want him to spin us a yarn." And in response to the summons he shortly appeared.

"Now, George, Mr. Frisbee says you know a real good true yarn that you have been giving him scraps of, and, if so, why fire away and let us have it entire, and with all the gill-guys."

"Well, Captain, you see I ain't much at spinning a yarn, never having been smart enough to get abaft the mainmast from amongst the forecastle hands, and yet once I was a boatswain of as taunt a clipper as ever floated. As the night is clear and the starb'd stun's'ls drawing well, and no look in the sky of any change in the weather, I will do what I can, Captain, to please ye and the passenger, hoping you'll bear in mind that I never had no school larning to speak of,



but got the little I have from the breath of the ocean, swallered in gale and calm for more nor forty year as man and boy. Thank ye, Captain, but I'd rather stand.

"It was in the August of '53, that we set sail in the Favorite, from San Francisco, Captain Oliver Lander, master, in ballast for Shanghai.

"The Favorite was a gallant craft of 'bout fourteen hund'ed ton, a perfect clipper with lines as fine as those of a two-hund'ed-ton yacht; ay, and her deck as clean and neat too, if I do say it, who hadn't doughter.

"After a few days out we struck the trades, and began to plough our way through the smooth waters of the Pacific, with the wind day by day, from the same quarter, about three p'int's abaft the beam.

"The flying-fish rose in schools under the graceful bows of the Favorite, and scudding ahead upheld for a times by the trades, would finally drop back into the long ocean swells that rose smooth and reg'lar as the breathings of an infant. The nights were lit up by a brilliant moon, so bright that you might easily read a book.

"With stun's'ls set alow and aloft on the starb'd side, and last, not least, with Pete's voice at every watch when all hands hauled taut the weather main brace, or sweated up the tops'l halliards, we spun gallantly along.

"Pete had a fine, manly, sailor's voice, none o' yer



thin, squeakin' ones, but one that ye could hear in a gale o' wind. Pete was, ye see, a Norwegian by birth, like his namesake on board this ere craft, and I have al'awys remarked that that 'ere nation make capital sailors.

"Pete was an able seaman in every sense of the word; small in size, but quick as a dolphin arter a flying-fish; always the first aloft on the yard, and the last to leave it.

"Pete had been from childhood among English-speaking nations, and had no twang to distinguish him from any on us. He used to have one ballad as long as the fore-to'-gallant-bowlin' that he was never tired of singing, in the pleasant trades, to the admirin' fo'cas'le. It run like this ere, —

" "Oh! Georgie, he never stole sheep,  
Nor cows he ne'er stole a-n-y;  
But he stole five of the king's fat deer,  
And sold them under va-l-e-e-e.

Now Georgie's to be hung with a golden chain  
As seldom you see a-n-y;  
For he belongs to the r'yal, r'yal blood,  
And he died for a fair young laid-e-e.'

"Well, Captain, so much for poor Pete's singin' an' now I'll clap on sail and get to the end of this ere yarn.

"I should have told you afore, that Captain Lander had his wife on board, and a little darter about ten



year old. She was more like an angel than a mortal, with great staring eyes, as deep a blue as the ocean itself, and hair that looked like the golden sands of South Ameriky in a summer sunset.

“This child was as fearless as a Mother Carey’s chicken; as pure as an ocean breeze. P’raps we didn’t love this little one! Ah, we almost worshipped her, and, as for Pete, he adored her.

“One day we were sailing along as we might be now, with the wind about east-nor’-east, three p’int abaft the beam, an’ within ten days’ sail of Shanghai, when about eight bells in the morning, a sail was discovered in the distance.

“A man aloft sung out, ‘Sail, O! sail, O!’

“‘Where away?’ shouted the captain.

“‘Just abaft the beam, to the north’ard,’ was the answer.

“I never can know rightly what happened arter that; for the next thing I remember was the child upon the rail to look, and in one instant, by a sudden lurch of the ship—in the sea, followed almost instantly by Pete.

“The next ten minutes was to my mind an eternity; and I shall never forget the crossing of orders, like shots from fi’ting men-o’-war.

“‘Hard down! — hard down, for your life!’ shouted the captain, almost frantic. ‘Lower away the boat! lower away the boat! Cut the falls! Cut away the buoy! Oh, my child, my child!’



“ Luckily, the life-buoy had been early cut away, and the starb’d quarter-boat was soon floating alongside, manned in a moment more by a willing crew, and I in the starn-sheets.

“ ‘Give way men, and with a will.’

“ But no orders of mine were needed to make every jack tar do his duty.

“ As the boat dashed from the ship’s side, I hailed the quarter-deck, and said, ‘Keep a bright lookout, and signal us where to steer.’ For, do you see, Mr. Passenger, when a ship has been laid aback, with her main-top’sl to the mast, her direction has been so changed that you might as well look for a marline-spike in the fore-top as for anything lost overboard, unless signalled in what direction to steer.

“ I have seen men pull in many dangerous times, but I never saw men lay down to their work as those did.

“ The swell of the ocean kept us from seeing far ahead, but as we rose on the top of one that was larger than usual, I caught sight of a white object, a little off the port bow, which I thought must be the buoy. I changed the direction of the boat, and steered for it.

“ In a moment or two, I saw it again, and felt sure that it was the buoy, and something clinging to it. Was it Pete, or the child? I could not tell.

“ ‘Give way, lads! Give way for your lives!’ I cried.



“As we rose on each swell, I got a better an’ better view of the buoy.

“Was it the child I saw, or only Pete? or was it the child without Pete? Something was clinging to it.

“As we rose again, I saw plainly that it was both Pete and the child, and I cried out, ‘Saved! saved!’

“I hailed Pete at the top of my voice, ‘Hold fast to the kid, shipmate, and we’ll soon be along side!’

“Just then, what should I see half-way between us and the buoy but the black fin of a great man-eating shark!

“Old and tough as I was, my blood ran cold in my veins. Had he scented his prey? Would he take the child, or Pete, or both?

“The shark changed his course suddenly, having evidently crossed their wake, and scented them. He made straight for the buoy, now not more nor a few hund’ed yards distant, and I stood up in the starn-sheets, with clinched hands, unable to do a single thing to aid my shipmate or the child.

“With the cunning of his tribe, the fearful creature circled round the buoy, and I saw by a movement of Pete that he had seen him also.

“I was near enough also to notice that Pete drew his sheath-knife; and the next instant the shark was upon him from the side upon which the child clung.



Pete was too quick for him, howsomdever, and passed his body rapidly over that of the little one. With his left hand still grasping the buoy, and sustaining the child, he dealt the ferocious man-eater a heavy stroke. The next moment the boat, driven by desperate hands, struck the buoy, and the bow oarsman siezed the child, and lifted her on board safe and sound.

“Then we grasped Pete; but to our horror, we only drew out of the water his disfigured body — the torn and bleeding frame of as gallant a sailor as ever trod a plank.

“We pulled back to the ship, and delivered the child safe and sound to her parents, whose joy was mingled with sorrow when we slung poor Pete carefully, and h’isted him to the quarter-deck.

“We laid him gently upon a mattress, spread by the steward, and all saw that he was dying.

“With his head resting in the lap of the darling child, he said, —

“‘I am glad to die for you, little one. I am not an old man, but once I loved one whom I hoped some day would be mine. But she died — and her loss sent me a roving sailor round the world, careless, reckless — but I hope not bad. Your sweet face, my angel, has al’ays reminded me of her, and I shall never have better luck than to die for you.’

“As the child bent down, and kissed his forehead, her sunny locks made a frame of gold around his



handsome, but weather-beaten face, and I heard him softly mutter, —

“ ‘For he belongs to the r’yal, r’yal blood,  
And he died for a fair young laid-e-e.’ ”

“We covered his body with the ship’s colors, and the next day consigned his body to the deep,” and, brushing his sleeve hastily across his eyes, George bade us respectfully good-night, and made his way forward.

For some time Mr. Frisbee and myself sat silent, oppressed by the sadness of the sailor’s yarn. Finally Mr. Frisbee broke the spell by saying, —

“Captain, what great noble hearts some of these rough sailors have! In many ways they are as tender as women, and in others as coarse and profane as a West-Indian pirate of romance. They must all have seen strange sights, and have had many personal adventures which it would be highly edifying to have related, and I vote that we have some more of these yarns before the voyage is ended. Is there any objection to it?”

“Not the slightest. I cannot say that it is a common thing, but certainly there can be no harm in it, and it will help to wear away the hours of a long voyage. I remember when I was a boy, that my sister made a voyage with Captain John Codman and his wife (the one who has since become so famous by his books, under the *nom de plume* of Ringbolt,)



to Rio Janeiro and back for her health, and it was in the days when sailors were not treated as well as they now are, and the etiquette of the quarter-deck was more emphasized; and yet she told me that they used to have members of the crew aft on the quarter-deck to sing and play. One particular one, a Spaniard, was made a great favorite of on account of his guitar; besides, we are prosecuting this voyage on a different basis than a strictly mercantile one, and it partakes of the cruising of a yacht as well as a venture for gain and a livelihood; and it is part of our purpose to see all we can and improve our minds, — much more so than to make an extraordinary passage by martinet rule, and wearing the men out by excessive night-work in shifting every sail, to take advantage of each little puff of a variable wind. Now, such is not our purpose, and I think your plan to have a yarn once in a while an exceedingly good one.”

“Well, Captain, I am so glad you agree with me,” said Mr. Frisbee; “and I shall call on you for one before the voyage is over.”

“Well, if you do, I shall retaliate by making you relate a landlubber one to myself and the mates.”

“All right, Captain; if you’ll tell a yarn, I’ll do the best I can.”

“Now, look here, Frisbee, of course it won’t do to have too much of this sort of thing, so that the crew will think that they have shipped to spin yarns; but



whenever it comes a good, quiet night like this, and there will be lots of them in the Indian Ocean, I have no objection to one of the men coming aft and giving us a good yarn. In fact, as I have said, I think it quite an idea."

After a silence Mr. Frisbee said, "What a heavenly night, Captain! look at the myriad of stars. Oh, what a magnificent sight."

"Did you ever hear, Mr. Frisbee, of the firm religious belief of some of these poor sailors you have spoken about?"

"No; what is it?"

"Well, what I am going to say is not given you in any mocking spirit, for I do not deem it manly or proper to jest about sacred things. 'For those that go down to the sea in ships, see the wonders of His hand;' but are you aware that there is a large class of seamen who do not think that they will go to heaven, for they feel they have not led perfect enough lives for that, and that neither will they go to a place of punishment, for they have not had the opportunities that those on shore have had to visit churches, and hear preaching each Sunday; for, to tell you the truth, there are very few vessels that have religious services, as we do, on Sundays at sea. Many of these sailors whose whole lives are spent on the ocean, except a month or so in port in each year, usually wasted in excess and riot, believe that a place has been set apart for them in the hereafter,



which place they call Fiddler's Green. I am sorry to say that the location given to this place by the best authorities is but a few miles from the place of eternal punishment; but the believers in this creed argue, that it would not be just to punish them as the rest of mankind is punished, as they have not had like opportunities for improvement, and, as I have said, for the same reason and others they do not think that they are worthy of being received into a hereafter of happiness when they die. This belief has been made a great deal of fun of by the unthinking, and treated as a fiction. But many seamen grown to man's estate are as children in education, and this belief of which I have spoken is firmly believed by many of the ignorant amongst them. If you ask what they expect to find in Fiddler's Green, you will get as a general reply, a rest from all fatigue, all hard work, a haven of rest, a material paradise where all shall be peace, quietness, and content. Queer, isn't it? but true."

"Yes," replied Mr. Frisbee; "it is very queer. I have heard of something of the sort before, but thought it was a joke."

"No; it is not a joke with many of them, and their hard lives and night-work make them, in lieu of any proper training in childhood, cling with peculiar tenacity to this belief, and nothing will convince them that they are not at last, after all their years of exposure and unrest, to come into this snug harbor."



“But what makes sailors, as a rule, so profane?” asked Mr. Frisbee.

“The same thing: the want of early education and care. Profanity to them means nothing: the merest words, the zeal that gives emphasis to sentences. Morally speaking, nine sailors out of ten are babies, perfect babies, and almost as excusable.”

“Well, Captain, we have had a pleasant evening, and, as it has just struck four bells (ten o’clock), I think I will go below.”

“All right; wait a moment till the log is hove: let’s see how fast she is going.”

The log was hove, Mr. Jones announcing that the Maryland was reeling off six knots per hour. The man at the wheel was relieved, also the one on the lookout forward, and Mr. Frisbee and myself descended the companionway, and turned in.



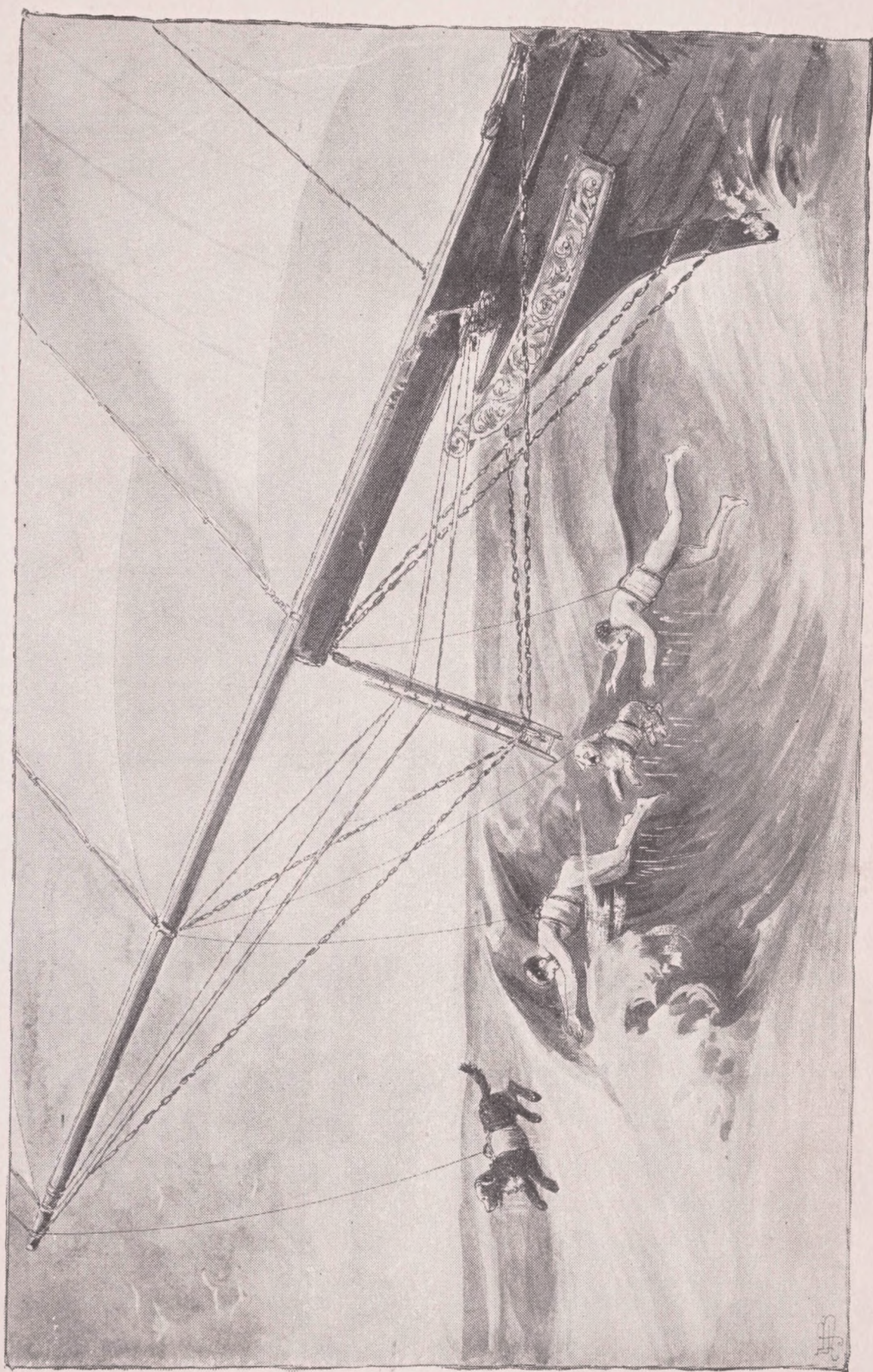
## CHAPTER VIII.

SWIMMING-JACKETS AND SEA-BATHS, BOTH MEN AND DOGS. — CAPTURE SMALL SHARK AND REMORA. — SHOOT FLYING-FISH, AND CATCH THEM IN A NET. — WHALE ALONGSIDE. — WHITE WATER. — JUMP ON THE BACK OF A SHARK TO PROVE THEY ARE NOT DANGEROUS. — THE COOK'S SCARE. — RUDDER-FISH.

POSSIBLY nothing during the whole voyage gave Mr. Frisbee and myself greater pleasure than our baths. Now, of course it is not possible, as a usual rule, to bathe at sea when the vessel is going through the water; but we overcame that obstacle, as you shall hear. Both Mr. Frisbee and myself were good swimmers, and we were determined not to be done out of our daily sea-bath, unless the vessel was going really too fast, or the sea too rough; and, to enable us to enjoy it, the following invention was perfected.

I had one of the sailors make for myself and Mr. Frisbee a band of strong canvas, about a foot wide, that would fit round the body under the armpits, and come together at the back, where two beackets were worked in, exactly like the handles to a valise. Tanner and Cæsar were fitted with similar ones, and every morning in the trades, when the weather would











permit, a stout ladder of about ten feet in length was taken out and lashed to the dolphin striker, to enable us to get down into the water. Lines were then made fast to each of us and the dogs, of varying lengths, according to the position we occupied, and made fast by some of the crew to different parts of the jib-boom.

Now, as I have said before, in the description of boneta fishing and dolphin striking, a vessel at sea is never quiet, but, with a breeze, is forever sticking her nose up into the air, and then burying her bows in the next valley between two waves. Now, by our invention, we could take a bath at most any time when the vessel was not going so fast through the water as to be dangerous; for, lashed by ropes attached to the swimming-jackets, as I have explained, we had great sport, being at one moment in the ocean, swimming along on the top of some huge wave, and the next jerked into the air, and carried forward, to be dumped again into the sea, as the vessel made her graceful bows to Neptune.

We nearly died laughing at the dogs, who didn't like it quite as well as we; or, at any rate, did not understand it as well, for they often kept paddling with all their legs when in mid-air, the same as if in the water. And poor old Tanner evidently considered the whole performance a nuisance, for, in the latter part of the voyage, it was noticed that whenever the swimming-jackets and ladder were produced



he suddenly retired to the privacy to be found underneath the top-gallant forecastle, in the extreme eyes of the ship, and from which place it became very difficult to dislodge him; so much so that finally he was excused altogether from the swimming exercise.

There did not seem to be any danger in this pastime, and we enjoyed it often, until, unluckily, one day the foot of the ladder in some way came down across my neck, and forced me under water to such a depth that I did not know if I ever should come up. But, luckily, on the next swell, I cleared myself, but found that I had been considerably bruised by the round of the ladder on the back of my neck, and after that, we voted the whole sport rather too dangerous, and took to being towed over the stern, in the same jackets, in which latter position we were in the ocean all the time, and never lifted out of it till hauled on board at a signal. But I always had a feeling, when being towed astern, that I imagine a piece of bait might have at the end of a line; that is, that *something* would snap at my legs. And Mr. Frisbee shared this feeling with me, and before the voyage ended we gave up the pastime. When we were bathing over the bows there was none of this sensation of being drailed, like a big bait, for some fish to snap at; and as my accident with the ladder did not happen till we were in the Indian Ocean, near to the Straits of Sunda, we had a great many joyful, happy baths, in the manner I have described.



We used always, during the voyage, to keep a line towing over the stern, with a codfish-hook attached to it, and baited with a piece of pork, unless the weather was too severe, when it was taken in and coiled away, but immediately put out again so soon as the weather permitted.

Now, this fish-line was arranged in a peculiar manner. The end was made fast to the rail in such a way that nothing could unfasten it; but a short distance from the end, some five or six feet, a small pin, the size of one's finger, was lashed to the line, and this was set up in a hole in the rail made for it, the intent being that if any fish was hooked that this pin would break off, thus calling the attention of the man at the wheel or the officer of the deck to the fact; for, if there was no such signal given, a fish might be hooked and dragged all night before anybody would notice it in a sea-way and with a fresh breeze. We were not very lucky with this fish-line, and did not expect to be, as the great, limitless body of the vast ocean does not contain very many fish off soundings, except the varieties of which I have spoken.

But sometimes there are strange creatures of which we have little knowledge, and during the voyage this line was bitten off, hook and all, several times, the warning being given by the breaking of the pin; but we never knew what did it, for it was always a snap, and all was over.



One morning, however, we were moving quite slowly through the water, it being nearly a calm, when snap went the pin of what the crew called Frisbee's tow-line, and Mr. Frisbee, being on deck, jumped and caught hold of it; at last we had got something fast, as was proved by its exertion to escape, and Mr. Frisbee's determination that he should make us a morning call on deck, and for some time it was pull passenger and pull fish, but, finally, Mr. Frisbee got the best of him, and he began to come towards the ship, hand over hand, but in a reluctant way, and was finally landed on the quarter-deck as handsome a little shark as was ever seen, for he was only three feet and a half long.

He gave us great amusement; his head was cut off, and towed over the stern for weeks, until perfectly cleansed and articulated, and we used strips of his hide for emery paper. The funniest thing of all this was, that after he was on deck we discovered two black objects, clinging to him near the ventral fins, black in color and about eight inches in length. At first we did not know what to make of them, and thought they were young ones attached to their parent; but finally it flashed over me that they were remora, a parasitic fish that attach themselves to a larger one, and never let go their hold; and such they were, for we had to force a sheath-knife in between them and the shark before they could be dislodged, and, when freed from him, they had the



appearance of a fair-shaped fish, except that on the top of their heads was a ribbed disk, as large as the mouth of a teacup, by which they attached themselves to their friends, the sharks, as the old man of the sea did to the neck of Sindbad the sailor.

We were so disgusted with their tenacity in holding on, that, after being detached, we threw them overboard, and, it being at the time nearly calm, it was interesting to see them, for some time, scooting about in every direction, trying to find the shark to attach themselves to again, and having the appearance, on account of the disk on their heads, as if they were swimming upside down.

This is the same fish that in olden times was supposed to fasten itself to the bottom of vessels and retard their speed, when ordered so to do by command of the gods.

Mr. Frisbee was greatly exasperated that we could not catch any of the numerous flying-fish that abounded. Just enough of them found their way on deck, once in a great while, in the night-time, to prove their delicate flavor, and, like Oliver Twist, he wanted "more;" but how to get them was not so easily decided. One morning I saw him in deep consultation with the carpenter, Mr. Danbury, and afterwards with Albion, forward; and the result was, that the carpenter, taking one of the hoops off a beef-barrel, and using one of the long battens for the backstays, had produced a first-rate light hand-net



pole and scoop. The sailor, in the mean while, had netted with twine as nice a landing-net as one might wish to see. This was soon seized on to the barrel hoop, and, lo and behold! we had a scoop, or landing-net, that was very useful on many occasions during our voyage in lifting objects in from the water, or scooping up anything that came within its reach in a calm.

“Well, Mr. Frisbee, what are you going to particularly use that net for? It is very handsome, and will be of use on many occasions, but you have evidently had it made for some peculiar purpose.”

“Yes, Captain, I have; and if you will permit me to take Pete forward with me on the forecastle, I will show you how I intend to use it.”

“Certainly, certainly. Here, Pete, take that net, and go forward, and do what Mr. Frisbee wants you to.”

“Ay, ay, Captain,” said Pete, respectfully, picking up the net, and starting forward; but, as he went one way, Mr. Frisbee started and went the other, and soon appeared with his gun.

“Why, Mr. Frisbee, what in the world are you going to shoot? There are no birds about.”

“I know that, Captain; but there are plenty of flying-fish, and I have had the taste of them, and I want some more. And I’m going to bang at each one that rises, dead ahead; and, Pete, if I hit him, you stand by to bag him as he drifts by.”



“Ay, ay, sir,” said Pete.

“Well, that is a scheme,” said I, “and a good one, too,” and I dove below to get my gun, but not before I heard Mr. Frisbee’s go bang, and shortly after bang again, and before I could get forward bang again, and when I arrived, I found that Pete had netted two fine flying-fish, and that Mr. Frisbee had missed the third one; and then commenced a duel to see who could kill the most, for we found that with the motion of the vessel and the swift flight of the fish, that it was no fool of a job to hold on to them, and we missed many. Some, also, got by Pete, outside of the reach of his net; some few sunk; but most of them floated, as all fish suddenly stunned do; but in a short time we had a dozen fish in a bucket on deck, as handsome as ever were seen, and we knew how nice they would taste fried. The doctor’s eyes snapped with delight, when he came out of his galley to see what was going on.

“Why, Captain, dem the nicest critters ebber was; but I reckon dat folks don’t dun go gunnin’ for dem a heap. You and Mr. Frisbee, sah, is bound to get de game in dis yere craft,” and off he went, with the bucket full, to prepare them for the table.

From this time forth, during the whole voyage, we had fresh flying-fish whenever we cared to take the trouble to shoot them; that is to say, in the localities in which they abounded, and when the vessel was not going so fast that Pete could not handle the net.



We saw several whales in the South Atlantic, but none very near at hand; but we never saw one spout without wishing that our friend, Captain Jenney, of the Emma C. Jones, was at hand, and that Mr. Frisbee and myself were with him in his whale-boat, fast to one of the largest of the tribe.

One morning we were aroused by the cry from aloft of, "There she blows! there she blows!" and, sure enough, there was the huge monster, not a quarter of a mile away from the ship, and apparently making towards us, and such was the fact, for in a few moments he was alongside, and kept up with us with perfect ease, although we were going through the water quite fast and with stuns'ls set. He was a perfect monster, at least fifty feet in length, and often came within forty or fifty feet of the side of the vessel. He acted exactly as if he thought the Maryland one of his own species, and was determined to keep company. At times, he disappeared ahead, and sheered off for a short period, but soon again turned up, rolling along at a short distance from us, usually on the starboard side. It was evidently a right whale or a sulphur bottom, and I was not well enough informed to decide which, but am inclined to think, by the shape of his head, and the size of his spout, that he belonged to the latter family, which whalers account as of little value. His head was not blunt enough for a right whale, and his spout was wrong for a sperm whale. It was something awful



and grand to see him sweep along, just under water, without apparent effort, propelled by his immense flukes, but after a while we got over this feeling, and having gazed at him, possibly over an hour, we, human-like, were bound to have a crack at him with something. So, Mr. Frisbee, armed with one of the Sharp's carbines, posted himself in the mizzen-top, waiting for him to show out of water to blow, to put a ball in him. Mr. Cutter was opposed to the whole proceeding, and was afraid that if he did not like the dose, he might tackle the vessel, but I thought there was no danger of that, or, at any rate, young man like, I was willing to risk it, and gave Mr. Frisbee permission to blaze away, whenever he could get a chance.

He had to wait for a long time, but finally the whale, while quite near alongside, threw the forward part of his body out to blow, and Mr. Frisbee let him have it, and, to the amazement of everybody, he paid no more attention to that Sharp's rifle bullet than if he had been hit with a bread pill; for we felt confident that Mr. Frisbee hit him, else we should have seen the splash of the ball in the water, and he presented too large a mark to miss, and was too near at hand; but he never quivered, but kept right on as if nothing had happened, and this so surprised us that we ceased annoying him, and, a short time afterwards, he disappeared, possibly on account of the shot; of course we can never know.



We never could understand this matter, and it was the subject of some discussion. Mr. Cutter thought that Mr. Frisbee must have missed, although he nor anybody else saw any splash of the bullet in the water. Mr. Frisbee, who was a good shot, was firmly convinced that he hit him within a foot of his blow hole, and I was of the opinion that he hit him, but that the powder in the cartridge, which was of paper, was damp, and that the ball did not have much force, and only entered the blubber, which is, of itself, often over four inches thick, and that the whole business had no more effect on the huge creature than it would to fire No. 10 shot at an albatross fifty yards distant.

It is not by any means uncommon for whales to accompany vessels in this manner, or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say that there are thousands of well-authenticated cases of their doing so. This was the first I had ever witnessed, but I had heard of it before; and I was a young man, and had much to learn and observe.

A few days after the whale had paid us his visit, Mr. Frisbee and myself were sitting on the quarter-deck in the evening, talking and enjoying the beautiful night, when all at once the man on the lookout forward, sang out, —

“Breakers ahead! breakers ahead!”

I don't think I was ever more startled in my life, for I knew we were in a part of the ocean where



there was no known land; but I did not stop to think much about that, but immediately called out, "All hands on deck!" and to the man at the wheel, "Luff! luff! Meet her, don't get her aback." We were running free, about a south-east course, with stun'sails set on the port side. "In stud's'l," was the next order, and all hands turned to with a will to take in our flying kites. "Brace up the yards sharp," and, as the vessel came to the wind, the maintopsail was laid to the mast, and the ship hove to.

I then went forward, and could plainly see white water to leeward and off the starboard bow. I then rushed below and examined my chart of the South Atlantic, but, as I expected, not a sign of any known shoals within a thousand miles of where we were. What did it mean?

All at once it flashed on me that Horsburg, and other navigators, have spoken of meeting this white water in different parts of the world, and I became convinced that we were witnessing the same phenomenon; but, to take every precaution, I had the quarter-boat lowered, and ordered Mr. Cutter to take the hand-lead, and pull towards the suspicious-looking water, to see if he could get any soundings, and, if not with the hand twenty-fathoms lead, to try the deep-sea lead with one hundred fathoms.

Mr. Cutter was gone some time, but finally the boat was seen emerging from the gloom to leeward.

On coming on board, Mr. Cutter reported that he



could get no soundings with the one-hundred-fathom line, so, as soon as the boat was hoisted in, I gave the order "to fill away the maintopsail," and we began cautiously to approach the water that looked so much as if it must conceal some shoal; but, no, it was simply white water, and nothing else. After we had fairly entered it, it seemed, at times, as if we were sailing on an ocean of milk, and it was over four hours before we ran through it, or dared to again set our stun'sails, although the wind was fair.

It was a sight to be long remembered. After about three hours' sail, it began to lose somewhat of its white color, and, at the end of the fourth hour, we were all clear of it.

Nobody has been able to explain this phenomenon; but the best authorities agree that it is caused by myriads of minute animalculæ that at times get washed together in such incomputable and immense numbers and quantities as to whiten the whole ocean with a sort of phosphorescent light in the night-time, and to appear as a sort of brownish scum over the whole surface in the daytime. I was glad that we had seen it, but was anxious and troubled till we were well out of it.

A few days after our white-water experience, we had quite an argument on the quarter-deck as to the voracity of sharks; and, in spite of George Albion's yarn, I maintained that, as a rule, sharks were harmless creatures, and that there were so many species



that all suffered in reputation, on account of the true man-eater, or ground shark, which was to be found only in harbors and on soundings, and not far out to sea, and that those similar to the one Mr. Frisbee had caught with the cod-line were perfectly harmless.

Mr. Cutter, being asked his opinion, was rather non-committal; a mate at sea don't like to disagree with his captain, even in an abstruse argument: so he shuffled off all the responsibility possible, by saying that he had never seen anybody hurt by sharks.

Now Mr. Frisbee, although not a sailor, was a well-informed gentleman, and he said the books were filled with authentic accounts of attacks by sharks — fierce, bold, and vicious attacks. And I maintained that if such ever occurred, which I doubted, it was always in harbors in the torrid zone, and asked him to account for the courage with which Sandwich Islanders swam miles out to sea with no more fear than we would have of being attacked by bears in Massachusetts.

I also told both him and Mr. Cutter that I had been shipmate with several persons who had been on whaling voyages, and they said that by some instinct, — the same that attracts the vulture to the bison, but just killed, from distances beyond the vision of the human eye, — the sharks always appear in herds so soon as the cutting-in commences, and that the men often fall overboard from the sides of the whale into a perfect swarm of them. But no



person ever heard of their taking the least notice of any human body, but as paying their whole attention to the whale, so much so that the sailors kick them in the head with their boots, and slash them with the cutting-spades, for they steal quite a quantity of the blubber. And it is said that, after being slashed so that in some instances their intestines hang out, that they will again come forward to the attack, and tear out with their sharp teeth huge morsels of the blubber. Whalers all assert that, at such times at any rate, as has been proved, they will not touch a man; but then again, I do not think that they are the species that attack man.

You are probably aware that there are hundreds of species of sharks, and I suppose that I shall have to admit that possibly there may be a very few large monsters of some particular species, that will, under the provocation of hunger, attack a man. But most of the yarns about sharks are all bosh, and a man might just as well expect to be hit by lightning in the middle of a field, on a sunshiny day, as to be tackled by one of them. And I am so firmly fixed in my belief that there are no dangerous sharks at sea, that I would like to have a chance to tackle one in the water, as the Kanackers, or Sandwich Islanders, are said to do, and kill them easily every time by diving under them, and ripping up their belly with a sharp knife.

Mr. Frisbee still maintained that they were dan-



gerous creatures to meddle with, and thus our amicable argument ended.

A day or two afterwards, we found ourselves becalmed and surrounded by a sea without a ripple. These are rather tiresome times to some who do not really like the sea; but, under an awning stretched above the quarter-deck, Mr. Frisbee and I sat, and read and played backgammon, and enjoyed the pure sea air.

All at once somebody sung out, "Shark right alongside, sir!" And, sure enough, there he was; a fellow possibly nine feet in length, not two feet from the vessel's side, and perhaps four feet under water. It flashed upon me that now was my time to prove my theory that sharks won't bite, and are naturally cowardly and timid, so, turning to Mr. Frisbee, I said, —

"Mr. Frisbee, I'm going to jump down from the rail on that shark's back, and you see him scoot."

"Oh, yes, Captain, I think I see you."

"No, but I am in earnest," and I began to disrobe then and there.

"You don't mean to say, Captain," said Mr. Frisbee, in consternation, "that you are going to jump on that creature's back?"

"Yes, I do;" but by this time Mr. Cutter came up and begged me not to do it.

"But don't you see I shall never be able to prove my theory again in so practical a manner; there is no



possible danger. The moment I strike that shark with my feet, he'll get such a head and back ache that you'll never see him again."

Remonstrances were in vain: the Captain of a ship is a being that is beyond restraint, as I have explained.

Mr. Cutter, seeing that I was determined, said, "For God's sake, Captain, let me make a piece of rope fast to you under your armpits, so that if the shark turns on you, we can haul you up at once."

To this I consented, and, being stripped to my drawers, I stood on the rail of the Maryland, with all the anxious crew looking on; and Julius Africanus, with his black phiz nearly pale with anxiety, and at a moment when the Maryland was at rest, plumb I went down onto that shark's back, and nearly broke my toes off, and that was not the worst of it. The mate and all hands were so afraid that the shark would turn upon me, that they commenced pulling in on the line, almost before I had struck the shark, and the result was, that I was hauled ruthlessly up the whole side of the bark nearly to the rail before they paused to look at me, and I was taken in on deck, with several severe scratches on my person, that had come in rude contact with the sides of the ship; and this is all the injury I received; but the treatment of my person, by being hauled up by my too anxious and well-meaning friends, reminded me of the fable of the pet bear, who dropped a huge



stone on his sleeping master's face to kill a fly. As for the shark, we never saw him again, and if his insides felt half as badly as my bruised toes, he could not be expected to be in his usual state of health for some time.

Along in the afternoon, after dinner, when we had talked the shark adventure over in all its bearings, and I had begun to get a little feeling into my toes, the cook came to me, with his eyes sticking out, and said, —

“Captain, dere’s somethin’ wrong in dis yere craft. Dere’s Tanner and Cæsar in plain sight, sah, on de main deck, and dere’s another dog of de ole boy, growling down dere in de cabin, an’ ’tain’t no use, Captain, I can’t stay dere no mo’; de craft’s under a spell su’.”

“There, that will do; don’t talk any more of that stuff. What’s the matter?” said I, as I started for the companionway accompanied by Mr. Frisbee.

“De Lord only knows,” said the cook, who followed timidly behind us. And sure enough, when we arrived below in the after cabin, by listening we could hear sounds as if some persons were conversing in a low tone in one of the staterooms near by, or as if a dog was growling over a bone as the cook had said. Once in a while the noise would cease and then recommence, and it was impossible to locate it. And man is so constituted that even in plain broad daylight, both Mr. Frisbee and myself began to lose countenance.



“What can it be, Captain?” he whispered to me.

“I don’t know. I never heard anything like it in my life.”

In the mean while, the cook had retreated to the quarter-deck, and I made one supreme effort to regain my courage and manhood.

“It can be nothing but what we can trace to natural causes,” said I to Mr. Frisbee; “but what can it be? Where do you place it?”

“Near the stern,” said he.

“So do I. Let us go on deck and see if there is anything to be seen there;” and we left the cabin, I am sorry to say, with quite a hurried step, and I made one dash at the after rail, looked overboard, and burst out into a fit of laughter, in which I was not joined by Mr. Frisbee or the cook, although both of them saw what I saw gathered round the rudder, and that was, at least, forty or fifty rudder-fish, as they are called, resembling very much the tautog, and by some called hog-fish, each not over six inches in length.

These little fellows often gather about the rudder in calm weather, and hence their name; they are supplied with four white front teeth like the tautog, and can nip a barnacle off the bottom of a vessel as nicely as you could do it with a pair of pinchers; they are for this reason called also barnacle-fish. They have, like other fish that feed upon crustacea, large vents, and swallow their food, shells and all. Now



it had begun to dawn dimly upon Mr. Frisbee and the cook that these fish had something to do with the growling we had heard in the cabin; but just what, they did not then understand. So I explained that several fish were known to emit sounds under water that could be heard long distances; that the drum-fish of Broad Sound, South Carolina, and the southern coast, made so loud a noise that it could be heard a quarter of a mile distant, hence its name; to be sure, they were large fellows, weighing often over eighty pounds, and that they could drum I could vouch for, as I had both heard them and caught them off Hilton Head, and the moment I looked down upon these rudder-fish I remembered that they were said to emit at times a similar sound—a sort of grunting or growling, and for this reason were called by some hog-fish.

This explanation convinced Mr. Frisbee instantly; but the cook went forward shaking his head in a very dubious manner, and far from satisfied.

“By the way, Mr. Frisbee, they are said to be capital eating, and you can get a half-dozen with the first cast of the grains.”

And I had scarcely finished before Mr. Frisbee was away forward, for the grains came aft with them, and plunged them into the thickest of the school, and brought up five, whose croaking in the open air and when on deck thoroughly convinced him where the grunting had proceeded from, and even the cook was



finally convinced when he heard them croaking on deck.

“Speckled little debbels, I’ll learn you to skare de wole ship crew,” said he, as he took them forward.

The one dart of Mr. Frisbee scared them away, and we got no more ; but that night we had “de little debbels” served on the cabin-table for supper, and by eight bells, the wind having breezed up, we were bowling along on our way to far Cathay.



## CHAPTER IX.

## HIRAM STRONG'S YARN OF PLUCK BRINGS LUCK.

A FEW nights after the rudder-fish episode, when the cook suspected he had discovered a ghost in the after cabin, or, to speak more correctly, had heard the voices of several ghosts in unholy confab, Mr. Frisbee and myself found ourselves comfortably seated on the after house, with a brilliant full moon shining down upon us. Such nights were to me paradise on earth, or, more properly, paradise on sea.

Nowhere, in the most sublime terrestrial scenery, will the heart go forth in praise and adoration of a Divine Creator as on the limitless and lovely ocean. Nothing, to my mind, is so sublime as simple air and water, aided by myriads of burning, celestial lights, possibly each a world in itself, and the moon, regent among the lesser lights, throwing a flood of radiance upon the trackless waste of waters.

It was a lovely night, and the sails of the Maryland, shimmering in the moonlight, gave to the vessel the appearance of some vast bird winging its way through space. Lost in meditation, I was aroused by the voice of Mr. Frisbee, saying, —

“Captain, is there any objection to our carrying



out the programme of having a yarn, once in a while, from one of the crew? You know how we enjoyed the one about Pete and the captain's child."

"No, Mr. Frisbee; I don't see any objection at all, and if you can get one of the hands to come aft and give us a real good sea yarn, why I, for one, shall be very happy to listen to it."

Away went Mr. Frisbee, and soon returned with Hiram Strong in his wake, who came upon the quarter-deck in a respectful mannner, and said, —

"Captain, Mr. Frisbee tells me that he wants me to spin him a yarn, and that you desired me to come aft, so that you can hear it also."

"Yes, that is all right," replied I. "I shall be very happy to hear you, Hiram, and hope that you have got something worth telling."

"Well, as to that, Captain, I don't know; but if a real true yarn, of an actual occurrence, will please you, I shall be happy to relate what happened on a certain voyage that I once made, and which I will call "Pluck brings Luck," and, in a well-modulated voice, Hiram Strong, the only real American sailor on board, and a fine specimen, gave us the following yarn, in good clean English, as if he had been a schoolmaster instead of a sailor: —

"'Hard up! Hard up. Put the wheel chock over! Let go the tops'l halliards fore and aft! Steady, as you go, my man! Keep her right before it; don't let her broach to! Call all hands, Mr. Cottle, to shorten sail.'



“Such were the commands given by Captain Mandel of the clipper ship *Sea Serpent*, bound from New York to San Francisco, in September, 1854, at about seven bells in the first night watch, the ship being about two hundred and fifty miles from the Rio de la Plata, with her head to the south’ard and east’ard.

“Your humble servant at the wheel struggled hard to obey the imperative commands of the captain, given in a strong, clear voice and forcible manner, denoting plenty of energy, pluck, and presence of mind, and not one atom of fear.

“‘Steady, my man, steady! don’t let her yaw. Give her the wheel quickly,’ said the captain.

“‘Ay, ay, sir,’ replied I, as I tried to keep the ship before the howling tempest.

“Mr. Cottle was a good first officer, but one who was always rather tardy in making up his own mind, and with considerable self-esteem, and great belief in his own ability to manage the ship, in all circumstances, without the aid of the captain.

“In the instance I am relating, Mr. Cottle had thought best not to notice very much the premonitory signs which nature had been throwing out to him since four bells. He walked the weather side of the deck without looking out very much for anything.

“We were running upon the port tack, with the yards considerably checked in, and the wind on the quarter well abaft, light, but quite steady.

“We might have been making six knots. The



symptoms of change that Mr. Cottle should have noticed were taking place far down to leeward, on the land side, and escaped his attention; and, although I did not know what was coming, I felt the vessel once in a while pitch, or, rather, roll over to windward, as if struck on the starboard side by a different swell than the one on our quarter.

“If Mr. Cottle had gone over to the leeward side of the quarter-deck, at about six bells, we need never to have been caught as we were. To be sure, it was not as bad as it might be, for, about ten minutes before the tornado struck, Mr. Cottle, finding the wind veering astern, and light and variable, tending towards the land, had the yards braced round, and slightly forward on the starboard tack.

“Upon finding himself on the starboard side, now become the weather side, Mr. Cottle seemed to at once wake up to the state of affairs, and did not seem to like them. He started into the cabin to call the captain, and while he was below I heard the wind coming, and darkness shut down like a pall round about me. My ears told me that the squall would strike us about amidships, if not further ahead; and, without orders even, I commenced to move my wheel up, to pay her off a little. And when the wind was just about to strike us, it was at that moment that I heard, in stentorian tones, the words: ‘Hard up! Hard up! Put the wheel chock over. Let go the tops’l halliards fore and aft!’



“It was the captain, who had that moment emerged from the companionway, followed by the mate.

“It seemed afterwards that the captain — as some captains will, even in their sleep — had felt the change in the swell, and also the change of course of the vessel, and was about coming on deck when the mate went down to call him. In one instant, as he put his head out of the companionway, he saw at a glance our danger and the neglect of the mate.

“Over went the wheel, and dash came the rain, spray, and thunder and lightning around us. The starboard watch poured out on deck, but only in time to see the main-t'-gall'nt-mast go over the side, the mains'l blown out of the bolt-ropes, the fores'l split from top to bottom, the fore-t'-gallant-s'l blown into shreds, with the mizzen in the same shape, and mizzen r'yal mast and sail — no where.

“The command to let go the halliards had, with the putting-up of the helm, undoubtedly saved the ship.

“Never a word did Captain Mandel say to Mr. Cottle that night, or during the continuance of the hurricane, but the next day he came on deck from the captain's private stateroom, looking very serious and dejected.

“All night we worked at the vessel to prevent further disaster, and to repair the injuries already received. After the three topsails had been close reefed, and the fore and mizzen stowed and furled,



and all the lighter canvas secured to the yards, the main spencer and fore-t'p-mast stay-sail were set, and the ship was brought carefully to the wind, and hove to on the starboard tack.

“The ship's headway being thus practically stopped, and as she rode the waves quite well, the weather having settled into a steady gale, we had time to get things to rights, and to look about us. The taunt and gallant Sea Serpent looked pretty shabby in the morning light, which began to shine upon us at about two bells. The gale still held on, and the ship seemed to ride quite easily, whilst, as we neared eight bells (8 A.M.), the wind was evidently decreasing, and the sea going down, although still running very high, and often coming in on deck over the main chains.

“At about three bells in the afternoon, as some of the crew were aloft at the main-t'p-mast head, clearing away the stump of the t'-gall'nt-mast, some one cried out, ‘Sail ho! Sail ho!’

“‘Where away?’ hailed the captain.

“‘Broad off the beam to leeward, sir,’ replied the sailor.

“‘What do you make her out to be?’

“‘A vessel dismasted and hove to on the same tack as we, sir.’ Adding, ‘We should have seen her afore if the cloud had lifted; she can't be more nor two mile off, sir.’

“‘Ay, ay; I see her plainly from the deck,’ said the captain.



“We very soon made out that she was in distress, and had only left standing the mizzen-m’st and fore-m’st, with the main-m’st snapped short off about ten feet above the deck. She was kept to the wind and hove to by means of the spanker, balance reefed, and the fore-stays’l.

“As the sea was going down every moment, although still running quite high, and the wind decreasing, the captain gave the order to square in the main-t’p-sail, and we commenced to run down rapidly towards the stranger. We passed under her stern, and hauled up to the wind to leeward of her, within hailing distance, and again hove to.

“In rounding her stern we read her name distinctly, LA BELLE BLANCHE, BORDEAUX. And, as her signal of distress was a French flag, hoisted at half-peak at the spanker, we knew by this and her name that she must be French. She was bark-rigged, and seemed to be settling in the water fast.

“We were surprised not to see any crew forward, but only a few persons aft upon the quarter-deck, crowded together, and making us signs of both lamentation and joy, as we surged by them. Among the group could be discerned the form of an evidently young and graceful woman, who clung to the arm of a middle-aged gentleman, who apparently was the captain. There might possibly have been six persons in the group.

“I should have told you that in the tornado we



had lost both our quarter-boats, and the long-boat had been badly stove by something that had fallen upon it from aloft during the gale, where it lay keel up, lashed upon the forward house. *La Belle Blanche* evidently had no boats left. What was to be done?

“By chance, in the equality of sail that each vessel had set, and for other reasons unknown to me, but very apparent, the vessels preserved very equally their relative distance from each other; but, as every seaman knows, they could not be expected to do so long, and whatever was to be attempted for the relief of the distressed vessel must evidently be done quickly, if at all, as she was apparently settling fast.

“Our captain, when he had first filled away to bear down upon *La Belle Blanche*, had ordered Mr. Cottle to take the carpenter and some of the men, and repair as quickly as possible, temporarily, the hole in the bottom of the long boat, and to unlash, right, and get her ready for launching.

“A glance of the captain’s eye told him that it would be at least half an hour before the boat would be ready, and it seemed to us all that long before that time the French vessel must founder. The sea and wind, however, were decreasing every minute, and the weather fast becoming settled and pleasant.

“To our amazement, just as everybody had given up in despair of being able to save those on the wreck of the French bark, our captain, who had gone



below for a moment unperceived, appeared again on deck, dressed in some loose East-India silk pajamas, and quietly calling Mr. Cottle away from the boat, replacing him with the second mate, spoke as follows: —

“ ‘Mr. Cottle, it shall never be said that a Yankee captain suffered a woman to drown, in plain sight, in broad daylight, without an effort to save her. I am going to swim aboard of that vessel if possible, and if I cannot save all, I will try and save one. To give me a chance of success, you must follow intelligently and correctly all my instructions. Get up the deep-sea lead-line, and bring it on deck. If you need more line, lengthen it with some marlin or spun-yarn. I will swim to the French vessel with this. After I have arrived, bend on the two life-preservers that we have, and pay out to me, and we will draw them to the French vessel, if I succeed. Continue all the while to get the boat launched, if possible. If anything happens to me, you are in command.’

“ Quietly fastening the lead-line about his waist, Captain Mandel slipped into the mizzen chains, and from thence overboard, the vessels being, at the time, possibly some two hundred and fifty yards apart.

“ The party upon the wreck had been watching with the greatest interest all these preparations; and, as the captain struck out for them, commenced to cheer and encourage him. It seemed an eternity before Captain Mandel successfully reached the side of *La Belle Blanche*.



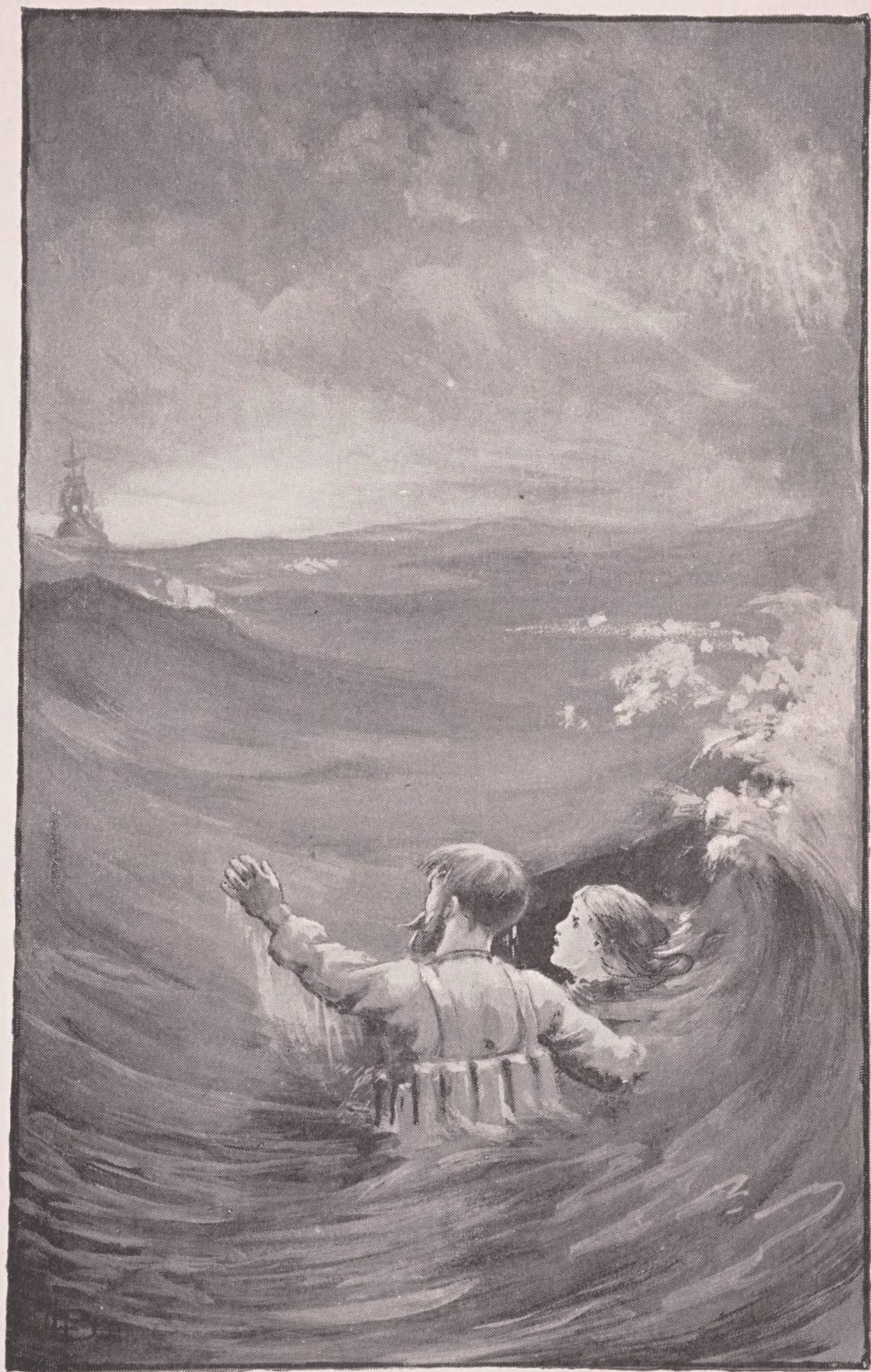
“We saw them jump into the mizzen chains with ropes to assist him up the side. We watched him spring upon the deck, and, without a moment lost in salutation or words, he signalled for us to bend on, and cast over the two life-preservers which we had ready for that purpose. As soon as they were over our side, Captain Mandel and the Frenchmen commenced pulling them towards the French ship, where they soon floated alongside. Then, for the first time, we could see that Captain Mandel addressed himself to the French captain, evidently offering to save at least the lady.

“After a moment of hesitation, for there was no time to lose, the French captain pressed the woman violently to his heart, and kissed her passionately, while she clung to him in agony and tears.

“While this was going on, Captain Mandel was quietly lashing one of the life-preservers to the young lady, and soon had it nicely fastened; and, knowing that there was not a moment to lose, he lifted her from her protector’s arms, and gently, but quickly, with the aid of others, lowered her into the water; and taking the other life-preserver for himself, and passing one arm round his fair companion to support her, they were drawn rapidly to the side of the Sea Serpent, where eager hands and pendent ropes soon rescued them.

“In the mean while the Sea Serpent had forged ahead, as was foreseen, and Mr. Cottle had no more





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line to pay out, and it had to be cast off. But the launching of the long boat had been going on all this time, and scarcely had the line of connection between the vessels been severed, than the long boat was in the water and manned. The way we pulled for the French bark was a sight to behold, and every sailor's teeth were clinched, and muscles strained for the struggle; for, as we pulled towards the wreck, we could see looking down upon us from our own quarter-deck, the beautiful but fixed face of the young lady, whom everybody knew by this time was the daughter of the French captain whom we were now trying to also save.

“‘Pull, every man of you!’ shouted the captain, for he was again with us, and held the tiller with a firm hand.

“As we advanced and occasionally glanced over our shoulders towards the fated vessel, it seemed as if she must go down before we could reach her. How we did pull, and how Captain Mandel cheered us on! Finally, we touched her side. The men jumped in from the chains, followed by the French captain, who paused to give one last sad look to his beautiful bark, although in the throes of death. Scarcely had the words ‘Stern all’ been spoken by Captain Mandel, and the long boat forced astern to a short distance from the bark, than, like a thing of life, some huge leviathan of the ocean, the vessel rolled from side to side, plunged forward so as to



raise her copper in plain sight astern, and then, with an almost perpendicular rising of the bows and forefoot, sunk grandly down into the abyss of waters.

“The French captain’s story, as we afterwards heard it repeated, was briefly this: The beautiful young lady whom our captain had saved was his only daughter, and her name was Blanche. She was about nineteen years of age, and the following description of her, though drawn by an able seaman, your humble servant, is nevertheless true. A more beautiful form no one ever looked upon. Her figure was perfection, her feet and hands beyond compare. She was a pure brunette, with the most bewitching dark eyes and hair, with pearly teeth, and tiny ears. She had evidently creole blood in her veins, but probably quite removed. She was rather slight, and far from being matured or developed, but rather in the very springtime of her budding loveliness. La Belle Blanche was of course named after Mademoiselle, and Captain La Tour was the principal owner and commander of her. She had been caught in the same tornado as ourselves, but had fared worse.

“It seems that the mainmast must have been sprung without any one knowing it, or even suspecting it; for after having withstood the worst of the hurricane, hands were sent aloft to reef the main-t’p-sail, when yard, mast, and men went over the side, leaving only the captain, first officer, cook, steward, two seamen, and one boy, survivors upon the deck.



The next morning they discovered that the vessel was leaking badly and settling fast. The rest is known; they desecrated us as we them, and they were rescued as has been just told you.

“Captain La Tour stated that he was on a voyage from Havre to San Francisco, and that his vessel was loaded with all kinds of merchandise for that port, including a vast variety of wines and liquors, all of which were fully insured.

“It should be stated here that Captain La Tour spoke English quite well, but Mademoiselle Blanche never a word.

“Captain La Tour was a widower, having buried his wife some years ago, and his beautiful daughter had been his companion for several voyages, and had grown up under the jealous but loving eye of her own father, amidst the most beautiful scenery of the world—the ever-changing ocean, and the cloud pictures in the blue vault above. I will pass over the congratulations which I am sure must have passed between the two captains on their deliverance from imminent death, and come to within a week's sail of San Francisco.

The night was very cloudy and squally, when I was at the wheel at about two bells (9 P.M.), with the captain standing near me, and the rain coming faster and faster.

“The deck was deserted, and he seemed utterly alone, when I saw a dark figure emerge from the



companionway and move cautiously toward him. I saw this figure kneel softly at his feet, and, grasping his hand, kiss it fondly. All this I could see faintly from the glimmer of the binnacle-light. At the touch Captain Mandel turned, and after one moment's hesitation, grasped the kneeling form and raised it to his breast, and, pressing kiss after kiss upon its lips, said in the language of the sunny south, '*Je t'aime*,' to which came the soft reply, blown to my ears by the increasing blast, '*Je t'adore*.'

"I saw nor heard no more, for the Sea Serpent needed all my attention; but I had only seen what I knew must happen, when long ago I had seen our handsome young captain learning French phrases, and drinking in large draughts of *l'amour* from the flashing eyes of La belle Blanche.

"We arrived safely in 'Frisco, and, as I had only worked my way out as a sailor to be able to go to the mines, I left the ship.

"After three months at the mines I had occasion to visit 'Frisco, where I heard from a reliable source that Captain Mandel had been married to Mademoiselle La Tour, and they were at that time living near the city upon a beautiful ranche which was to be purchased with the united means of Captain Mandel, and Captain La Tour who had written to France for the remittance of all his property, and the insurance money on his vessel. I floated round in 'Frisco and the mines for a year or two with the usual luck, —



plenty of money, and finally not a red, — and here I am again, where I suppose I was born to live my life out, on old ocean ;” and, as he said this, Hiram Strong turned abruptly round and walked forward.

“ Well, Captain, what do you think of that for a yarn ?” said Mr. Frisbee, breaking the silence ; “ was it not a good one ? ”

“ Yes,” replied I ; “ and that Strong told it in ship-shape.

“ Did he not ? What a strange race sailors are ! Standing here in the moonlight, and softened by its rays, it was hard to conceive that he was only a fore-castle hand while listening to his manly voice and good English. He must have a history of his own, if one could but get at it ; at any rate, he showed signs of that great educator of all Americans, the common school, and I doubt if any nation gives such universal and useful education to the masses as we do. China is the only nation where education for all is compulsory, so I am told. It is a pity that it is not better directed ; but, such as it is, every Chinaman must know how to read and write, which is more than can be said of any other nation.”

“ Yes, Mr. Frisbee, it is too true, that we too often think that our own country is the only one in the world, and that we have all the information of the world, and that all others are inferior to us. It is a sad way to commence life’s journey ; for never yet in my life have I visited strange countries or seen



strange men without being able to learn something that I did not before know, and I think it a mistake to despise any nation or people or their manners; in many instances ours seem just as silly to them as theirs do to us, and often their customs that at first appear strange we find have a solid reason for their existence, if we search for it."

"Well, I think that I have found a bonanza for pleasant evenings," said Mr. Frisbee, "and, with your permission, I shall make the most of it. I'm going to have a yarn from all of you, yourself included, Captain, before the voyage is up."

"All right, Mr. Frisbee, I'll be on hand when it's my turn," and, bidding me good-night, Mr. Frisbee went below to turn in.



## CHAPTER X.

VISIT THE SHIP OLIVER PUTNAM. — STRANGE SURPRISE FOR MR. FRISBEE, WHO FINDS AN OLD FRIEND IN THE CAPTAIN, AND A PACKAGE ON BOARD ADDRESSED TO HIMSELF. — CARPENTER MAKES A WINDMILL AND TURNING-LATHE. — DISTIL SALT WATER, AND OBTAIN FRESH. — OBTAIN GOOD COLD WATER BY A PECULIAR PROCESS. — DIVING FOR PLATES. — EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH A MAD DOG.

WHAT in the world can be more beautiful than a sunrise at sea ! And not only is it beautiful to the mental perceptions, but the invigorating air and the ozone of the ocean is breathed in by the nostrils with rapture. The purest air on this globe is probably that to be found in mid-ocean. Then, if you desire to feel still better than you do by merely existing in such an atmosphere, why, grasp one of the hickory brooms, and assist the watch in washing down deck. Patter around in bare feet, and have the sea-water dashed about your legs in bucketfuls ; or, if you are the captain, as in my case, dash the water about some one's else legs, and spill it on your own. And, at about half-past six, when you are ravenous as a shark, have the steward bring you a mug of hot,



black coffee and a hard-tack, on the quarter-deck, where you can sit down on the house and devour it, and watch the blazing magnificence of the refulgent sun, now well advanced on its journey towards the zenith. And then, after you have finished your hard-tack, down below to undress, and out through the forward cabin, down into the half-hogshead of pure sea-water, just filled from the limitless supply alongside; thence, to a rub-down in your stateroom, and then on deck, in time to take a few turns before the welcome sound of eight bells and breakfast salute your ear, to which you descend with the appetite of an ogre.

The air of the sea is so healthful, exhilarating, and beneficial, that sickness is, as a rule, unknown. Sometimes the crew suffer from the germs of disease brought on board when they ship on the voyage; but it is amazing to see how soon enervated, dissipated seamen regain their health and strength under the healthful influences of pure ocean air.

It was on one of these glorious mornings, and after our daily bath and breakfast, that the monotony of the forenoon was broken by the cry of "Sail ho! Sail ho!" And, sure enough, there she was, a full-rigged ship, at least eight miles away to the southward and eastward.

The wind was dying away fast; and I told Mr. Frisbee that probably it would be calm by noon, and that we would not then be many miles apart, and



if the weather permitted we would make the stranger a visit. And, sure enough, my predictions came true ; for at 11.30 the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the stranger, showing American colors, lay not a mile distant, broad off on our port bow.

The boat was manned ; and Mr. Frisbee and myself started to do a little “gamming,” as visiting vessels is called by whalers. We soon arrived alongside, and were politely received on the quarter-deck by Captain Ammi Smith of the Oliver Putnam, a large eighteen-hundred-ton ship, eighty days out from Calcutta, and bound for Boston.

And now comes the most surprising part of this true adventure. As I stepped one side to introduce my passenger, Mr. Frisbee, to Captain Smith, I was prevented by the latter saying, “Why, Frisbee, where in the world did you come from ?”

“Well, Captain Smith, this is a meeting worth remembering,” replied Mr. Frisbee, and they immediately entered into an animated conversation.

The fact was, that Mr. Frisbee’s firm had loaded the Oliver Putnam, on the outward voyage, and Mr. Frisbee had been the clerk on the dock throughout it all, and was a great favorite with Captain Smith, whose surprise at meeting him in mid-ocean was unbounded ; and he listened with interest to all the explanations made, and wished us every success in our adventure and new business.

“By the way,” said Captain Smith, “this meeting



is doomed to be even more peculiar and interesting yet. It is funny and singular enough to meet in mid-ocean the person who put the cargo into your ship on the outward voyage; but what do you say to my handing you a package, addressed to you from your cousin in Bombay, Mr. Stearns, of Stearns, Hobart, & Co., who loaded us for Boston? Well, I can do it." And Captain Smith made a plunge into the cabin, and soon returned with a package of considerable size, addressed to Mr. Frisbee in Boston, which he delivered into his own hands, in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean.

"It's a small world, anyway," said Captain Smith, philosophically.

"Why," continued he, "I remember once meeting a Dr. Hall in the narrow streets of Hong-Kong, with whom I commenced that ridiculous see-saw, trying to get by, till I bethought myself that the only way, in such a case, was to stand still and let the other pass, which he did, after a pleasant word or two about our getting in each other's way. And, blast my tarry top-lights, if I didn't dance just the same jig, with just the same man, in front of the Boston Museum, in Boston, thirteen years afterwards; and, as we looked up and recognized each other and shook hands, I said then, 'This is a mighty small globe, doctor, when you and I can't get round it without stopping up the thoroughfares by butting against each other;' and how he did laugh!"



From the quarter-deck of the *Oliver Putnam* we looked down upon the ocean as if from the main-top of the diminutive *Maryland*, and it seemed to us as if the vessel's deck we trod must be the largest in the world, so great was the contrast in spars and deck-room. Captain Smith insisted upon our remaining to dinner, and afterwards we passed a very entertaining hour of mutual intercourse, and then shoved off for the *Maryland*, and towards evening the breeze sprang up, and we soon lost sight of our neighbor, each of us going in opposite directions—they to home and friends, and we to the far distant East.

It was about this time in our voyage that the mate discovered he needed some small round pieces of wood to fit on top of the backstay ends to keep the rain out, of the exact shape and size of a wooden plug for the mouth of a tin pint milk-can; and he set some of the crew at work whittling them out; but they made slow progress, and the plugs were not at all circular or regular. The carpenter watched this operation for some time, till the bungling work excited his inventive genius, and he went to the mate and said, "If you'll let me undertake that job, I'll turn you out caps that shall be perfect in form."

"Why, how will you do it any different than the men?" asked Mr. Cutter; "we have no turning-lathe on board, and if we had we have no power to turn it."

"If you'll give me the job, I'll not only find a lathe, but the power to turn it."



“Yes, jackass-power,” retorted the mate; “one of the crew to turn a crank all day.”

“No, sir; not one of the men need touch it; it shall run itself,” said the carpenter.

“Well, go ahead,” said the mate, good-naturedly, “for I believe you can beat the old scratch in inventions.”

“Not only shall the power that I will provide turn a lathe, but it shall turn that grindstone also, that you are continually using to sharpen scrapers, knives, and marline-spikes upon,” pointing to the heavy grindstone in its frame in front of his door in the forward house.

“Well, go ahead, carpenter; but don’t blow us all up, or harness in them dogs as extras.”

“I won’t touch the dogs.”

“Well, then, how can you get power out of nothing, I’d like to know?”

“May I take the job?”

“Yes,” replied the mate; “but if you cut up too much tomfoolery, I shall have to stop you or report to the Captain.”

“Well, to prevent all mistakes, I’ll get the Captain’s consent also,” said the carpenter.

“All right,” said the mate; and so they parted.

The carpenter obtained my permission, and to work he went. He got down into the after hatch and pulled out some old spruce boards; and of these he constructed the four arms of a windmill, each about



two feet in length, and had one of the crew make him four sails, out of old spare canvas to spread upon them. He then arranged a drum made out of a spare *lignum-vitæ* dead-head block, and fitted that. After the windmill and drum were completed, he arranged, with a series of chocks and braces, to set it up on the rail just at the break of the poop, so that it would work whenever the vessel was close hauled on a wind. When the wind was free, or abaft the beam, it would not of course revolve. From the drum he led a canvas endless band, down on to the main deck to another drum that he had set up on a temporary table, on which he had erected, by means of spare bits of iron and wooden braces, the necessary spindle to place the blocks upon to turn out caps. When he had things all ready, he had but a few days to wait before the wind was enough forward of the beam for him to try his invention.

Amid the sly winks of the crew, who had gathered aft to see the thing, and the guying from the quarter-deck, he, with the assistance of two of the sailors, put his machine in order; put on the belt, and away it went; and the only revenge that the carpenter took was to shrug his shoulders in an inimitable way, and address himself to the crew in seeming explanation of his invention, in a gibberish that he made to sound like French, but which was perfectly meaningless, till he had the whole ship's crew in a roar, quarter-deck included. Keeping up his gestures and gibberish, he



took up one of the rough blocks, held it up to their view, pretended to swallow it, brought it out again under his left arm, placed it in position on the lathe, set on the belt, covered himself with a flight of minute shavings, threw off the belt, and, stepping to the break of the poop, handed me with mock ceremony, with hat in hand, a perfectly circular and smoothly finished cap, or bung; and then returned to his lathe to make more. Suffice it to say, that during the voyage that windmill was used to lay up fish-lines and spun-yarn, run the grindstone, and turn out different articles, and became one of the indispensable things that we did not dream of doing without.

Having been so successful with the windmill, I had a consultation with the carpenter, to see if we could not together get up some plan of distilling water. We were not short of that necessary article, having refilled our casks on many occasions in the drenching equatorial showers; but to see if there was not some common-sense way of procuring water at sea, in case of necessity, by distillation and by means of instruments that could readily be made on shipboard and at sea. We had quite a long talk over the matter, and I proposed the plan, which the carpenter easily carried out.

He took one of the cook's "coppers," so called, a large iron pot, holding ten or twelve gallons, in which the meat for the men is boiled, and fitted a wooden cover to it with a small iron pipe leading



through its centre. He filled this copper with ten gallons of sea-water, and attached a canvas hose of small diameter, that was almost water-proof of itself, to the pipe leading through the top of the cover on the copper. This canvas hose led out of the cook's galley upon deck, and was there joined to the rubber hose of the ship's hand-pump, some forty feet in length. This was coiled down, in a section of one end of a hogshead, not over six inches high, and covered with sea-water, with the end of the hose leading out over the side.

A good fire was started in the galley-stove. The generated steam, finding no outlet except through the pipe in the cover, and thence into the canvas hose, and thence into the submerged rubber hose coiled in the bottom of the hogshead, appeared at the other end, where it dribbled into a pan, as good fresh water. All we had to do was once in a while to renew the salt-water in the hogshead, as it became warmed from the steam, so as to aid condensation.

Having enjoyed our plaything, in the construction of which Mr. Frisbee was both interested and delighted, we put it one side, feeling sure that we should never die of thirst on board of the Maryland so long as there was fuel enough to boil sea-water.

Having successfully made fresh water, we also wished to cool it; for, possibly, there is nothing on this earth so grateful to the human palate as a



draught of cold water, partaken of in the heated atmosphere of the torrid zone. Mr. Frisbee and myself were both aware that if we had the necessary chemical salts and ether, we could cool our water, or even make ice; but we tried to think of some practical way.

For a long time the only thing that I could think of, and which has been in use in hot climates for ages, was the hanging-up of a porous jar, commonly called a "monkey" in India, filled with water, in some place where there was a draught, and from time to time wetting the outside with water. This is sometimes done in vessels even, that have caught the idea from the natives of India; and, in many cases, a monkey is hung up in the cabin in the shade, but near an open door, so that the wind may blow upon it.

Finally, an idea struck me which, if not absolutely practical in all weathers, was successful in giving us a glass of real good cold water on several occasions. I remembered reading somewhere that H. M. S. Challenger, in her deep-sea soundings, found the temperature of water at the bottom of the ocean  $34^{\circ}$  or  $35^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit; i.e., very nearly at the freezing-point of fresh water; and with scarcely a variation between Sombero in the West Indies and Teneriffe on the coast of Africa. And at the equator the temperature was even lower, being  $32^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, or the freezing-point for fresh water, salt water congealing at about  $28^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit.



With this information, I determined, on the first calm day, to make an experiment. We had to wait some time for this, but finally we ran into a calm; and, meanwhile, I got one of the strong glass ginger-ale bottles, a few of which were on board, and wrapped it round with flannel ready for the trial. I filled this bottle with water, and, attaching it to the deep-sea lead, weighing perhaps thirty pounds, let it down over the side in search of the cold water that I knew was to be found, if I could get the bottle down deep enough, and get it up fast enough, before the warm water near the surface demoralized it; and it was for the purpose of keeping it cool, and from becoming heated when once cool, that I had wrapped it in thick flannel cloth.

After the one hundred fathoms of the lead-line had run out, I attached some hundred feet of marline, and let that run out; and, as the lead began to have less and less weight, on account of the density of the water that it had reached, I tied common twine onto that and let that run out. After we had suffered the bottle to soak for some fifteen minutes, we commenced hauling in; and, when the bottle came to the surface, we found the cork forced in and the contents displaced, and filled with sea-water; but the outside of the bottle was quite cool, and enticed us to try again. This time I took care that there should not be any air confined between the bottom of the stopple and the water within; for it was this that caused the previous shipwreck.



After we had run out possibly four hundred fathoms, or twenty-four hundred feet of line, we commenced hauling in, and had the satisfaction of bringing to the surface a glass of water that tasted like nectar in the temperature in which we were existing, which marked  $96^{\circ}$  in the shade in the cabin, and with the pitch exuding from the seams on deck. The work to obtain this draught was quite a serious one, but we were fully repaid; and, after emptying the bottle, tied on two others, which we left hanging down into the ocean till near nightfall, and when the breeze was springing up, drew them up filled with nectar fit for the gods.

Of course we did not go deep enough to cool the water to anywhere near the freezing-point; but it was so much cooler than the putrid hot contents of the casks, that I doubt if I ever shall again taste so sweet a draught.

During the time that this calm lasted, we had some other sport that rather disconcerted Julius Africanus, who was not pleased at seeing his cabin depleted of its crockery ware. The pastime consisted of throwing plates and saucers into the air, and then diving for them from the rail of the vessel and securing them. I was quite successful at this, diving being one of my accomplishments; but truth compels me to admit that several of the plates and saucers went to the bottom to grace the table of Davy Jones's locker, in spite of the attempts on the part of Mr. Frisbee



and myself to arrest them in their downward course. After one of these unlucky attempts, the cook, being no longer able to keep silence, observed, "Good gracious, Captain Frisbee! dere ain't no crockery shop in dis yere region, sah, and by and by, if you don't take care, sah, you'll have to set round in de cabin and all eat out of one dish. Lord sakes! dere goes anoder saucer su'. Massa Frisbee neber cotch 'em, sink too quick. Dere, Captain, what I tole ye. Dis yere's distructioning is too much for me," and off he went to his galley in high dudgeon; but we continued our fun in spite of his protest, and made many successful attempts as well as a few failures.

Thursday, May 27, in latitude  $7^{\circ} 54'$  S., and longitude  $38^{\circ} 12'$  W., a quite serious occurrence took place; our favorite dog and pet, Cæsar, had a violent fit, running about the deck, and then falling down and biting his own tongue so that blood streamed from his mouth. He frightened nearly all the crew into the rigging; but feeling that something must be done for him, and that he was probably suffering from the intense heat, I, at the risk of being bitten by him in his frenzy, caught hold of the skin of his back, and threw him overboard to cool him off. The vessel was going at the time about six knots through the water; but it was not my intention to desert him, but only to preserve him. I therefore had the bark brought to the wind, and the quarter-boat lowered, and, taking Jacob Dantze and Michael Flynn with



me to row the boat, pulled after him. It was one of those peculiar sea days when no one knows what the weather will be, and I had scarcely come up to Cæsar, who was quite a distance from the bark, than it began to shut in and commence to rain.

Poor Cæsar was howling and snapping, but swimming quite well. I dragged him into the boat, thinking that he must be better; but after I got him in, he acted so strangely and snapped so viciously that I was compelled to again throw him overboard, and, letting him swim a short time, he seemed again better, and I again took him into the boat. In the meanwhile, the rain squall had increased in force, and came upon us with a rush; the dog became unmanageable, and we made out to lash his jaws together and also his legs. By this time it was blowing almost a hurricane, and raining in torrents. I lay down in the bottom of the boat on Cæsar's body with the forefinger of each hand in his lips to control his head, and the two sailors frightened almost to death, at my command, tried to keep the boat head on to the blast, with the oars. The rain was so terrific that the bottom of the boat was all afloat, and thus we struggled for perhaps some fifteen minutes, with danger of being swamped and a crazy dog whining, howling, bleeding, and struggling to escape.

Finally the squall passed as suddenly as it had arisen, and far away loomed up the Maryland; for it was as I expected. The squall was so severe that



Mr. Cutter was obliged to keep the vessel away before the blast, and run for it; and he showed good seamanship in so doing. But, as he said afterwards, it was a horrible thing to do, to sail directly away from us in that squall; and he scarcely believed that we could live through it, and when it cleared away it was with fear and trembling that he and Mr. Frisbee looked for the boat. However, as it turned out, it was all right. The moment we were discovered, the bark was put about, and ran down towards us, and was hove to. And my men having in the mean time relieved the boat of the water, which had nearly swamped her, by using their hats as bailers, we soon pulled alongside, and the boat was hoisted to the davits.

Cæsar, by this time, had become perfectly quiet, and we relieved him of his lashings; and with the exception of the places that he had cut in his tongue with his teeth, in his agony, he seemed all right. And perhaps I may as well say here that he never had another fit, during the whole voyage, till we arrived at the Straits of Sunda, an account of which will appear in its proper place.

Mr. Cutter and Mr. Frisbee were both sincerely glad to see me safe and sound again on board; and, as the French say, I certainly had passed "a bad half-hour," and never desire to renew the experience.

For several days poor Cæsar suffered from the effects of his fit, but gradually returned to his customary health and playful tricks, and the incident



was forgotten, except that we were all glad that he was saved, for he was a universal favorite and pet, and one of the most intelligent dogs I have ever seen, as I think I have before said. His tongue healed very quickly; but the scars where he had bitten it always remained. Poor old boy! he had no more intention of biting or injuring anybody than a child; but, in his agony, had the appearance of desiring to bite everybody. How many poor dogs have, in his state, been immediately pronounced mad by the ignorant, and instantly killed.

It was about this time that Mr. Cutter took it into his head to study arithmetic under Mr. Frisbee's tuition. And it was a grand idea, for Mr. Cutter, in his early days, had had little chance to improve his mind, in his hard, toilsome life at sea; and he was greatly in need of improving his ciphering, so as to be able to be a good navigator, and at some day command a vessel himself on long sea-going voyages.

He was not what would be called an apt scholar, but Mr. Frisbee was very patient with him, and Mr. Cutter was determined to learn; and the great drops of sweat used to break out over his forehead, in his attempts to determine some of the simplest problems. But, by dint of close application and a good master, he finally began to make progress, and what he learned he remembered. And what he acquired on the voyage, he used to say in after years, was of invaluable service to him in his profession.



Besides the study of arithmetic, he improved his navigation with me, having something now to base his calculations upon, and made excellent progress in calculating the longitude by means of the chronometer, which is the method now generally in use, lunars, or determining the longitude from observations of the moon and some planet, being nearly done away with, and only used in case of necessity, or when the chronometer is supposed to be incorrect — a calculation that calls for great skill and accuracy in the observations, and a lengthy and correct figuring and examination of the nautical tables to determine the result. It was called good work thirty years ago to determine the longitude of a vessel at sea, by a lunar observation, within twenty miles. By a chronometer, in these days, it is easy to define it within two or three miles, and often within one mile.

As we sped along towards the south, it became quite a question with Mr. Frisbee and myself whether or not we should stop at St. Helena, and send home letters. It was directly in our route, and would be a pleasant break in the monotony of the voyage. We finally decided to leave it to chance. If the winds were such that our course would carry us near to it, we concluded to stop; but if we were, on account of head winds, forced off our regular course, I did not think it would pay to waste much time in attempting to make it by leaving our direct course to do so. In



all probability, the way the wind stood, we should naturally pass quite near to it, and so we left the matter for the present.

By this time in our voyage we had got down to what is called on shore, in the slang of the day, hard pan. Each person knew his duty, and performed it well. The bark was in good order, and proved in heavy weather to be an excellent sea-boat; and the service was carried on well, and things kept in good order, and the manœuvres executed by the crew with celerity and spirit.

There was by this time a place for all the fish-lines, grains, and harpoons, and the guns were kept loaded and handy for any emergency. Having described how boneta and porpoise are caught, I shall not inflict upon my reader a recital of each individual case, but will simply say that we were successful in capturing a good many during the voyage. And as for birds, we quite often added a specimen to the numerous skulls and beaks that we already had hung up in the cabin, white as snow from being towed astern till perfectly cleansed.

So far, we had been extremely lucky as to our spars and sails, and had lost nothing but a few stun's'l-booms that had been snapped off in squalls, and a few sails split from the same cause, all of which is to be expected in a long voyage, and for which accidents we had started well prepared.



## CHAPTER XI.

CHANTY SONGS. — KITE-FLYING. — FIREWORKS AT AN  
IMMENSE ALTITUDE. — THE MATE'S YARN.

ON board of a vessel where, of course, there is a good deal of monotony, everything possible to amuse and keep the crew in good-humor is attempted and permitted within bounds. All heavy work, such as weighing the anchor, or hoisting a large sail, such as a topsail, or pumping ship, is accompanied by a song that sailors call a chanty, probably a corruption of the French word *chanter*, to sing. Except with a very few crabbed captains, this singing is permitted in all sea-going vessels, and has a tendency to keep the crew good-natured and contented. In fact, when there is no chanty song heard on a vessel, it is proof positive that the crew are not in accord with the master.

On our bark they sang at everything, in real good, old-fashioned style, and we of the quarter-deck used to like to hear them. It is said that the practice is going out of fashion as steamships increase, and the race of real seamen dies out; but the disuse had certainly not reached the Maryland. The songs are made up of doggerel, often without rhyme or reason,



and it is said that most of the popular ones were caught from hearing the negroes sing similar songs in loading cotton into the clipper ships from the levees at New Orleans; still, they are not negro songs, but are weird, peculiar melodies. Nearly all nations have something of the same kind to encourage themselves with when at hard labor; and the Japanese at Nagasaki have a very musical chanty, that they use when laboring at the long sculling oars of their swift harbor boats. It is quite impossible to present to you on paper the melody of these different songs, but the method is the same in all. The leader at the head place in pulling on a halyard or brace, and backed by three or four others, starts one of the many songs in vogue, to which his companions pay no attention till he reaches the chorus, when they accompany him with a vim; and at the same time, and all in unison, pull back upon the rope they are holding in their hands with all their might.

To give you a faint idea of where the pull comes in, I will write for you a few lines, printing in italics the portion of the words which, when uttered, cause the crew to put forth all their strength.

A very common and acceptable chanty for hoisting away on topsail halyards was the following, called “Whiskey, Boys, Whiskey”:—

“Oh, were you ever in Liverpool town?

*Chorus.* Oh! *whis-key*, boys, *whis-key*!

’Tis there the girls in flocks come down;

*Chorus.* Oh, *whis-key* for my *John-ney*!



Oh, up aloft that yard must go ;

*Chorus.* Oh ! *whis-key*, boys, *whis-key* !

Oh, pull and haul and away she'll go ;

*Chorus.* Oh, *whis-key* for my *John-ney* ! ”

And so on, verse after verse, till the sail is set. Then there are short songs for short pulls, such as —

“ Oh, way yaa, yaa, yah,

*Chorus.* W'll pay paddy Grimes for his-*boots*.

Way, haul away, oh ! haul away, my Josie,

*Chorus.* Way, haul away, haul away-*Jo*. ”

And verses like the following, in which all take part in walking round a capstan with bars : —

“ Oh, were you ever in Bramlamore fair ?

O, way, yaa, roll and go !

An Irishman all in his glory was there,

Take care of yourself, is it tay you want ?

High, rig a gig gig and a low-back car,

O, way, yaa, roll and go !

High, rig a gig gig and a low-back car,

Take care of yourself, is it tay you want ? ”

These chanty songs of which I have given you a specimen enlivened the voyage, and some of them are extremely musical and pathetic in their minor keys, and have a sound of old ocean in their weird cadence. Each watch generally has its favorite chanty man, who starts all the songs, in which everybody joins that has a hand in the work then being carried on.



It was some little time after the successful inauguration of the windmill and its appurtenances that Mr. Frisbee and myself began to cast about for some new amusement. I had always had a hobby about kites, balloons, and flying in the air, and so forth; and while we were discussing the matter one day it occurred to me that we might have great sport with some kites, and make some experiments. So to work we went, to turn out two kites.

We easily arranged the sticks : the carpenter had no trouble in finding the proper wood out of which to construct them. We were a little at a loss at first to know what to do for paper, as we were at sea, and did not receive the morning papers, as one does on shore. Finally, we bethought ourselves of the drills amongst our cargo. Here was the very stuff we wanted, light and thin, but strong, and worth but a few cents a yard. We easily got at it in the hold, and brought some on deck for immediate use. We did not want for twine, for we had plenty of that which we used for repairing our sails ; but, as our kites were to be large, we thought it best to set the windmill in operation, and lay it up double, so as to be extra strong, and not break and cause us to lose our well-made and valuable kites, which we could ill afford to do. We made the kites particularly large and strong, for we had a purpose in view for using them for several experiments that we intended to make in mid-air. We knew that they must be more strongly



built than a boy's kite, for the only way that we could fly them would be to set them out over the stern of the vessel whenever there was a head wind, and that at such times the strain on the string would be very severe, on account of the motion of the vessel through the water; so for that and other reasons we built them strong.

The two that Mr. Frisbee and I first made were exactly the same in size and dimensions; namely, about five feet high, and two feet and a half wide — what we used to call a square kite when I was a boy. After we had them all fitted, we took a pleasant day and made a trial of them. We had not long to wait for an opportunity; for all days were, as a rule, pleasant in the latitude in which we now were, and the wind light and steady. On our very first trial we found that they floated beautifully, and were evenly balanced.

We had another reason for not using paper for our kites, and that was that we intended to fly them by night, and we very well knew that the damp sea night-air would very soon have penetrated paper so as to have destroyed it, and our kites would have fallen into the sea. By fitting them with cloth coverings, we made sure that this accident should not happen to them.

After we had fully satisfied ourselves that they would fly beautifully, we went to work on another experiment. This was to send up fireworks to the



kites, in the night-time, by means of a small messenger kite, and watch them explode at a vast altitude, very much higher than a rocket is sent by its own momentum, — ay, several times as high, for we had very long strings attached to them, and could send them up to a wonderful height.

To make our fireworks we went to work in this manner: we took a piece of common pine board about an inch thick, and sawed off a foot of it. Then we set the carpenter to work, and helped ourselves, to bore auger-holes of about three-quarters of an inch in diameter into the end of the board, and in a line with the grain of the wood, about eight inches deep, and parallel to each other, the whole width of the board. We then split the board carefully apart, and, as a result, had a set of cylinders that we could load with our firework compounds. After these cylinders were split off, we then sawed them off on one end, leaving a good inch of solid wood at the base, to prevent the bottom blowing out when they exploded in mid-air.

To make them light we whittled down the outsides till they were quite thin, and thus had a tube that, for all practical purposes, took the place of the strong pasteboard of which sky-rocket cases are made.

To make them doubly secure against bursting, we bound them on the outside, their whole length, with strong waxed twine. After we had at least a dozen tubes made, we proceeded to experiment in compounds



to fill them with; and, in this direction, Mr. Frisbee and I had lots of fun, and used up quite a quantity of cannon-powder, of which we had a great plenty on board.

After a number of trials, we finally loaded our tubes in this manner: first, we put a gun charge of common gunpowder in the base, which had the effect of bursting the tube, as the final result of the explosion. On top of this we placed cannon-powder that had been worked up into all kinds of compounds. Our tubes were in the nature of Roman candles, and were supposed to emit their contents in different colored flames and balls; and you would certainly have been surprised to see to what perfection we eventually brought them with the few materials we had to work with. By repeated trials with the cannon-powder, and mixing it with water and flour, we got it to a consistency where it would sizzle and burn comparatively slowly without exploding, the same as Roman candles do. Then we went to work and prepared a quantity of steel and copper filings, knowing very well that the one makes a bright white light, and the other a brilliant yellow one. We mixed these filings into different portions of the diminished powder, and thus obtained different colored results. Between portions of these different colored flames we placed wads of oakum, soaked in spirits of turpentine, which, in falling from their great height in the heavens, made a most beautiful sight, and often burned until they were extinguished in the ocean.



To get these fireworks up to the kites sailing in mid-air and far out of sight in the darkened heavens, we used a small kite that we called a messenger. This little kite was made about the size of a common book-cover, and of very light materials. It was square in shape, and covered with paper, for all the world like a big kite, except that right through the centre was fastened a short hollow tube, similar to the spool that thread comes wound upon. This was for the purpose of reeving the kite-string through, to send it up on its way into the heavens. The inside of this tube, or spool, was always nicely greased, so that the messenger would not lag on its aëriel flight heavenwards. Instead of a tail to this little kite, we attached the firework that we desired to set off.

To have it explode at exactly the right moment we hit upon quite an ingenious device. We fitted the firework to be discharged with a long slow-match, and wound it round the string of the small kite from which it depended in such a manner that, just before it was about to explode, it would burn itself loose from the messenger kite, and drop towards the ocean, lying in darkness far below it, and at such a distance that the whole explosion took place with magnificent effect long before it reached it.

To get the messenger well started on its way, we first rove it, through its spool, onto the kite-string, and then drew a hundred feet or so of the latter in over the stern, pushing the messenger along all the time



till we had enough to insure its being well started on its way by the wind; for every boy will understand that, after we had this hundred feet or so of the kite-line in hand, and the little kite strung upon it, we had only to let it out again quickly, and there was our messenger already a hundred feet on its way, and in a position to catch all the wind, and go sailing upwards into space, carrying the dim, burning spark of the slow-match with it.

We enjoyed these fireworks and kite-flying hugely, and I very much doubt if more beautiful effects were ever obtained at sea from the materials we had to work with.

The experience that we had gained in the manufacture of fireworks stood us in good need later on in our voyage, when we came to celebrate the Fourth of July, off the Cape of Good Hope, of which you will hear farther on. Many and many a pleasant night we sent up our gallant kites, and enjoyed the fireworks.

All this while the Maryland was making her way across the South Atlantic, and the crew were well and contented. One brilliant, lovely moonlight night, as Mr. Frisbee and myself were sitting on the quarter-deck, enjoying the peaceful hour, I was forcibly reminded of the effect that the yarns that had been told by the crew had had on the mind of Mr. Frisbee by his suddenly saying, —

“By the way, Captain, what is to prevent us



having a good sea-yarn from one of the crew to-night? Have you any objection? ”

“ Not the slightest.”

“ I’ll tell you whom we’ll have, Captain ; we’ll have Mr. Cutter, the mate. He ought to have lots of material to draw upon, and it’s his watch on deck now, and just the time to catch him. Won’t you hail him, Captain, and ask him if he won’t entertain us ? ”

“ Yes ; I’ll see what I can do.”

“ Mr. Cutter.”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” responded the mate.

“ Step this way,” continued I. “ Mr. Frisbee wants very much, Cutter, to have you spin us a real good, old sea-yarn : something that is true, and really happened to yourself, and which you can vouch for. Do you remember something of the kind that you can spin for our edification ? ”

“ Wall, Captain, I don’t make no pretence of being a story-teller ; but if a real true yarn will suit you, that really happened to me in the China Seas a few years ago, I’ll give it to you.”

“ Yes ; that’s exactly what we want,” said Mr. Frisbee.

“ Wall, here goes,” said the mate, who, without further ado, started in on the following yarn : —

“ The island of Quelpart, as you well know, Captain, lies off the southern coast of the Empire of Corea, in the Yellow Sea, and is about midway be-



tween Nagasaki, Japan, and Taliawan Bay, in the Gulf of Pechili, in Northern China; and some thirty miles off the southern part of this island occurred quite a serious adventure to me, as you shall hear.

“While in Japan I was tempted to give up following the sea for a time, and obtained quite a lucrative position with an American firm in Nagasaki, and shortly after that time the allied armies and fleets of Great Britain and France were making a rendezvous in Taliawan Bay, preparatory to a descent upon the famous Ta-ku forts, war against China having been proclaimed, and the news of the preparations being made had come to us in Nagasaki, by vessel from Shanghai, China.

“At that time the firm of Walsh & Co. — the senior member of which was also United-States Consul at Nagasaki — owned a vessel, called the Fenimore Cooper, which had quite a history, and which was used by them as a yacht, or pleasure-boat. The Fenimore Cooper was originally a New-York pilot-boat of about ninety tons’ burden and schooner rigged. She was purchased by the United States some time about 1850, and sent round the Horn on a surveying expedition in the Pacific Ocean, and, after having performed the duties for which she was purchased, was sold by the United States to the above firm.

“She was a beautiful craft of about ninety feet in length, copper fastened, and a splendid sea-boat.

“She was at the time I speak of lying in harbor at



Nagasaki without a crew, and rather a white elephant on the hands of her owners, who, perhaps, found it inexpedient or too expensive to keep her in commission.

“When the news came of the war with China, it gave us all the fever to see some of the fighting; and it flashed over me that I might charter this vessel, and load her with something that would pay, and cross over to the scene of the fight, about eight hundred miles distant.

“I thought that possibly the large number of vessels congregating in the magnificent bay of Taliawan might be very glad to obtain fresh vegetables. I had considerable money laid by, and concluded to make the venture of chartering the Fenimore Cooper, and loading her with what we Yankees might call ‘garden sass,’ and taking a trip both for pleasure and profit, to see the fight, and sell my venture to John Bull and Jean François.

“Having matured my plans, I called on Messrs. Walsh & Co., and soon had concluded a bargain to charter the schooner for three months, at a very reasonable figure.

“My next care was to load her; and I bought all the green vegetables possible in every direction that came to hand, including new potatoes from Hackadadi, that had lately arrived in Japanese junks.

“Without much trouble I got together quite a respectable amount of cargo, consisting of fruits,



melons, Japanese lettuce, etc., and a large quantity of fine new potatoes.

“The next thing was to obtain a crew, and in this was the greatest difficulty. No seamen were to be obtained for love or money; but I finally fell upon a stranded second mate, an American, who went by the name of Sears, who was floating about the vicinity doing little or nothing, and waiting for a chance to get home or to China. I offered him the position of mate, and he very gladly accepted. With him I was able to get one other white man, whose name I have now forgotten, who shipped also with me as a sort of second mate. He was, however, only an ordinary seaman, a Dane by birth, I should say; but men got quick promotion in various ways in China and Japan in those days.

“We were in a great hurry to get off, and there was no material to choose from, as I have said; these two persons being the only white men whom I could find in the whole foreign settlement who would ship, or who had any pretensions to the title of seaman.

“Nothing remained for me to do, to fill up the complement of my crew, than to ship some Chinese sailors. I could not take Japanese, for at that time no Japanese were permitted to leave the kingdom, the penalty if recaptured being death.

“There were more or less of the almond-eyed Celestials round about the foreign settlement in Nagasaki, who were willing to ship. I soon had a



cook and a steward all in one person, and three Chinese seamen (?) to complete my crew,—seven persons all told, including myself.

“One glorious July morning, we started out of the magnificent harbor of Nagasaki, bound for Taliawan Bay, China. We soon stood by the famous island of Papenburg, that stands at the entrance to the bay, from the steep, abrupt sides of which in the sixteenth century were cast down upon the rocks below, at its base, thousands of Japanese converts to the then hated Christian religion, which was thus stamped out and extirpated.

“Out by the capes of Gotto, famous in years gone by amongst whalers on account of the large number of sperm-whales that used to be taken in the vicinity, sped the Fenimore Cooper on an easy bowline, headed for Quelpart, a large island lying, as I have said, off the southern coast of Corea — a landmark worthy of being sighted, striking in its beautiful foliage, standing, as it does, as a sort of sentinel at the mouth of the Yellow Sea.

“After we had made some offing, so as to be well outside of all land danger before night fell, I mustered the crew aft to arrange them into watches.

“The Dane, whom I will call Mr. Smith to distinguish him, was to have charge of one watch, and Mr. Sears of the other, while I was supposed, as captain, to have a general supervision over all.

“It was found that two of the Chinese could steer



very fairly after I had made them understand which point of the compass I desired them to steer by ; and I could only do this by taking the tiller and bringing the schooner on her course, and then, pointing to the compass, show the helmsman the desired point.

“The Chinaman, of course, knew not a word of our lingo as to the names of the points of the compass, but he knew its use perfectly well ; and, in fact, the Chinese are credited with having discovered the magnet and its use, as in a mariner’s compass, some centuries before we outside barbarians knew anything about it.

“Seven persons was not a great number to go to sea with in a large enough vessel to cross the ocean in ; but in those days I did not stop to think of risks. The crew were divided into two watches without any trouble, as there was little choice, two in the mate’s and one in my watch ; and at six bells in the dog-watch the starboard watch came on deck, and the others went below to supper.

“Everything passed along well for two or three days, and we had pleasant weather and a smooth sea.

“I soon found out that Mr. Sears knew nothing of navigation, but was a fair, every-day sailor, and knew how to carry sail and attend to the ordinary duties on shipboard.

“On the morning of the fourth day Quelpart loomed up on the starboard bow, and during the whole day we moved along to the southward of it, distant about fifteen miles.



“Towards evening it shut in thick, and the wind kicked up quite a sea, and the schooner was reaching to the westward in great shape. The only boat that we had was a little cockle-shell of a thing, not over ten feet in length, that was lashed down upon the deck, well forward.

“It must have been about six bells (eleven o'clock at night) when, as I was walking the quarter-deck, feeling the least bit anxious with my mixed crew, as to the wind and weather, that I heard the guttural cry of the Chinamen, in a tone that denoted distress or danger, and at the same moment the cook, who could talk a little pigeon English, came aft, crying out, ‘Man-e ovel-bloald! man-e ovel-bloald!’ which was as near as he could get to saying, ‘Man overboard.’

“All was at once excitement and confusion. It seemed afterwards that this poor Chinese, who was on the lookout forward, had probably fallen asleep, and, in a sudden lurch of the vessel, fallen overboard; at any rate, the cook, who happened by chance to be coming out of his galley, saw him fall to leeward, and heard his despairing cry. Mr. Sears, who was below, came rushing on deck, and I had the vessel at once brought to the wind, and the small boat launched.

“It was a foolhardy thing, as I now look back upon it, to launch that boat at all in that seaway; but we did not stop then to think of any danger. I



ordered a lantern lighted, and, with two Chinese with me in the boat, cast off to attempt to pick up the poor fellow, whose cries by this time had become very faint.

“I told Mr. Sears before I left to keep the vessel hove to, and to get a lantern ready as soon as possible, and hang over the side, so that I could find the schooner again on my return.

“The two Chinese in the boat with me were in a fearful state of excitement, and we pulled away in the direction that we had last heard the voice of the unfortunate man, which had now ceased.

“We pulled and pulled, and finally stopped and listened, but could neither hear nor see anything.

“All at once one of the sailors perceived something near by on the water, and we picked up a Chinese skull-cap, which the sailor wore when he fell overboard.

“The boat was very small, and the lantern that I had, blinded us more than it helped us; but I managed to stand up and look about me, and thought that I noticed some peculiar bubbles coming up out of the ocean near by us. I grabbed one of the oars from the sailors, and thrust it under the water, and it caught in the clothes of the drowning man.

“In the confusion that ensued the little boat was very nearly capsized; the lantern was jerked out of my hand and extinguished, and barely escaping being all tipped into the sea, we managed to get the inanimate



body into the boat; and sitting down in the stern-sheets, I took the body between my knees, and ordered the Chinese to pull for the schooner.

“Pull for the schooner! Why, where was the schooner? Nothing in sight but the dreary waste of waters, and the sea and wind getting up fast.

“We pulled the boat’s head in every direction, but no schooner.

“Here was a pretty predicament. Four men crowded into a little boat that was never built to hold more than two, and to be used only in smooth water, thrashing about in half a gale of wind, twenty miles from land. What was to be done? Where was the schooner?

“Finally, far away on the starboard bow, I detected, with infinite joy, the twinkle of a light, but at least a mile away, if I was any judge of distance. It was without doubt the lantern-light on the schooner, but what in the world could she be doing so far away? We certainly had not got such a distance from her as that. And as I gazed I saw she was heading so as to pass some distance from us, and a fearful dread fell upon me that this was the end of all earthly things for me. There we lay helpless, with no light to show to the schooner where we were; too far away to be heard by her, and with a dead or dying Chinaman between my knees, and a cockle-shell of a boat, in an open seaway, far from land. I almost gave up all hope of succor.



“For some unaccountable reason Mr. Sears had evidently misunderstood my orders, and it was evident to me, by the yawing of the schooner, that he was moving about from place to place, trying to find us, instead of remaining hove to — as ordered by me. For over an hour, which seemed a lifetime to me, this seemingly satanic schooner kept cruising about us. Twice she came so near that we hailed her with all the strength of our lungs, but she heeded us not, and quietly sailed past at too great a distance to hear us.

“We were fast becoming desperate, and the little boat was becoming almost unmanageable in the increasing sea, when Mr. Sears had the common-sense finally to bring the vessel by the wind, and heave her to.

“We had by this time become nearly exhausted, but with a last desperate effort headed toward the vessel with some slight hope of being seen and heard before she again got under way. I could not speak above a whisper, my voice having long since failed me, in the desperate attempts to make myself heard, as the tantalizing schooner had passed and repassed just out of the range of my voice.

“At last, thank God, they saw us, and waved the lantern; and in a few more strokes we were alongside and on board.

“I do not think I ever in my life was more overcome with anger and indignation.

“In the faintest whisper of what remained to me of



a voice I demanded from Mr. Sears an explanation of his conduct; but my anger soon faded away as I listened to his recital, and my soul was filled with thankfulness for my deliverance.

“It seems that Mr. Sears was troubled with heart-disease, and I had not left the side of the vessel five minutes before he fell down in a faint. There were only three men on board — the cook, the second mate, and himself. In the confusion that occurred, the cook was sent to the helm, and the second mate tried to bring Mr. Sears to. In the mean time, while so engaged (for he thought him dead), no attention was paid to the cook, who was at the helm, and the second mate kept plunging down into the cabin for brandy and camphor from the medicine chest, to try and bring Mr. Sears to. While this was going on, the cook kept the vessel away without any orders, and thought he would run down towards us; but when he got fairly started our light went out, and he, steering wild, must have passed us till the schooner was hauled on a wind. When Mr. Sears finally came to, he took in the situation at once, like a good seaman; but he was so afraid that we had become separated so far that we could never again reach the schooner, that he kept tacking about, under the combined direction of the cook and second mate, trying to find us, as his instinct told him that our little boat could not live long in such a seaway. I cannot say that it was an error of judgment; it was hard to say



what should have been done. Finally, in blank despair, he hove the vessel to again, in hopes that we might, if still afloat, find her, and, thank God, he was near enough to us when he did so for us to get on board.

“Such an experience, however, I do not care to again go through with; it was enough to whiten my hair before my time.

“Two days later we anchored with the fleet in Taliawan Bay, and I disposed of my cargo at an excellent advance.

“The Chinese sailor whom I had had between my knees as dead was as merry and bright as a cricket. A few doses of brandy and smart rubbing, with considerable vomiting-up of the sea-water to be found off Quelpart Island, had, soon after our arrival on board, put him all right again.

“But it was certainly a narrow squeak for life for all of us.”

As Mr. Cutter finished his yarn, without waiting for any comments, he made a respectful nod to Mr. Frisbee and myself, and walked briskly forward into the waist.

“Well, Captain, that’s a good yarn,” said Mr. Frisbee, “and capitally told. What varied and startling adventures you sailors all of you do go through with, as far as I can make out. It is a wonder that any of you live through them so as to be able to tell them. I think, so far, that my scheme has been a



great success, Captain, and we have you and others to hear from yet."

"Yes; I think we have got some fun out of them so far; but just wait till I spin you mine, and you will have enough of them to last you the whole voyage."

"Oh, I'm not a bit afraid of that," said Mr. Frisbee, who bade me good-night, and dove down below, the hour being quite late.

As for me, the heavenly weather was too much for me, and I could not have gone to bed, even if I had been worn out with fatigue. I liked too well to sit and gaze upon the brilliant heavens decked with myriads of nameless worlds and suns; to watch the young and growing moon plunge in and out of the gathering clouds on the distant horizon; to hear the murmur of the following sea as it broke in laughing ripples abaft the mizzen chains; to commune with gray old ocean, as only a sailor can who loves his profession. With regret I finally finished my pipe, and followed Mr. Frisbee down below.



## CHAPTER XII.

PUT INTO THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, AND VISIT THE  
TOMB OF NAPOLEON, ETC.

A FEW days after we had listened to the mate's yarn, I said casually to Mr. Frisbee, —

“If my longitude is right, — and I know of no reason why it should not be, — I think that I can point out St. Helena to you before three o'clock this afternoon.”

“I can't think of anything that I should like more to see,” replied he. “I suppose you have seen it quite often, Captain?”

“No; I never saw it in my life; of course, I have been in the neighborhood of it several times, but was never yet lucky enough to see it. In fact, vessels rather avoid it as a rule, as slightly out of the general course, and a bad rock to run into in the night-time; but as we are in no hurry, I thought you might like to see it, as I am sure I shall be, and, if convenient, go on shore, and see a little bit of this historical rock.”

“Haven't we got something on board in the way of reading matter that gives some description of this



famous isle, the prison and tomb of the great Napoleon? ”

“ Oh, yes! there are those volumes of mine called the ‘Countries of the World,’ that contain a fine description. Suppose you bring it up on deck, and read it for our mutual benefit.”

“ All right; I’ll do so.”

And Mr. Frisbee soon reappeared on deck with the book in his hand, and from which he read, amongst other interesting facts, the following, which are here reproduced for the benefit of my readers: —

“ St. Helena, a British colony, to which, however, no emigrants come, as the place of exile in which Napoleon Bonaparte passed the last years of his life, must always possess a historical interest. .

“ Actually, however, it is year by year getting more out of the world’s way, and of less and less importance. Discovered by Juan de Nova Castella on St. Helena’s day in 1501, it remained known only to the Portuguese until 1588, when the English navigator Cavendish sighted it. The Dutch were its first colonists (for it does not seem to have had any aborigines), and held it until 1673, when it was captured by the English. After this, with the exception of the six years that it served as the prison for Bonaparte, it was ruled by the East India Company. Situated nearly in the middle of the South Atlantic, it is over eleven hundred miles from the coast of Africa, and eighteen hundred from South America. It is entirely



volcanic and very mountainous, some of the precipices rising to the height of twenty-seven hundred feet above the sea. It is about ten and a half in length and six miles and a half in breadth, enclosing about forty-seven square miles. An ancient crater, four miles across, open on the south side, gives it the aspect of an island which has been built up from the depths of the sea, and never been connected with any other land. The interior is occupied by a rugged plateau rising to an elevation of two thousand feet. When first discovered, the island was everywhere covered with a dense forest. This vegetation has been almost entirely destroyed, and one would scarcely believe that it was green and fertile three hundred and eighty years ago. Denuded of trees, the rich volcanic soil has been swept off by the tropical rains till the very bases of the rocks have become exposed. Steam has made the island no longer essential for ships on their way to or from India to call here for water, and the Suez Canal has still further hastened its decay. Many of the sixty-five hundred people on the island are tinctured with various shades of black. The garrison consists of two hundred men."

"Well, that is a good description," said I.

"Yes," said Mr. Frisbee; "and nothing now remains but for us to verify it by landing and seeing it with our own eyes."

"Well, we can easily do that, for there is the loom of it on the starboard bow."



And at the same moment some one forward sung out, "Land ho ! Land ho !"

"Ay, ay ! we see it," answered I.

As the wind was fair, we raised the land rapidly, and Mr. Frisbee already had the spy-glass fixed upon it.

In the clear atmosphere in which we were it was discernible at a vast distance ; but I saw that we should come up with it at least by four or five o'clock.

I do not know any sight at sea more striking than to sail towards this island, as it rises like a huge monster as if from the bottom of the sea, and pregnant with life. Other land that one sights is not so peculiar : there is generally a long coast line with depressions and elevations, but in the case of St. Helena, one sees nothing but a dark blue point seemingly piercing the ocean and pointing to the heavens above, gradually growing in size, grandeur, and extent, and towering with frightful majesty towards zenith, and making, by contrast, the Maryland seem but a ship's long-boat rocking on the limitless sea. We had not seen any land since leaving Cape Cod, except Negro Mountain and Brazil ; and all land becomes interesting to sailors, and serves to break the monotony of which so many complain, but which I have never yet found. One can imagine how entrancing it was to see this majestic and awe-inspiring island rise as if to stop our pathway in our journey towards far Cathay.



Having fully made up my mind to put in and come to an anchor, I ordered Mr. Cutter to make the necessary arrangements, and to get the anchors over the bow and ready for letting go, as we only intended to stand into the anchorage, and let go an anchor while we went on shore.

We were coming up with the island very fast; and it began to appear as if it would overtop our very top-gallantmasts, and fall down upon our decks. Magnificent and grand there it stood, rising in majesty from its watery bed. When we as Americans, without the prejudice of the French or the English, thought of the awful tragedy of which this lone isle was the theatre, we were filled with awe. Here died one of the master warrior minds of the world, broken-hearted when confined to this solitude after the life of a demigod, and the maker of kings and kingdoms.

At about eight bells in the afternoon we found ourselves well in under the frowning cliffs of Jamestown Harbor, the only port of the island, and that only an open roadstead, situated on the northern side of the island. Rounding to near the few vessels that we found at anchor, we let go our right bower, and swung head to the sea in twenty-five fathoms of water, with the town of Jamestown under our stern, seemingly but a biscuit's throw distant, at the base of the overtowering cliffs in its rear, with the famous Munden's battery part way up the side of the cliff, on our starboard side, frowning down upon us with its



rows of English cannon, reminding one forcibly of Gibraltar; and directly astern of us the six hundred steps of Ladder Hill, cut in the solid rock, and leading from the water side and the town of Jamestown, to the awful heights towering over and seemingly about to fall upon it and bury it forever from human sight.

We had scarcely got our mud-hook well down when we were boarded by the harbor-master, who was a hale, well-preserved, but darkly tanned, Englishman, who welcomed us very civilly, and, finding out that we had simply anchored to visit the island, more as a yacht than as a merchantman, and that we only desired to go on shore for a short time and to examine the island and buy a few stores, was very polite, and waived the necessity of our making an entry at the Custom House, and very kindly made out for us the formal permission to land whenever we should choose.

I thanked him for his courtesy, and saw him over the side and into his pull-away boat, manned by four copper-colored fellows, whose nationality I could not determine.

After the harbor-master had left us the crew went aloft, and soon had all the sails nicely furled; and, in the evening, there lay the Maryland, snug and quiet, with the lights of Jamestown twinkling just astern of her.

By the time we had everything snug it was well on to eight o'clock; but Mr. Frisbee and myself were



both anxious to see a little of the town, even if it was late ; so, calling Mr. Cutter, I ordered him to have the quarter-boat lowered and manned, as we were going on shore. The boat was soon announced as ready, and Mr. Frisbee and myself jumped in with two of the crew to row us, and made for the landing-place, which lay but a short distance astern of us, as I have said.

We visited the quite handsome church that adorns the parade, and had a look at the little town by moonlight. After purchasing a few cheap articles, as mementos of the island, we walked down to the landing, hailed our boat, and pulled back to the Maryland, and turned in and went to sleep.

The next day was a glorious one, and early in the morning we made preparations to spend the day on shore, and to visit the uplands.

After a hearty breakfast, made doubly enjoyable by the addition of a few fresh articles from the shore, we tumbled into the boat, and made our second descent upon this historic isle.

We made the ascent of Ladder Hill of six hundred steps, and found ourselves looking out from this magnificent elevation upon the shipping, and the town that lay at our feet, and the boundless extent of ocean, over which our eyes roved in admiration.

Mr. Frisbee and myself hired two of the island ponies at this point, and, mounting, made our way, under charge of a competent guide, into the interior



of the island, and towards Longwood, the famous residence of the late Napoleon. We visited this place, also the Briers, and the tomb of Napoleon, where he was buried until his body was finally conveyed to France.

After seeing everything possible to be seen, we descended Ladder Hill, dined at a sort of restaurant on the parade, and then took our boat, glad to get back again on board of the old Maryland, at about four o'clock P.M.

Mr. Cutter and the crew, as a whole, did not care much about the island; but the person who utterly detested it turned out to be Julius Africanus, the cook, who made no secret of his contempt for the people and the island; and with a great deal of quiet enjoyment, Mr. Frisbee and myself, from the quarter-deck, heard him laying down the law to the second mate in the cabin.

“Why, Mr. Jones, sah, I can’t conceive why de captain wanted to touch at dis yere island for. Why, de folks ain’t even white men nor niggers; dey is a mis’able half-breed, no good anyway, an’ no fit company for no decent folks. Did ye see dat ole pirate ob a harbor-master? looked mo’ like a ring-tailed monkey dan a white man; ’spect he might have been white some time, but it’s done gone all worn off, libing wid dese critters. Dey hain’t got no decent grub on de whole island, for I tried de market. I ’spect old Bony was de best of de crowd day ebber



had here, but it fixed him in a little while. None of dem Frenchmen can't stand no 'sposure nohow. Mr. Jones, I'd radder be towed astern for ten miles dan live on dat dare island for one week, and de quicker we get up our mud-hook and get out, de better it will suit dis yere chile. Try to populate a island wid half-breed niggers, and a few British red-coats, and some old beach coamers, yah!" and away he went forward to his galley, growling all the way.

"Well, Mr. Frisbee," said I, "we may as well get out of this: we have seen all there is to see."

"That's so, Captain."

"Mr. Cutter, call all hands to up anchor, and send some of the men aloft to loose the sails. Be smart, sir; I want to get out of here before dark."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate, cheerily.

And shortly afterwards the jolly chanty and the click of the windlass gave proof that the right bower of the Maryland was fast being drawn out of its stubborn hold on the bottom of Jamestown Harbor. The sails were soon loosed and sheeted home, the anchor broken out, fished, and catted, and the Maryland well under way, and soon rounding the northernmost point of Jamestown Bay, she was kept away to the southward, and on her course for the Cape of Good Hope, towards which she went bowling along with the wind fresh on her quarter.

As the night shut down, we looked astern, and saw this lonely rock sink to rest in the bosom of old ocean, an awe-striking sight.



As we dashed along with the favoring breeze, and with stunsails set, Mr. Frisbee and I talked over the pleasant things that we had seen, and were very glad that we had had the opportunity to see for ourselves this unique and peculiar island.

As it became later, Mr. Frisbee, with one last glance at the now almost indiscernible island astern of us, shut in by distance and darkness, bade me good-night and went below.

After a long look at the weather, and a quiet talk with Mr. Cutter upon ship's matters, and a good pull at my pipe, I followed him, leaving the quarter-deck in charge of the mate.

The next morning turned out to be as fine a day as any person could possibly desire to see, and we enjoyed it hugely, being really glad to be again at sea; at least, I was.

We looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to the gunning and sport that we expected to get off the Cape of Good Hope, and Mr. Frisbee and myself made many plans for enjoying ourselves. Fourth of July would soon be upon us also, and it would not do to forget that day, even if we were off soundings and on the briny deep.

Our crew were all in good health, and Chineyboy and the dogs, supplemented by the cook and the carpenter, were for us a continual source of pleasure and amusement. We thought as much of Cæsar as we did of one of the crew, and he was a universal



favorite. Poor old Tanner made hard work of it; but even he was a comfort, and his queer ways and utter unconcealed distaste to the whole voyage made all the more fun for the crew.

The carpenter kept on cracking his jokes, to the admiration of all; and the cook to cracking his head and crockery in his usual style. In fact, we were all in a very happy state, master and crew.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## ALBATROSS FISHING OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

AFTER leaving St. Helena, we bowled along on our way with good fresh breezes and pleasant weather, and without any mishap.

In the latter part of the month of June we approached the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, and in that part of the ocean where the lordly albatross was to be found.

I think it was on June the 30th that we saw the first bird sailing along in all his majesty, and I called Mr. Frisbee on deck to look at him. He did not come very near, and soon disappeared; but he was the precursor of hundreds that we afterwards saw.

During the next day or two we saw plenty of them as well as Cape pigeons and brown birds.

I had been telling Mr. Frisbee during the whole voyage the pleasure we should have in fishing for them. On the third day it blew such a gale of wind that we were compelled to heave to, and the good bark was, for the first time on the voyage, lying to, under a close-reefed maintopsail, in quite a smooth sea for the latitude, and with clear weather, but with a stormy, fierce wind blowing from the north-east.



The albatrosses, Cape pigeons, and Mother Carey's chickens followed in large numbers the wake of the drifting vessel, as she slowly forged ahead and to leeward, at the rate of possibly three knots per hour. This was our long-wished-for opportunity, and we availed ourselves of it.

The peculiarities of these birds that one meets near the southern capes, both of Good Hope and Cape Horn, are very striking and marked. The first thing that is noticed by an observer is the tameness of the smaller ones, and the grand, magnificent size of the incomparable white albatross.

Cape pigeons, as they are called, in flight and size and color can scarcely be distinguished from the home, every-day pigeon that is seen in Northern cities, the only difference being a uniformity of color, pure white, and black, with white predominating.

Of course, when captured, the pretty little black-webbed feet are seen; but when they are on the wing these are concealed, and it is difficult to distinguish them from a flock of tame pigeons, and exceedingly tame ones at that, for they often pass by in their flight in the lee of the vessel so close that the hand can almost touch them.

There are authentic accounts of their being seized by the hand when on the wing, they approach so near.

These are the tamest of all the species, and seem so beautiful in their exquisite, pure, sea plumage,



that they are seldom troubled very much, although one cannot restrain the temptation to capture a few when they are first met.

Next to these beautiful birds in tameness comes the stormy petrel, often called the sea-swallow, or Mother Carey's chicken, a bird in flight and size exactly like a land-swallow, but of a dusky brown color, almost black, with a white patch across the base of the tail feathers. These birds come quite close to the vessel, but not as near as the pigeons, and do not rise from the line of the waves into the air, but continually follow along the surface of the ocean, dipping at times one of their webbed feet into the water to sustain themselves when checking their flight to examine anything that they think may prove food for their hungry maws.

Now, all these birds, so beautiful in appearance, are carnivorous, and the cook's slush-barrel is their fountain of delight.

The slightest particle of grease that is dropped over the side attracts them; and a handful of the refuse of the skimmings of the salt beef and pork, taken from the slush-barrel, and thrown overboard, will bring every bird in sight down in a huddle on to the ocean's surface, fighting and screaming for every particle of this nauseous mass of accumulated fat, which is kept by the cook from the skimmings of innumerable pots of salt beef and pork, and sold for soap-fat upon arrival in port.



Besides the birds that I have enumerated, we have in lesser numbers those of an intermediate size, as large as a goose or bald-headed eagle; and these are called by different names, given them by sailors, such as the black albatross, the quaker bird (a large brown bird the size of a goose), the hagdown, the booby, the blubber-hunter, etc.

Now, the greatest prize of all these birds is the great white albatross, which is often caught, showing a spread of wings over eleven feet in extent. I have measured one that was thirteen and one-half feet from tip to tip. These old fellows do not come so near to the vessel as the smaller birds, and often fly quite high in the air, comparatively speaking.

When I say fly, I mean float; for at times an albatross will scale about in every direction and with graceful curves, with the wings set as if fashioned out of steel, and without a perceptible motion. Once in a great while the wings make a stroke in the air, but very seldom; and thus they crossed and recrossed our wake hour after hour in their tireless flight.

Now, the greatest feat is to capture one of these fellows, and it can only be done when the vessel is moving very slowly through the water.

The articles needed to fish for one of these birds is a good, strong fish-line, several hundred feet in length, to which is attached a large codfish hook, baited with a piece of salt pork large enough to float the hook on account of the fatty matter it contains.



The art consists in paying out the line fast enough, as the vessel forges ahead, to have the pork float quietly on the surface of the sea, so as to attract the attention of any passing albatross, and to also get it far enough astern to be out of the way of the myriads of birds that keep up nearer to the vessel; so a long line is needed and a good deal of patience, for as soon as all the line is out, and the bait begins to tow, an albatross will seldom touch it, or, if prepared to do so, by the time it gets its immense wings folded and itself into the water the bait is dragged a fathom or two away, and the silly bird never sees it, and soon gets upon the wing again, and the line has often to be hauled in and payed out anew. For this reason some slack line is always reserved on deck to pay out while the albatross is fooling with the bait, so that it will not be drawn away from him. Sometimes in getting the bait buoyed out the lesser tribes see it, and then ensues a perfect fight and squabble between the Cape pigeons, Mother Carey's chickens, and the boobys, to see who will get most of the tempting bait, and, as the hook is too large to capture them, the bait is stripped off before the line is half payed out; still, this is a good method if you can keep your bait on for a minute or two, for the albatrosses always make for the squabbling birds, and, alighting in their midst, drive them at once away, and, if there is any bait left, commence to appropriate it themselves. In this way they are quite often caught.



Not the least peculiar part of this sport is that the bird is captured nine times out of ten by the hook catching in the end of the upper mandible of the beak, and it is scarcely ever swallowed, and the bird is seldom hurt in the slightest; but if the line is slacked in the least degree, out drops the hook. After the albatross is hooked, he tries one of two methods to escape: either taking wing, which is the most exciting, and sailing round like a huge kite till pulled on board with the fish-line, or more commonly bracing his great web feet forward in the water, and spreading his enormous wings, is thus dragged along over the summit of every wave till he reaches the deck of the ship.

The first thing, as is usual with them when caught, is in one moment to become seasick, and to vomit up huge, undigested masses of sea carrion; the next, to snap their huge beak at any who approaches, with a noise similar to, and as loud as, a pair of boy's clappers.

Nothing is done to prevent these birds escaping, for you must know that they cannot take flight from the deck of a ship, but only by facing the wind on the ocean, and paddling along with their feet till their wings fill. They seem to know this as well as anybody, and generally stand in a quiet attitude, without attempting to escape, and vomit up their food. These birds are the largest known creatures in the world that move in the air by means of



wings, exceeding in size the condor of South America.

Our opportunity in this storm, while the Maryland was hove to, had come ; and, as Mr. Frisbee had long been prepared for such an occasion, he soon appeared on the quarter-deck, hook and line in hand.

It is impossible for but one to fish at a time, and I was very glad to have Mr. Frisbee try his luck.

“Now, Mr. Frisbee, bear a hand. There’s ten or twelve of the big fellows flying about us !” exclaimed I.

“All right, Captain, I’ll be ready in a moment.” And he proceeded to bait his hook with a big piece of pork that Chineyboy had brought to him from the galley, while I occupied myself in dribbling slush over the stern to keep the small birds near the bark, so as to give the albatross a good chance.

“Pay out, Frisbee ; now’s your chance.”

“I know it, and here she goes,” said he, as he quickly and handily let his bait float astern.

He managed so well that his bait got well away from the bark without the gang of pigeons and Mother Carey’s chickens being aware of it, occupied as they were with the slush that I was feeding them with under the stern, which of itself was a big thing, as it is generally very difficult to get the bait away from the vessel without having these small birds pounce upon it and tear off the bait before an albatross can get near it ; and they never get caught in



this stealing, for the hook is so large that they cannot be hooked.

In this instance, Mr. Frisbee got his bait started in great shape, and he commenced paying out from his large stock of reserved line, as fast as the *Maryland* surged ahead, so as to give the bait the appearance of being stationary and floating on the water, as it really was. Hove to as we were, the *Maryland* was forging ahead and to leeward, at possibly the rate of two knots an hour, so the fishline did not have to be payed out very fast; in fact, it was an admirable opportunity to catch one of these huge fellows, as good a chance as we should probably have during the whole voyage.

Mr. Frisbee had a very long line, and handled it with great skill. He did not pay out all the time, but after he had gotten the bait well astern, and out of the way of the piratical crew under the stern that I was feeding, he let it tow through the water until an albatross was about to cross our wake, when he would immediately pay out more slack line, and bring the pork bait to the surface of the ocean, and in a floating and quiescent state, in hopes that the passing albatross would see it. The trouble was, however, that the birds would cross the wake far astern of where the bait was floating, or else between it and the bark; and thus they missed it again and again, for it was very rough, and it was often out of sight in the trough of the sea, or buried in the foam of the summit of a wave.



Two or three times we thought we were going to get a bite, but were disappointed; and, finally, Mr. Frisbee had all his long line out, and was compelled to haul it in again and commence anew.

The second time he did not have so good luck, for in spite of my endeavors to keep the small pirates under the stern, by feeding them with slush, they spied his big piece of pork, as it floated astern, and with one fierce cry it was set upon by fifty of these smaller birds, and, in a twinkling of an eye, in spite of the size of the bait, nothing was left but the bare hook; and there was nothing to do but to again haul in the line, and send Chineyboy to the galley for another piece of pork.

“Never mind, Mr. Frisbee,” said I, “the third time never fails.” And I was a prophet, for we managed between us to get the bait well astern without the small birds finding it out.

Finally, a magnificent albatross came sailing by, and crossed our wake just astern of the floating bait, and saw it as he passed, threw one of his magnificent wings sharp up towards zenith, turned a beautiful short curve in the air, returned again to the wake, and settled down near the floating bait.

He sat for a moment, as they always do, looking about him in a stupid way; but Mr. Frisbee knew what he was about, and fed out slack line, so as to keep the bait right under his nose. Presently he saw it, and made a snap at it with his powerful beak,





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but in a dainty way, to find out whether or not he liked it. As it evidently suited his taste, he then attempted to devour it, and this is the time that one must trust somewhat to luck, for one does not know just when to pull.

In this case, Mr. Frisbee, as it proved, was a little too impatient, it being his first bird, and pulled on the line too quickly, and had the mortification of seeing the bait jump far out of the water, and in advance of the albatross. We all thought he had lost him, for it is seldom that they find the bait again after they have had it pulled away from them; but, in this instance, it rose on the top of a not very distant wave, and luckily the albatross saw it; and with a few strokes of his powerful webbed feet, was almost immediately again alongside of it, and attempting to swallow it, he evidently having liked his first taste, when it was so unceremoniously jerked away from him.

This time Mr. Frisbee was a little more deliberate, and when he pulled, the line tightened, and the albatross responded by unfolding his wings and attempting to fly, and by pushing his great webbed feet out in advance, to prevent himself from being dragged towards the vessel. But it was no use; Mr. Frisbee had him sure this time, and, unless he could get some slack line, he was our prey. Still, nobody is sure of an albatross till he is safe on board, for nine times out of ten the hook only holds by being



caught in the bill, and, if the line is slacked, out it drops. Many are lost just under the stern, for the motion there of the vessel jumping up and down in a seaway, makes it very difficult to keep the line perfectly taut.

But in theory Mr. Frisbee knew all about these things, and had not been talking albatross fishing the whole voyage with Mr. Cutter and myself without being posted on all these points that he was now putting in practice, and the result was that the albatross came bounding along over the tops of the waves in great shape till he was well under the stern, when the final test came of which I have spoken, and when the whole weight of the immense bird must for a moment or two rest wholly on the line and hook while drawn up from the water to the deck.

Mr. Frisbee was equal to the occasion, and, although his face showed suppressed excitement, he handled that albatross in great shape, and with one magnificent sweep landed him over the taffrail and on to the quarter-deck.

As soon as he touched the deck out fell the hook, which was only caught in the point of the upper mandible, as we suspected, proving that if he had been given the least bit of slack line we never should have captured him.

Mr. Frisbee acted as if demented, and took off his hat and gave three cheers. In the mean while, the albatross stood on the deck in a rather awkward posi-



tion, but did not make a single movement to escape, and did not act as if he was at all afraid of us. The only sign he showed of our presence was to snap his bill at us whenever we approached too near to him, or attempted to touch him. No language can convey to you the exquisite beauty and purity of his plumage, especially the down on his breast, whiter than the driven snow. It was only when he commenced, a few moments after, to vomit up a mass of undigested squid and sea garbage that we were compelled to disabuse our minds of the purity of his habits as regards food at least, in spite of the immaculate purity of his plumage and the innocent expression of his eyes.

After we had feasted our eyes with looking at him, he was handed over to Julius Africanus for decapitation. We towed the head and beak over the stern for a week or two till it was as white as snow, and from the webbed feet we made pocket-books, and from the bones of the wing, dog whistles, needle-cases, and bird-calls. The flesh served as a meal for the dogs. We tried to eat some of it, but found it too fishy for our taste, and even the dogs did not take very kindly to it after they had been served a few times. The capture of this albatross was not our last one, by any means: before we had rounded the Cape we caught many more, but none handsomer than this first bird. Before this gale was over we caught two more, if my memory serves me



correctly. One was caught by Mr. Cutter, and the other by myself.

Towards evening the gale abated, and before the sun went down I had the Maryland under close-reefed topsails, and headed on her course to the southward. This, of course, ended all attempts at fishing, but gave us a chance to amuse ourselves in a different way.

Although the bark on the next day was going through the water quite fast, it did not prevent the Cape pigeons from keeping up to us with ease, and flying by the quarter so that we could almost touch them with our hands. We did not like to shoot them, and have them fall in the water where we could not save them: we were above such sport as that; but we did want to get a number of them so as to preserve their beautiful skins and feathers, and to tow some of their heads astern till the bones should be as white and clean as snow. It was no use fishing for them, we were going too fast.

All at once a brilliant idea struck me, for us to have some fun and accomplish our desires.

“Look here, Mr. Frisbee, what is to prevent us making some bows and arrows, and shooting these fellows as they pass by the quarter? We can easily make good bows out of the hemlock scantling that the carpenter uses for battens.”

“Well, that is an idea, Captain,” replied he; “but how should we be any better off shooting them with arrows than with shot?”



“Oh, I did not explain myself as I should have done. My idea is to have each arrow fitted with a straightened-out fish-hook to enter the bird and hold him when hit, and also with a string fastened to the shank by which each arrow can be recovered after it is shot. I am aware that we could not use these weapons with a string dragging behind them with much success, if we had to make long shots; but you must remember that we shall shoot at these birds when they are not more than five or six feet away, and I feel confident that we can make it work. What do you say?”

“I say it’s a big thing,” exclaimed Mr. Frisbee, “and I know it will work. Why, of course we can’t help hitting them after a little practice, and we shall have the satisfaction of capturing all we hit, and thus avoid any cruelty.

And to work we went making bows and arrows. The carpenter was sent for, and he soon supplied us with the necessary material, and helped us fashion two long strips of hemlock into quite respectable bows. We did not attempt to fit the arrows with feather guides, the birds that we were to shoot at would be so near that they would be of no use in perfecting the flight of the arrows. We went to the galley, and, by heating a few large cod-hooks in the fire, were able to straighten them out so as to serve as harpoons on the end of each arrow.

Near the notched end that was to fit on the bow-



string we fastened a light but strong piece of line about twenty feet long, to use in pulling the bird aboard with, when they were struck by the hook in the end of the arrow.

It took but an hour or two to have everything in readiness, and at the end of that time Mr. Frisbee and myself found ourselves in possession of two good bows with three arrows each for our contemplated sport.

All this time the Cape pigeons in great numbers, and other birds in lesser, were continually crossing our wake, and flying by the quarter almost within reach of one's hand.

To work we went; but it was not so easy to hit them as we had supposed: what with the wind, the motion of the vessel, and our want of practice, we were not very successful. We found when we came to shoot at them that they seemed farther off than we had supposed, and arrow after arrow dropped harmlessly into the ocean, and had to be hauled on board again by the string attached to it, before we were able to hit one of them. However, we persevered, and had great fun with each other on account of our want of skill.

"It would never do for you to hunt Indians with that bow, Mr. Frisbee," said I; "they'd have your scalp fifty times before you hit one of them."

"Well," retorted he, "I don't see as you do any better, Captain. I don't think you could hit the side



of a barn door, set up ten feet away, if what you have done so far is a specimen of your skill."

"Well, I might not, if it was set up edge on," said I.

And thus we joked each other till, by a lucky or skilful shot, I hit one of the passing Cape pigeons full in the side. Down he went into the water, and I dropped the bow and commenced pulling in on the arrow line. The hook or harpoon held firmly, as I was convinced it would, and in a moment or two more I had the first Cape pigeon on deck.

As we kept on practising we became more expert, and Mr. Frisbee soon captured one also, and it was not very long before we had quite a number of Cape pigeons and one booby on deck. We could not hit them easily, and there was just enough difficulty in the pastime to make it fascinating and not tiresome. However, after a while, we had all we wanted of the sport, and put our bows away for another day, perfectly satisfied with our success on this our first trial. I may as well say here that during our trip round the Cape we, on several opportune occasions, got out our bows and captured some of these beautiful birds, whose skins we carefully preserved and whose flesh served as food for the dogs, which, although they did not greatly relish, they evidently liked better than the salt fare that we were compelled to give them on other occasions.



## CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN, "A SAILOR'S HOLIDAY." — A CALM DAY, LOWER THE BOAT TO SKETCH THE BARK. — A GREAT DAY'S SPORT SHOOTING ALBATROSS FROM AN OPEN BOAT. — CHARGE A MYRIAD OF BIRDS, AND FIND THEM FEEDING ON THE REMAINS OF A GIGANTIC SQUID, WHICH IN LIFE MUST HAVE FAR EXCEEDED THE SIZE OF ANY WHALE; OR, IN FACT, OF ANY KNOWN ANIMAL THAT HAS EVER INHABITED THE EARTH.

"COME, Captain," said Mr. Frisbee to me one evening when we were sitting in the cabin with nothing to do, it being too cold to stay on deck with any comfort, "you know you are under bonds for a yarn, and you might as well spin it now as at any other time."

"Well, I don't see how I can get out of it, so here goes. Would you like to hear about one of my boyish scrapes when I first went to sea, and on my first voyage round the Horn?"

"Why, of course I should," said Mr. Frisbee.

"Well, I will call my yarn A Sailor's Holiday," said I, and commenced as follows:—

"We had just arrived in 'Frisco after a long pas-



sage round the Horn in the famous clipper ship Neptune's Favorite, Captain Oliver Lane, in 185-, and right glad were we to sight the golden gates that guard the entrance to this magnificent harbor.

“When I say after a long passage, I do not mean to say that the voyage was not a good one for a clipper ship; namely, one hundred and seventeen days from New York; but I mean to imply that we were all tired of hard-tack and old horse, and longed for the land and change of diet and scene.

“I was only a boy on board at that time, but pretty well grown and sixteen years of age, and understood my sea duties fairly well, being accounted a good man at the wheel, young as I was. It is quite a knack to be able to steer a large vessel in a heavy sea, running before the wind, and it does not take so much strength as judgment in moving the wheel at the right time to keep the vessel from yawing and coming up into the wind, which would be an exceedingly disastrous occurrence if it were permitted. My proudest day was off the Falkland Islands, near Cape Horn, when Captain Lane, dissatisfied with the steering of some of the oldest seamen on board, called out, ‘Send that boy aft. I want to see if he can’t steer this ship as she should be.’ Aft I came, trembling in every limb, and took the weather wheel, with a seaman on the lee-side to assist me in turning the spokes. I was afraid of the captain, and frightened to death at the honor; but in a moment or two,



as the vast hull obeyed with an almost human instinct the slightest movements of the rudder, I became more at ease, and at the encouraging words of Captain Lane of 'There! that's the way to steer a ship,' I regained my usual composure, and stood manfully at the wheel for full four hours before he would permit me to be relieved. After this my rating and treatment in the vessel were very much improved. You see, I had been used to small boats all my life, and the captain knew it, and, although only a boy, made a good choice in selecting me when running before a fresh gale, with a foretopmast studding-sail set.

"But to my yarn. When we arrived in San Francisco we, of course, sailor-like, wanted to go on shore; but in those days sailors were so scarce, and deserted in such large numbers to go to the mines, that we were not permitted to go beyond the head of the wharf in the daytime, and not allowed on shore at all at night. This did not suit me, and I therefore started a little conspiracy to see the country. It was in the month of May, when we had both fine and rainy days. From where we worked on deck we could see, out towards what was called the Mission road, a bridge over a river, and beyond open country. I was determined to explore it. On board I had a double-barrelled gun and considerable ammunition. I had not been able to shoot it once during the whole voyage, on account of the etiquette maintained at



sea, and I was eager to try it on the game of California. Around the mizzenmast in the cabin were arranged some U.S. muskets, and I knew where the ammunition for the same was in the run, down aft. One Saturday afternoon we made our plan, knowing that there would be no work on Sunday, to steal ashore after dark, and come back to the ship early Sunday night. We did not intend to desert the ship, and the whole affair was only a frolic. I took into my confidence, boy-like, the two strangest companions: one, the carpenter of the ship, a young Irishman, a perfect master of his trade, but as green as grass in everything except working with tools, who had never seen a firearm discharged in his life, I verily believe; and one of the sailors called Pete, a Norwegian, who could speak only broken English at the best, and had been on the water all his life long. With these two the plot was concocted. I had not one cent of money, and they just as little. I 'abstracted' the ammunition for the musket during the day, and the musket itself just after dark from the rack round the mizzenmast. These were hidden in the carpenter's room, situated in the after part of the forward house. I then got my gun out of my chest, and put it together, and selected the ammunition; and, after all was arranged, what should happen but it began to pour in torrents, as it can in California when it has a mind to. This, even, did not deter us, however, but, instead of wearing our best-go-



ashore clothes, we quietly rigged out in our so'westers, oilskin suits, and sea-boots.

“ Thus equipped, at about eight o'clock we stole noiselessly ashore, and started for the head of the wharf. We knew enough not to attempt to get into the streets, however, in that manner, for the night-watchman would stop us.

“ The rain was, after all, a benefit to us, for it is doubtful if we should have been able to get ashore at all without it, as there was supposed to be an officer on the quarter-deck of our vessel keeping watch, but in the rain we easily evaded him. In fact, to tell the truth, we watched till he went below to light his pipe, and then made a rush quickly but quietly over the forechains, and jumped ashore.

“ This was to have been our plan even if it had been pleasant, for we knew the habits of Second Mate Cottle pretty well, and knew he would go below once in a while to light his pipe ; but, as I have said, the torrents of rain made our escape perfectly easy. As we approached the head of the wharf, keeping in shadow and out of the light shed from various shops and stores and the lanterns of the watchmen at the closed gateways, we made a detour to the left to some steps leading down to the water, where we knew some skiffs and small boats were fastened, for we could see them plainly from the ship and wharf each day while at work.

“ We easily succeeded in cutting one of them



adrift, and, keeping in alongside the pier and inside, we made for the next pier, and, passing under that, groped along for a landing-place that was unguarded.

“We finally found one little patch of beach, and, scrambling out and tying up the skiff to one of the piles, we made our way into one of the back streets, and from thence to the bridge across the river. The streets were deserted, the rain was so heavy, but we marched up and were preparing to cross, when out pounced a man from a little lighted sentry-box.

“‘Toll, please.’

“‘Why, then it was a toll-bridge, hey?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Well, we didn’t know it.’

“‘Can’t help it; you must pay a “bit” each, or you can’t go over.’

“So, having no money, we slunk back, and the man retired into his den. The river was not very wide, and we went down into the mud on each side of the bridge to inspect it and see if we could not wade across; but it was too wide for that, and we could find no boat. All this time it was raining like fury.

“‘I’m not going to be beat,’ said I to the carpenter, after we had groped around in the mud for half an hour. ‘That fellow must be asleep by this time, and if we go up on the further side, and you don’t clatter with those confounded sea-boots of yours, Pete, we can steal across, and he will never know it.’

“No sooner said than done. We crept up the



embankment on the further side from the sentry-box, on our hands and knees, and in that posture made some headway on to the bridge, which was a covered structure, and dark as Erebus, till we had passed beyond the rays of light shed from the sentry-box, when we got upon our feet, and made a dash for the other side and liberty.

“We never stopped to see whether the man came out to catch us or not, but ran, panting till we were out of breath, far beyond the bridge with the twinkling lights of the city in our rear, and the open country before us.

“Where we silly coots wandered that night, through rain and mud, we shall never know. We remember, however, one or two peculiar incidents of the evening. One was that we finally, in the darkness, ran upon a lonely house, and, creeping under the veranda, were congratulating ourselves upon finishing the night there, under shelter from the rain, when Pete had to clatter with his clumsy sea-boots, at which a dog in the building set up a most terrific barking, and out we scooted into the darkness, just as a window above was opened, and a flash from a pistol told us plainly that we were not wanted. In fact, I have often thought since that if we had been captured with the gun and musket in our hands, all the swearing in the world would not have cleared us from the suspicion that we were there to burglarize that house; and I am afraid any jury then in Cali-



fornia would have condemned us on the evidence we ourselves presented.

“The next thing that happened was that we found ourselves wading round in about three or four inches of water, and evidently in some place invaded by the sea, and, walk as we might, we could not get out of it, and worse than all, there being no stars or light, could not see what direction we were pursuing, or whether we were going out towards the sea, or gaining the shore; and the water finally got to be fully a foot deep, and we were in sore perplexity, but we floundered on till by sheer luck we found the water decreasing, and came to a slight activity, and up this we clambered with thankful hearts.

“By this time we calculated it must be long past midnight, and we could scarcely drag one foot after the other, we were so completely fagged out. The rain had finally somewhat ceased, and there was a feeling as if the storm was about over, and it was evidently trying hard to clear up. At this time we found ourselves on the side of quite a hill, which we kept climbing up, being very glad to put some distance between us and the water we had been stumbling about in.

“All at once we saw several large rocks quite near, and the carpenter declared that he would not go a step farther till morning, and sat down on one himself to rest; but for real frights you should have seen both him and us, but he in particular, when,



with a loud snort, his rock upon which he had just sat down rose up into the air. The poor carpenter, with an Irish oath, made one dash down the hillside, and Pete and I dashed up the hill with all our might; but as I ran my brain worked, and it came to me that the carpenter had been sitting down on a lying-down cow or steer, and such was the case. As soon as my reason convinced me of this I came to a halt, and told Pete, who was struggling after me in abject fear, what it was, and that there was no danger. And then we commenced bellowing for the carpenter, who had run till the water stopped him, or he would be running now. Finally we made him understand what he had been sitting down upon, and by going half-way toward him, guided by each other's voice, we again came together; but the carpenter's nerves were terribly shaken, and his teeth chattered with fear.

“‘May the devil fly away with you, Frisbee, and this enchanted country!’ said he; ‘and if I get safe back to the ship again, you’ll catch me hunting no more in California.’

“Soon after this it began perceptibly to clear up, and the rain ceased entirely, and we finally reached an elevation where there were real rocks, and beside these we finally lay down and slept the sleep of the innocent till the morning sun in our faces woke us up. Oh, what a magnificent view and lovely day! Fronting us was the sea, and to the left the



city of San Francisco, distant a few miles, and to the right the beautiful open country. It was here again that the carpenter got into another scrape, for all at once over he went backwards down the hill, crying out, —

“‘Snake, snake! don’t you see the cuss beyant there on the rock?’ and tired as we were, he frightened Pete and myself so that we followed him a hundred yards or so, before we mustered courage to come to a standstill.

“‘Well, even if it is a snake, we can shoot it,’ said I, ‘so let’s go back;’ and with caution we approached the stack of rocks where we had been sleeping.

“‘There, on that rock beyant, don’t you see his dirty head peeking over?’ and sure enough it was so, and in a moment my gun was to my shoulder and the discharge followed. With caution we went round the boulder to see how it fared with his snakeship. At first we could find nothing, but finally I picked up at the base of the rock a poor little harmless lizard with his head blown off.

“‘And be jabbers, and didn’t I say it was an enchanted country, where the snakes has feets as well as a tail,’ said the carpenter.

“With the imprudence of sailors we had brought nothing to eat. That morning, moving down to the seaside, we sat and shot gulls, loons, shags, and ducks, till we had all we could carry, and then started for home. After a long and weary walk,



with Pete loaded down like a pack-mule with game, we came near to our old enemy the bridge, but just about a mile before we reached there we passed an immense piggery, and I am not ashamed to say that, when they were feeding the swine with large masses of boiled corn, that we surreptitiously abstracted a handful from the trough to stay our craving hunger. When we came to the bridge we knew that we couldn't pay the toll, so, being low water, we waded across about up to our middle in black dock mud, and came out on the other side, upon the fashionable Sunday promenade, at about 5 P.M.; and, dressed in oilskins, covered with mud, and Pete loaded down with the game, we were the sight of the season; and hundreds of daintily dressed ladies and elegantly costumed gentlemen turned to gaze at us, and some ran to accost us, but with a quick and nervous reply we pushed on for the ship, nearly dead with hunger and fatigue. When we arrived, I got as good a talking to from Captain Lane as ever a boy got; but he was evidently too glad to get us back to say as much as he otherwise would, for he really thought we had deserted, and was at first unwilling to believe my story. My gun was taken from me, and my liberty stopped. The carpenter took to his bed for two days, and Pete was, really, quite seriously ill with a fever. But when, a few weeks after, we were scudding before the gentle trade winds on our passage to Shanghai, China, what fun we had talking



over this scrape! and the crew never got tired of hearing how the carpenter sat down on a cow, and discovered a snake with legs."

"Well, Captain, that's a queer yarn," said Mr. Frisbee; "but it's a very interesting one. As you say, you'd have been in a nice mess if you had been captured in the night-time with those arms in your hands, you would have had a hard time convincing a Californian of your innocence. That getting caught in the water was no laughing matter, I can well conceive, and enough to make a man's hair turn gray in one night. I should like to have been with you the next morning when you had the shooting, but I should not have cared to thrash around all night as you did, or to have suffered from hunger as you must have done. Now we've got one yarn out of you, Captain, but I expect many more before the voyage is up, and I hope they will be as good as this one, for which I am certainly much obliged." And bidding me good-night he went to his stateroom to turn in.

A few days after this we had a succession of light winds, and one day it fell perfectly calm, as much so as if we were on the equator, rather than near the Cape of Good Hope. There were not very many birds in sight, in fact, there seldom is in very calm weather, the reason for which I leave to wiser heads than mine, except, I think, that they do not like to fly in calm weather, having no wind to sustain them in their floating through the air without the use of their



wings, of which I have before spoken. However, whatever the cause, there were very few in sight. Once in a while we saw an albatross scaling along near the horizon, but no great number of them.

As the bark lay thrashing about in the swell of the great Southern Atlantic ocean, with not a breath of wind, we were at a loss to know what to do to while away the time, till Mr. Frisbee proposed that we should lower the boat, and take a short cruise to see what we could observe or find.

“Perhaps we may get a shot, Captain; let’s take our guns,” said Mr. Frisbee.

“A good idea. There’s no knowing what may happen, and it is always handy to have firearms near one.”

The boat was soon ready, and in jumped Louis Allonio and Hans Speiler to row us.

We pulled away a short distance from the bark, and then lay on our oars to get a good view of her, it being always a mild excitement at sea to be able to get out of the vessel that you are sailing in to see how she looks. To be sure, we had been able to do this on many occasions in the Maryland, but it still was a pleasure, although we had indulged in it no later ago than when we landed at St. Helena.

We stopped this time for a particular purpose, to give Mr. Frisbee and myself a chance to take a new sketch of the old bark, so as to make other pictures of her when we again got on board. As I have said,



when we left the vessel there did not seem to be a bird within miles of us, but we did not pay very much attention to that fact at first, for we were taken up with our sketching, and we had an excellent opportunity to take accurate pictures of the bark, of which we were very glad to avail ourselves, and found no difficulty in taking her in several different positions. It was while so occupied that, casting my eyes around me, I saw a huge albatross almost upon us. With a cry to Mr. Frisbee, to attract his attention, I stooped down and seized my gun, and, giving the albatross both barrels, had the satisfaction of seeing him fall stone dead and breast up on the smooth waters of the peaceful ocean. This put a quick stop to our sketching, and the sailors dipped in their oars to pull towards the albatross; but just as we were about to pick him up, Lo and behold! along came another to see what the first one had found that had made him alight so suddenly, and, as he came within gunshot, down he came to Mr. Frisbee's first barrel, dead as a door-nail. It did not take us long to find out that we had only to let these birds lie on the bosom of the ocean, and every bird within sight would "call" to them to see what was the matter exactly as to decoys set for that very purpose. The funny part of it was, that they paid not the slightest attention to us, and often came so near that we had to wait for them to sheer off before we could get a shot.

Never was such sport seen. It was load and fire,



and after we had killed five or six albatrosses, along came birds of a lesser size, to whom we gave the same reception. After the first grand flight there was a cessation for a short time, and we had a chance to look about us. There lay eleven albatrosses, three brown birds, five goonies, four Cape pigeons, and two Mother Carey's chickens, bestrewing the face of old ocean in all directions. We commenced to pick them up, leaving a few for decoys for others.

What a strange situation! In a frail boat in the middle of the ocean, shooting down birds, as if in some nobleman's preserve. We had not very long to wait before they commenced to again approach us, but in diminished numbers, and at last, in a more cautious manner, and we had to show better marksmanship to get our last birds than we did in the beginning. Finally, the flight ceased, and well it was for us, as we had used up all our ammunition. Of course, we did not kill every bird we shot at, or we should have had a hundred; we did not pretend to be as good marksmen as that, but we both handled our guns quite well, having been used to firearms from childhood, and really made good execution. Some of our shots were very fine, and, as might have been expected in such an exciting time, some very poor. Oftentimes we missed our bird when we should have killed him, and at other times killed them at distances almost beyond belief.

We decided when we got on board that honors



were about evenly divided, and we were sustained in this opinion by what we heard from the mates. They had been able to see all the sport from the decks, and were delighted at our exhibition of skill. Of course, it served as a theme for joking for a long time afterwards between Mr. Frisbee and myself, and I would often plague him about some good shot that he missed, and he would retaliate. When we had counted all our birds on the deck of the Maryland, we found we had this enormous bag: eighteen albatrosses, one of whose wings measured nine feet four inches, from tip to tip; seven brown birds, or smaller albatrosses as some call them; eleven goonies; thirteen Cape pigeons; four Mother Carey's chickens; and three nondescripts, all shot within two and one-half hours, a feat I am willing to predict will not soon be beaten, if even equalled.

Soon after we arrived back I brought up my sextant and took a look at the sun; for it was evidently getting near noon, and it was necessary to find our position on the waste of waters.

It gradually crept up to its nearest point to zenith, and I was soon able to announce eight bells and dinner.

Mr. Frisbee, the mate, and myself seated ourselves at the table with good appetites, and Julius served us bountifully from the galley, and Chineyboy handed the plates and viands.

"What shall we do this afternoon?" said Mr.



Frisbee, who evidently feared a tiresome time till bedtime.

“I hardly know,” replied I; “we seem to have exterminated the birds; and even if there were more to be found, I think both you and I have had our fill of the sport, and we don’t want any more of it, at least for some time to come.”

“That’s so; but we’ve got to do something to while away the time, for it’s awful lonesome thrashing about here with no wind.”

“Well, we’ll find something to amuse us after dinner,” said I. “Don’t you worry.”

“Well, if there don’t anything exciting turn up, I can give Mr. Cutter a lesson in arithmetic, and tackle you at a game of chess afterwards,” exclaimed Mr. Frisbee.

“I’m all ready for you; and Mr. Cutter, I know, is always ready to suck in information in the shape of any kind of an arithmetical problem.”

“That I am,” said the mate, “and thankful and ready at all times whenever I can get the chance, sir. You see,” continued he, “that I did not have the opportunity that you gentlemen had to study in my youth. No, sir; I had to go to work at a very early age to earn my living; and although I, of course, had some schooling, it was just enough to prove to me that I don’t know anything; and I am only too willing to learn all that Mr. Frisbee is willing to teach me.”



“Well, I have no doubt but what Mr. Frisbee is well pleased to help you; and it will certainly be of great assistance to you in aiding you to learn navigation, so as to one day command a ship yourself. Come, if you are all finished, let's go on deck.”

When we arrived there, we found the same calm and smooth ocean, unruffled by a breath of air, and even the ground swell considerably lessened by the continued dead calm.

We walked the deck for a little while, wondering what in the world we should do to amuse ourselves for the remainder of the day.

As for myself, I cared little how long the calm weather might hold on, for I liked it. It enabled us to do many things that we could not do at any other time; but I presume it was extremely unprofessional for me to feel so. I should, I suppose, have longed for wind to waft us on our way, but I didn't; I liked the calm too well.

Mr. Frisbee, the mates, and even the crew, were much more eager to have the bark move along on her way to the end of her voyage.

But, as it happened, we all of us were controlled by a greater power than our own will, and had to content ourselves with what we received, whether we liked it or not.

As we walked up and down the deck, watching the crew at their usual daily tasks in light weather, of mending sails and splicing ropes, we began to find



the time hanging heavily on our hands ; and I was about to propose to Mr. Frisbee that we go below and play that game of chess, which would take up the time till the mate's watch was over, and he could receive the promised lesson in arithmetic, when Mr. Cutter called our attention to a mass of birds that had escaped our notice till this moment, well on the port beam, and at least three or four miles away.

I soon had the glass upon them, and saw plainly that there was something in the water upon which they were feeding with avidity. What could it be ? The glass failed to show me anything floating on the ocean, and yet these birds were making the fiercest plunges into the water, and fighting each other in the air. Could it be a dead whale ? I had heard of such things ; but, if it was a whale, it seemed near enough for us to see some part of it in the water, even at that distance.

“I can't make out what it is,” said I, “but we'll soon find out. Man the quarter-boat, sir.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” said Mr. Jones, the second mate, whose watch it was on deck. “Lay aft here, you, Dee-Dong and Flynn, and man the boat.”

Mr. Frisbee and I jumped in with a couple of guns and a harpoon, and started for the distant birds.

Instead of decreasing, the flock was being rapidly augmented by the addition of numerous others, and was fast assuming vast proportions. It was exactly such a scene as one reads of as taking place on the



prairies of the West, where, after a bison is killed, and while he is being dressed by the hunters, the air will suddenly contain a number of turkey-buzzards, or vultures, flying overhead, waiting to receive their feast when the carcass of the slain bison is abandoned. But where did they come from? is the question. Not one is to be seen in the limitless ether before the bison is killed, and the view is not obstructed by a single tree or brush, and there is no elevation from which they can view their surroundings, or descend upon their fallen prey.

Until the game lies dead upon the prairie grass, these scavenger birds are rarely seen; but the moment there is any blood split, they appear from all directions by some unknown instinct that the science of man has not yet been able to fathom. The same thing happens at sea, both off the two great southern capes, and also on the banks of Newfoundland, and in the Arctic Ocean. Whenever a whale is killed, as a rule, there will not be at the time a single bird in sight; but he will scarcely have reddened the water with his blood from the thrust of the lance, than myriads of birds will appear—from where, nobody has yet been able to say, or by what instinct they are attracted; but that they are attracted is an undisputed though unaccountable fact.

Such was the case in the present instance. When we went to dinner, possibly two hours ago, I do not believe that with a spy-glass to sweep the horizon in



every conceivable direction, five birds could have been discovered; while now there were, at the least calculation, a thousand in plain sight. Where did they come from? Let science answer.

It was very easy to understand by this time that there was some kind of attractive food floating on the ocean, that had called this vast flock together by the marvellous instinct with which they had been endowed by their Creator; and, as we pulled towards them, I became more and more curious to know what it was.

But we should soon see; for the sailors were pulling with a will, liking the novel exercise, and the ocean was as smooth as a mill-pond. Mr. Frisbee agreed with me, that it would be simply murder to fire a gun into this mass of birds, so we made up our minds not to fire except in case of emergency, or for the purpose of protecting ourselves in case we should be attacked, for some of these larger birds are quite ferocious, and do not readily give up their prey to any one, unless obliged to by superior force.

After fully an hour's pull we arrived near to them, but could not for the life of us discover what they were feeding upon; but the sputtering, squalling, growling, and fighting was terrific, and all hands were evidently having a great feast.

They paid not the slightest attention to us as we approached, and flew about within a few feet of our heads without the least sign of timidity or fear. It



was the same old crowd that we had seen in the wake of the Maryland for the last ten days; that is to say, there did not seem to be any new species of birds among those with which we were surrounded. The flock was made up of the largest-sized albatrosses, with hundreds of birds of lesser size, ending up with the graceful Mother Carey chicken.

Standing up in the boat, and taking the oars as weapons to beat off the myriads of birds that surrounded us, we made our way slowly to the centre of the quarrelling, fighting, and sputtering mass that were plunging their bills under water, and beating each other with their strong wings in their wild endeavor to get their share of what appeared to us, at first, exactly like a great mass of floating snow, of a slightly yellowish tinge, submerged in the ocean.

What in the world could the thing be? Some small portions had become detached by the furious onslaughts of the birds, and were floating on the surface where it was easy to secure one of them. I reached over the side of the boat, and seized a piece as large as a good-sized apple. Mr. Frisbee and I attempted to examine it while the sailors used the oars to keep us from being beaten to death with the wings of the angry and reckless birds that surrounded us on all sides, splashing us with water and alighting alongside the boat.

But I had to give the order to back out of the vortex and let the birds feed, before we could get a



chance to examine, in any sort of peace or quietness, the portion I had picked out of the water.

At a distance from the scene of conflict, we sat down to examine it. It was of the consistency and color of that delicious edible often served at dessert called blanc-mange; and if any of my readers do not by chance happen to know that dish, I will say that it looked like a piece of fine white salt pork, except that in consistency it was like soft soap or wine-jelly, only somewhat stiffer and more compact.

It certainly was not whale; it was too white, and not of the same substance as either whale's blubber or flesh. In vain I racked my brain to remember where I had seen just such a substance, somewhere in my youthful days. Of this I was positive: I had seen this jelly-like substance before, — I was sure of it, as sure as I lived, — and was provoked at myself that I could not remember when and where. I had not the slightest suspicion that Mr. Frisbee could help me, till I was thunderstruck to hear him say, —

“Why, Captain, that looks and feels exactly like those dead squid we used to pick up in the seaweed in D—— Bay, in our boyhood days.”

“And that's exactly what it is,” said I.

At these words of mine, Mr. Frisbee burst into a laugh, and even the sailors had hard work to keep their faces straight.

“Why, Captain,” said Mr. Frisbee, “that thing out there is at least thirty feet long, and from what



we saw I don't believe that it is even the whole of the animal. Who ever heard of a squid forty feet long?" And in spite of my being Captain of the *Maryland*, off he went again into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which the two sailors evidently desired very much to join him.

"When you have got done laughing," said I, slightly provoked, "perhaps you will be willing to be informed that it has for a long time been asserted by whalers, that the largest known living thing on this earth is a squid; and to maintain this assertion, many yarns have been told by reputable masters of whale-ships of having passed, while under sail, pieces of flesh probably like this we now see, or to have picked up masses of it, which by its configuration and outline proved conclusively that the creature of which it was a part must have been of enormous size and length; but these true stories of the brave men who face the perils of the deep have not received the attention that they should. (Mr. Frisbee had long since ceased laughing and was listening with attention). I myself, now that you have named the creature, remember distinctly passing by a large piece of just such a substance off Cape Horn in the *Neptune's Favorite*, Captain Oliver Lane, in my first voyage round the cape. We were hove to, and this piece of what seemed like a mass of submerged snow floated past us not a fathom distant. There were no birds around it, however, and there was a great deal



of talk amongst the crew as to what it was. I saw it plainly, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the same substance as that which I now hold in my hand. Yes, sir, you may make up your mind that that piece of flesh lying there is part of an enormous squid, and you and I are going to examine it, and calculate, as well as we can, the full size of the animal of which it formed a part before he was mutilated."

There was no longer any laughter, and nothing but a sincere desire to ascertain all we could about this strange animal or substance.

Although having a fishy smell, the pieces we picked up to preserve in alcohol did not stink, and were not in a putrid state.

We spent at least two hours in measuring and examining our strange find, bothered almost to death by the birds that got in our way and flew in our faces; but taking the oars, which we knew to be twelve feet in length, as a standard, we figured out the following dimensions for the giant squid. The part that was before us was thirty-seven feet in length, and evidently once formed the portion lying between the after part of the animal and the tail; we found on it the spot, so we thought, where the tail, or rather propelling fins, commenced; and from the size and proportions of the portion under our view, I have not the slightest hesitation in stating that the entire creature must have been not less than one hundred and eighty feet in length, and very possibly two hundred;



and Mr. Frisbee agreed with me in these dimensions ; and I even condescended to ask the two sailors, Deedong and Flynn, and one of them said he must have been as long as the Maryland, and the other, over five hundred feet.

This last answer of Flynn made us laugh, and was such as has formed the basis of many a sea-yarn.

As we pulled towards the vessel, Mr. Frisbee asked, "How do you account for so many of these enormous squid being seen dead? One would think that they were big enough to take care of themselves, being, as we have proved, the largest living creatures of the whole earth."

"Ah! there's a seemingly difficult point, which is, however, easily gotten over," said I. "The sperm-whale is known to have twenty-five large teeth on each side of the lower jaw ; and, of course, you have seen them on some sailor's mantlepiece at home or in some museum. Now, it is also known by actual inspection, that the sperm-whale feeds on a species of sea-shrimp, medusæ, and squids of the usual size, and there are plenty of stories extant that pieces of just such a substance as we have secured have been found in their stomach, for you probably know that the gullet of a sperm-whale is large enough to take down a man, while that of the right-whale does not exceed three or four inches in diameter. Some go so far as to assert that this substance is the base from which ambergris is formed, found only in



the intestines of the sperm-whale. Now, my theory is that these large squid are easily killed when attacked by sperm-whales, who go in schools; and these poor squid, although gigantic in size, seem to be without any defence against their enemies, as much so as their little brothers of six inches in length, and seem, like them, to be made only as dainty bait for larger fish. I think these squid are killed by sperm-whales, who, after they have gorged themselves, leave them to float around to be devoured by birds and smaller fishes."

"Well, I think you have established an excellent theory," said Mr. Frisbee, as we approached the old Maryland, and I gave the order, "Way enough."

A little breeze had sprung up during the last fifteen minutes, and I saw that our unusual calm was at an end. The wind increased gradually; and at eight bells in the evening we were bowling along at the rate of seven knots with a fair wind, and a fore-topmast stun'-sail set on the port side, sliding along around the Cape of Good Hope.



## CHAPTER. XV.

FOURTH OF JULY AT SEA. — SALUTING THE FLAG. — BIG-GUN PRACTICE. — THE MATE'S LUCKY SHOT. — SHOOTING AT A MARK WITH THE MUSKETS. — CUTLASS DRILL ON THE MAIN DECK. — DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS. — THE MARINE BRASS BAND.

FOR the last ten days, at least, there had quietly been making, by everybody, great preparations for the celebration of the Fourth of July; and as we could not expect to get a perfect day on that very date in these latitudes, I had promised the crew they should celebrate either on the Fourth or on the next pleasant day after. It was not until the sixth, and when we were off the pitch of the cape, that the weather was enough settled to permit the ceremonies to take place.

Having come on deck early in the morning, I saw at once that the day was, for these latitudes, to be a perfect one, and immediately gave the order to "call all hands to skylark," and announced that the ceremonies appertaining to the glorious Fourth would be performed, and no work would be imposed, except such as should be necessary to keep the vessel on her course, to make and to take in sail, and keep a man



at the helm. The crew, upon hearing the news for which they had so long been preparing and wishing, came aft under the leadership of the carpenter, Charles Danbury, and gave three hearty cheers for the old Maryland and her gallant (?) skipper, and then went forward again to prepare for all the mischief they had been concocting, under his guidance, for the past ten or twelve days.

As the sun rose in all his majesty, I had the flag of our beloved country run up to the spanker gaff-end, while our twelve-pound Dahlgren howitzer on the quarter-deck belched out a hearty welcome to the stars and stripes, and, as it sailed aloft, another round of cheers was given for our flag and country, and "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung by all the crew, in unison, to an accompaniment played by Mr. Frisbee, on the melodeon, which had been brought from the cabin on to the deck for that purpose.

It was a lovely day for the latitude, and we looked forward to a time of great enjoyment; the wind was fair and not too strong, and we were wafted along at a fair rate of speed, and the sea was quite smooth and regular. We could not have chosen a better day for our celebration, and the crew were delighted at the chance of having a frolic.

After we had saluted the flag, and sung "The Star-Spangled Banner," as I have related, I ordered the cook and Chineyboy to bring the grog on to the break of the quarter-deck, and called upon all hands to "splice



the main-brace," which is sailor slang for taking a drink. Now, our grog was of a very harmless kind, and also very pleasant to the palates of the crew, who receive few delicacies at sea. It consisted of several gallons of lemonade made from bottles of that preparation that formed part of our cargo, and was simply delicious to our taste, sharpened by a long sea voyage.

Possibly the speeches that were made by each before drinking were not the least funny episodes that occurred.

Chineyboy acted as cup-bearer; and receiving my glass from him I made a few remarks upon the occasion, and eulogized the glorious flag under which we sailed, and then passed the glass to Mr. Frisbee, who held it until filled by Chineyboy, and then gave us a capital Fourth of July speech.

He was followed by the mate, and he by the second mate, and he again in turn by the carpenter, who, as I have before said in this narrative, was the wit of the vessel and a universal favorite.

I cannot reproduce what he said, but, speaking in a humorous strain, he kept us in a roar of laughter from the beginning to the end.

He made fun of everybody, but not in an offensive manner, and often mimicked members of the quarter-deck, and of the crew, —not even sparing your humble servant, —in such a perfect manner that there was no need to ask whom he was depicting. In the confinement of a sea-voyage every peculiarity of each



individual is soon marked and noticed, and not one of these had escaped this perfect mimic.

He gave an exhibition of how I put the vessel about, mimicking my orders, gestures, and voice; how the first mate took in a studding-sail; how the second mate hove the log; how Mr. Frisbee landed his first albatross; how the doctor thrashed around in his galley and bumped his head; how Chineyboy waited on the table; and some laughable peculiarity of each and every member of the crew.

We gave him three cheers when he concluded.

The "doctor" followed "chips," and made lots of fun for us all.

The crew, including Chineyboy, made very funny remarks. Some, when called upon, were really timid and confused; but as they were not permitted to taste a drop of the grog till they had said something, they all finally came to time, and added to our sport by the exhibition that they made of themselves.

Chineyboy pierced our ears with the national air of China, Sin-Fal, and was loudly applauded; after him Peter Ogley, who sang us a Norwegian air; followed by Hiram Strong, a real American, who was proud of his country, and said so; after him the remainder of the crew, with "Wearing of the Green," from Flynn the Irishman, and "The Marseillaise," from Dee-Dong; ending up with "God Save the Queen" by Albion, the English sailor; after which they were all dismissed to breakfast, which I had



ordered Julius to make substantial, and worthy of the day and occasion.

In the forenoon, after the men had had plenty of time to have a good smoke, part of the crew were mustered on the quarter-deck for big-gun practice with shell. We threw over, once in a while, an empty beef-barrel, and Mr. Frisbee, both the mates, and myself had a try at them with shell; and this practice was not altogether sport, for it was very necessary that we should know how to handle this gun with skill in an emergency. We all made quite good shots, but the mate beat us all, for he actually blew one of the floating beef-barrels out of water with his shell; a wonderful shot, but then it must be remembered that he had actually fought Chinese pirates in the opium war, when in the opium schooner Nankeen, and was well posted in the use of big guns, in fact, he was our instructor in this instance, but he confessed that he never before had made such a brilliant shot with a shell, but, said he, "it was a Fourth of July shot, and bound to be a good one."

We also unlashed and mounted our broadside guns, and had a turn with them, Mr. Cutter instructing the starboard watch in the use of the starboard gun, and the port watch in the use of the port one.

We made considerable noise; and the canister with which we loaded these guns in the last round made the waves near us hiss and foam as these deadly missiles entered them.



We were having a good time ; but I did not consider that a pound of powder was being thrown away, and so the sequel proved, as you will discover and read about all in due time.

After this the crew made some necessary changes in the arrangement of the sails, and were then again summoned upon the quarter-deck for practice with musket and ball ; and for this purpose our armorer, Mr. Frisbee, had all the muskets brought on deck. They were in fine order, for he took good care of them.

I sent a man aloft, and had him hang an empty bottle from the end of the main-topsail yard-arm end, by a string ; and it was upon this that each of the crew was called upon to show his skill. Stationed at the break of the poop, each sailor was handed a loaded musket by Mr. Frisbee ; and he took a shot at the dangling bottle.

A successful shot was rewarded by an extra glass of grog, but few were able to hit the mark. Once in a while a good or fortunate aim smashed it into smithereens, at which we all set up a cheer for the successful marksman, and had another bottle speedily at the yard-arm end to replace the one that was broken. We not only made everybody shoot, from the mate down to Chineyboy ; but after they had shot, under the instructions of Mr. Frisbee, they were taught how to load the musket as well as to fire it.

It was difficult to determine who was absolutely



the worst shot, as we could not tell where the bullets went that did not hit the bottle; but Chineyboy made such a mess of holding the gun, although assisted, and shut up his eyes so tight when he pulled the trigger, that he was by unanimous consent awarded the leather medal that the carpenter had provided for the occasion.

After the firing was all over, and Strong had been decorated with a large tin plate, to represent silver, as being the best shot, and Chineyboy with the leather medal as the worst, the mate led them all down into the waist of the vessel on the main deck for a little cutlass exercise, in which he was quite proficient; and Mr. Frisbee and myself were both very glad to take a few lessons as well as the crew.

Dee-Dong had at some time in his life been a man-of-war's man, and he also was well versed in the broadsword exercise, and assisted Mr. Cutter in teaching the remainder of the crew.

Besides having a real good Fourth of July celebration, I was quietly training my crew in the use of our weapons of defence, the knowledge of which might some day be of the greatest service to us all; for the passage through the sea of Java is considered anything but safe in calm weather from the attacks of the piratical phrows of that region, manned by fanatical Malays, especially for small vessels with few persons comprising their crew. All this practice would do us no harm, at any rate, and might be of



immense importance, should we be so unfortunate as to be attacked.

After having all the fun possible, the crew were dismissed to get ready for their noonday meal; and the mate and myself prepared our instruments to take the meridian altitude of the sun, and ascertain thereby our latitude.

At eight bells, twelve o'clock noon, we fired another salute to the national ensign, in the shape of a rapid but timed discharge of our small firearms to the number of thirteen, that being the total of the original States.

Mr. Jones held my watch and called time: at every interval of thirty seconds a gun was fired. I commenced with my double-barrel and made two discharges, followed by Mr. Frisbee, who made two more; and he was followed by Mr. Cutter with a spare gun who gave us two more; and the carpenter brought up the rear with a single discharge of one of the muskets heavily loaded, after we had come round to him the second time; for the interval between the shots was sufficiently long to enable us all to load before it came round again to our turn; in fact, a little calculation will show you that we had three minutes to load in, before we were called upon for our second volley, which was amply sufficient.

We took nearly all the afternoon arranging the main hatch for our display of fireworks that was to be given under the auspices of the carpenter, who



busied himself in arranging the set-pieces that were to be set off after dark.

This matter of fireworks had been one of great preparation on our part, and we expected fine results. The whole principle of our display lay in preparing cannon gunpowder so that it would burn slowly and not explode. That is to say, we took quite large quantities, and treated it to a dampening process, and mixture with flour, sawdust, and other substances. All the information we had gained in making fireworks for our kites we brought to bear upon these set-pieces.

These were made by Mr. Frisbee, the carpenter, and myself, at odd times, and with a great deal of care, and in this manner: the outline of each subject we wished to display was cut out with a gouge, on the surface of boards that were fastened together at the back for this purpose. Into this deep groove we forced our gunpowder material, in a moist state, and let it there remain to harden and dry. On the night of exhibition we touched these set-pieces up by rubbing over them, in all their parts, a little pure gunpowder. The result was, that when they were touched off, the fire flew all over them instantly, setting the slower mixture underneath afire, which, burning slowly, brought out all the outline of the piece in a most remarkable and satisfactory manner. Among these set-pieces, the most successful were the "Fourth of July," "1776," "American Flag," "American



Eagle," "Sun, Moon, and Stars," "Jack Tar," "Anchors," and so forth.

When these had been arranged to the satisfaction of the carpenter, it was nearly dark, as the days are not very long in these low latitudes, and the men went to their supper, after which they were mustered abaft the main hatch, and the set-pieces, interspersed with squibs and bombs, were set off by the carpenter, assisted by Mr. Frisbee. And I doubt if a finer display was ever made by persons who had to make their own fireworks, and who were not professionals.

One more thing ended our day's sport, after the display of the fireworks, which were really magnificent; and that was the performance of the brass band in the moonlit evening. To be sure, sea etiquette had not permitted us to have any rehearsals; but the irrepressible carpenter had fitted out each person on board of the vessel with some kind of an instrument, upon which were to be performed several well-known national airs, as a grand finale to the day, such as, "Yankee Doodle," "Red, White, and Blue," "Sweet Home," etc.

The speaking-trumpet had been rigged into a first-class trombone for my use. Mr. Frisbee was fitted with a drum, of infinite power and resonance, made out of half a barrel, headed over with zinc. Julius made quite good music with my flute; and Chineyboy came in anywhere he pleased, having not the faintest



idea of music, with a triangle made from a small steel bar. Carpenter had a fife that he had made, and Mr. Cutter was fitted out with two enormous cymbals, made out of spare pieces of sheathing-copper; while Mr. Jones wooed the Muses by blowing his sorrows into a kind of Pan's pipes, made of albatross wing-bones of different lengths, by the carpenter of course. Among the crew were all kinds of devices for making a noise that should seem a little bit like music. I am sure I am not competent even to describe them, for their like was never seen before "in the waters under the earth."

Mr. Danbury not only led the band, but marched it round the deck a few times to the music of his fife and the cook's flute; and of all the comical drilling that was ever witnessed, he gave us the finest specimen ever seen. When this was over, he brought the band aft, and we proceeded to play and sing the songs above enumerated. Those who had instruments that were played by the mouth, carried the air; while those who could do so sang the words; and the result, if not strictly musical, was intensely inspiriting and entertaining.

This ended our Fourth of July celebration; and calling the crew to the break of the poop, I praised them for their orderly and sailorlike conduct, and dismissed them after they had given me three hearty cheers for the privileges I had granted them.

The cheers had scarcely died away when the strict



discipline of a vessel on the high seas was instantly renewed in this manner.

“ Mr. Cutter.”

“ Ay, ay, sir.”

“ Send the port watch below, sir, and have the man at the wheel relieved.”

“ Ay, ay, sir,”

“ Keep her east half-nothe,” (to the man at the wheel).

“ Ay, ay, sir. East half-nothe it is, sir.”

And away sped the old bark through the waste of waters with a fair wind and a smooth sea.



## CHAPTER XVI.

THE MATE'S YARN, A BOAT ADVENTURE IN THE GULF  
OF PE-CHI-LI.

NEAR the end of the month of July we found ourselves well round the cape, and in latitude  $30^{\circ} 52'$  S., and longitude  $73^{\circ} 20'$  E., but with no steady S.E. trades that I had expected to meet even before this.

During the interval since our successful Fourth of July celebration, and up to this date, several little adventures had taken place, not very much in themselves, but interesting to us on the high seas, where there is very little daily news, and where ennui is apt to seize one. Amongst other lesser events that were duly logged in my private log-book, I find set down the fact that, in a gale of wind, the steward had so badly stowed the cask of sperm-oil, or else left the bung out, that it was discovered one morning nearly empty. We could not have lost anything of much more importance, as we had to use sperm-oil for the binnacle light each night. Luckily, however, we shortly afterwards caught another porpoise, and were very careful to save every drop of his oil to eke out our short supply of sperm.



At eight o'clock one evening we sighted a vessel on our port quarter, with painted ports, supposed to be the Merrimac, bound for Australia, that sailed two days before us. It was too late in the evening for us to exchange signals.

One morning the mate called me to see a shark astern that was playing around an empty beef-barrel that Julius had thrown overboard. The sight was too tempting to resist the impulse to attempt his capture; especially as it was nearly a dead calm. And, as Mr. Frisbee was asleep, I did not have him awakened, but took two of the crew in the quarter-boat, and went for him alone. Like most fish of any size that one meets at sea, he seemed to be utterly devoid of fear, and permitted the boat to approach him without seeming in the least to notice it, evidently being taken up with nosing round the old beef-barrel, the scent of which pleased him. It was, therefore, a perfectly easy matter to stand up in the bows of the boat, and drive the harpoon down through him, and tow him, floundering about, to the side of the Maryland, where, a bowline having been cast over his flukes, he was quickly landed on deck; and where he thrashed about so that Mr. Frisbee appeared on deck in very little clothing, thinking that we must have run into an unknown island, or that the old Maryland "had fallen overboard." But he soon saw the cause of all the turmoil, which was a handsome blue shark of seven feet seven inches in length.



He was speedily killed, and cut open to look for the usual gold watch, sailors' trowsers, and marline-spikes, so often found in all sharks; but truth compels me to say, in this instance, that nothing was found but an empty stomach.

A few days after this occurrence, we at last struck the welcome S. E. trade-winds and went booming on our way rejoicing across the great Indian ocean, creeping up towards the equator, and into better and warmer weather each day; and as the evenings became pleasant and mild Mr. Frisbee was again taken with the fever to hear a good yarn, and begged me to permit Mr. Cutter to again give us a taste of his skill in that direction.

“Why, he's full of yarns of that trip of his across to China from Japan,” said Mr. Frisbee. “He's talking all the time of the fighting that was going on up there, and what lots of fun he had; I know he can give us a first-class story if you will only ask him to.”

“Well, I'll do it;” and as Mr. Cutter was walking the main deck, it being his watch on deck, I called him aft, and asked him if he would not oblige Mr. Frisbee and myself with another yarn about his trip across from Japan in the Fenimore Cooper.”

“With pleasure, Captain, if it will please you and Mr. Frisbee; for I could spin yarns all night on the funny and serious things that happened to us there.

“Shortly after I arrived I was caught in a boat-



scrape that seemed as if it would end fatally, but with a sailor's usual good luck we got out of it all right, as you shall hear, but it was a narrow squeak. I call my yarn, 'A boat Adventure in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li.' "

"Three hundred and sixty-five vessels lay at anchor off the low, muddy coast of the mouth of the Peiho River, Northern China, some thirteen miles from land, in an open roadstead, waiting to land the troops of the allied armies of Great Britain and France for an attack upon the famous Ta-ku forts. Several of these vessels were American clipper ships chartered for transport service, and among others the famous Kate Hooper of Baltimore, Captain Samuel Johnson. The day that the attack was made, August 19, it was decided to venture in near the forts in one of the handsome boats of the Kate Hooper, and see the fun. The troops had made a successful landing several days before at Petang, a point nine miles north of the noted Ta-ku forts, which are situated on both sides of the Peiho River; and a combined attack was to be made by sea and land upon the famous Chinese stronghold, — the key to the imperial city of Peking, situated about one hundred miles inland, — upon the day above named. I went on board of the Kate Hooper from my yacht, the Fenimore Cooper, which lay at anchor near by, shortly after breakfast, to accompany Captain Johnson on the trip, as by previous arrangement had been agreed upon. The



beautiful white, long, graceful, pull-away boat of the Kate Hooper was lowered away, and eight stalwart Lascars, the boat's crew, manned her for a pull to the forts, thirteen miles distant. Captain Johnson and myself took our seats in the stern, and, with as lovely a day as ever was seen, started on our trip of pleasure and excitement. The sea was quite smooth, and the boat made rapid headway, forced forward by the eight oars of its trained crew. As we neared the shore the firing from the light gunboats of the fleet commenced; and taking up a position near a light-draught French gunboat, called a spider, we watched the shot she threw into the forts about a mile distant. Finally, in the afternoon one of the magazines of the fort on the south shore exploded; and shortly after, by a *coup de main*, the forts on the northern shore were taken by the allied troops, and the battle was over. The gunboats retired to Petang, nine miles farther up the coast; and we prepared to pull back on board of the Kate Hooper, having passed through an exciting and memorable experience.

“The day had been warm, and in the afternoon the wind had nearly died away, and when at about six o'clock we got underway for our return pull of about twelve miles, everything looked favorable for a speedy and pleasant trip; but scarcely had we got pointed seaward than clouds began to gather in the north-east, and in less than an hour we had almost a brisk gale in our teeth, and the crew were urged to



greater exertion to force the boat forward to its destination before the wind increased and the night set in. But in a short time darkness closed in about us, and the wind blew with greater violence; and we woke up to the fact that we were caught in a fierce gale of wind three or four miles off a treacherous coast, in a small open boat, with no harbor of refuge, and the fleet some eight miles distant in the offing. We could not turn back and run for a harbor, for there was none; except inside of the forts beyond the mouth of the Peiho River; and even there we knew nothing at that time of where to land, or where to go, or how much of the river was in the control of the allies, or how matters had been settled. Besides, even if we had dared to venture into the river, it was now too late, as the black pall of the increasing storm had wrapped us in its folds, and the shore-line was blotted out as if it had never existed.

The twinkling lights on the numerous vessels in the offing had also begun to disappear as the clouds gathered, and we only knew our direction by the wind, all other means of determining where we were heading to, having been obliterated by the storm. We were simply in a frightful position; for by the peculiar formation of this coast-line the sea often receded at low water long distances from the actual shore, leaving miles of liquid mud of unknown depth, in which one could have existed but a very few moments. If we should steer for the shore, and fail



to hit the mouth of the Peiho River, and strike upon any part of the coast-line, we should simply find ourselves at last swamped in this muddy ooze, possibly a mile from *terra firma*, in which no living being could either swim or wade, and with a fierce gale blowing straight upon it. If we proceeded on our way towards the fleet, we ran the risk of being swamped or capsized at any moment. No friendly lighthouse on the inhospitable shore gave forth its rays to beckon us to a harbor of refuge, but impenetrable blackness surrounded us on all sides. Our only safety evidently lay in attempting to gain an offing, to keep the boat afloat, and, at least, to keep her to windward far enough so not to permit her to be driven back into the muddy ooze, where we should all have miserably perished. Every effort, therefore, was made to prevent this last catastrophe, and keep the boat afloat.

“All this time the gale had been increasing, and it now blew with great fury; and, to add to the horror of the situation, the Lascar crew began to show signs of their Oriental want of endurance by murmurings and a disposition to stop rowing and allow themselves to become the victims of whatever destiny, fate might hold in store for them. We could keep no account of time; but at about midnight, as near as we could judge, these symptoms of exhaustion and rebellion began to manifest themselves. It had long before become imperative that the boat should have steerage-



way so as to be able to throw her bows up into the seemingly incoming and overwhelming waves by the use of the rudder, and also that some of the men should rest while the others rowed and bailed.

“It was, as I have said, about midnight, as near as we could judge, that the stroke oarsman threw down his oar and called upon his comrades to cease their exertions, and give themselves up to what was evidently to them inevitable death; but they had to deal with Anglo-Saxon blood; with one blow the fellow was knocked into the bottom of the boat by Captain Johnson, and another of the resting crew lifted into his seat by the nape of the neck, and the oar placed in his hand. At the same moment I also dashed in among the five rowers, before they had time to quite make up their minds to rebel, striking quick blows with my fists upon their persons, but not hard enough to disable them. This action, no doubt, saved our lives, as in a moment more, if the rowers had ceased pulling, the boat would have turned broadside to the sea, and in a moment we should have been swamped. As it was, even heading the sea, enough water came aboard to keep one man with Captain Johnson or myself continually bailing. And after this episode, and a little choice language from Captain Johnson that he would brain any man with the tiller that dropped his oar again, the weary night dragged on.

“With each surge of the sea we feared to feel the



keel of the boat strike on some unknown bar, or be stuck in the muddy sediment of the coast-line; for we had no means of knowing whether we were holding our own or not; and I think now that our greatest anxiety during that whole night was not so much that the boat would be capsized, or swamped by some huge wave which seemed as if it must topple over into the boat, but the vague feeling of dread as it settled in the trough of the sea, that we should find ourselves sticking in the semi-liquid substance that stretched out into the sea, forming the coast-line.

“During this long and bitter night, in the dread darkness, Captain Johnson and myself tried hard to cheer each other, and took turns at the oars and in bailing and steering, and encouraged and stirred up the crew by example and unceasing effort.

“After midnight the storm broke, thanks to God! and although the sea did not go down, the wind died out quite rapidly, and this gave the Lascar crew renewed hope and energy.

“I pray that none of you may ever wait for the morning light with the anxiety and unspeakable impatience with which we did. Oh! would it never come? But at last faint gleams of grayish dawn saluted our eyes, and with it came renewed energy and desire to live. Suffice it to say, that as morning fully broke, we found ourselves only a short half-mile from the dangerous smooth water of the line of ooze.



“As the sun rose the wind went wholly down, and the sea became rapidly smooth, so that soon it was no longer dangerous; and in about two hours we had reached the inmost-lying vessel of the fleet, an English bark named the Water Witch, where we were all taken on board and treated with the utmost kindness and attention by the gallant captain, and in the early afternoon were so refreshed that we descended into our boat and pulled blithely away for the Kate Hooper, not over four miles distant, with as much nonchalance as if nothing out of the common had happened. And such is a sailor’s life!”

After the mate had finished his yarn, Mr. Frisbee and myself were obliged to keep silence, except to thank him, for it was his watch on deck, and he kept near us, pacing up and down on the weather side, which was his post of duty; finally, however, there was a slight change in the weather, and he went forward to see to the bracing of the yards.

The moment he left the quarter-deck, Mr. Frisbee commenced as usual his praise of sailors.

“Talk about your fiction,” said he, “why, if you sailors would only give to the world the true adventures you have passed through, there would be no room or sale for the yellow-covered literature with which our youth now stuff themselves; but then, I suppose some people would not believe the story that we have just heard. Now, how do you think the mate’s true story would appear in print? It



seems to me as if it would bear the impress of truth in every word; but then, I don't know as you can tell; authors write so cunningly nowadays that it is difficult, perhaps, to distinguish the true from the false; but one has to be an excellent writer to deceive many. This yarn bears the impress of truth, and only shows what you sailors could relate if an opportunity were given you."

"Well," replied I, "you are a little enthusiastic, I think; but there is no doubt but what sailors, as a class, could relate many and stirring anecdotes that seem now lost to the world for want of a medium and opportunity to give them to the reading public. I don't suppose any person ever followed the sea for a year, who was not at some time during that period in danger, which, woven into a yarn and put in print, would give warning and pleasure to thousands. But so it is with life; and as you have discovered this gold mine, I advise you to work it for all it is worth."

"I intend to, Captain;" and with a pleasant good-night he disappeared down the stairway, leaving me alone on deck to watch the old Maryland plunge through the seething waters on her way to the still far distant East. It was Mr. Cutter's watch on deck, and I could have retired with perfect propriety; but the splendid night and the freshening breeze were too much for me, and I remained the whole watch, till the second mate came on deck, looking at the beautiful stars and moon, and building castles in



the air. The arrival of the second mate and the heaving of the log thoroughly awakened me; and, with a glance at the compass and the beautiful heavens, I turned aside and slowly descended the companionway, and turned in for a peaceful night's repose.



## CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS. — CATCHING SNAKES AT SEA.  
— SHOOTING BIRDS ON THE WING IN THE INDIAN  
OCEAN BY CARRYING A GUN IN THE WATER WHILE  
SWIMMING. — THE MATE'S JAPAN SNAKE-STORY.

IN the great Indian Ocean, pointing our bowsprit towards the Straits of Sunda, we continued our way towards the far East; and, tireless, the gallant Maryland kept on her way across the trackless waste of waters, guided by the unerring compass, towards her point of destination. Did any one ever stop to think that nothing that human ingenuity can invent could ever take the place of the mariner's compass? that without it we could do nothing towards navigating the great seas successfully? Just think for one moment that nothing could or can replace it. It is unique, and must necessarily be so. Its power is derived from a source that in itself is mysterious and unknown. And were it not for this attraction of the magnetized steel to a point that we call north, all navigation on a large scale would be beyond the power of human ingenuity to successfully attempt.

It is thought that there are two magnetic centres in the earth: one in the southern hemisphere, and



the other in the northern. It is wrongfully supposed by some that the north star, in the constellation of *Ursa Minor*, attracts the magnetized needle, and it points to that star; but such is not the case. It was simply chosen as one well known, and as being the one to which the needle seemingly pointed.

The true magnetic pole in the northern hemisphere was discovered by Sir Charles Ross, in 1837, who stood upon it (within one second of its true locality), near Baffin Bay, in latitude  $70^{\circ} 12' N.$ , and longitude  $96^{\circ} 0'$  west of Greenwich. The latitude of the magnetic pole never changes, but the longitude does; and no one since has stood upon the spot where the needle, as in his case, pointed to the centre of the earth within one second; namely,  $89^{\circ} 59' 59''$ .

There is some difference of record as to the latitude and longitude of the exact spot, as it has been reported as  $70^{\circ} 5'$  latitude, and  $83^{\circ} 14'$  longitude; but the fact of the compass-needle pointing to the centre of the earth within one second of the true direction, has never been doubted, and is established beyond dispute.

The fact of the magnetic pole being in latitude  $70^{\circ}$  has also been proved, in thousands of cases, by the log of whalers and explorers who have passed that meridian; for, as one advances north of  $70^{\circ}$ , it has been observed that the compass-needle turns towards the south, till eventually, in the highest latitudes, the vessel's course is nearly due south by compass, as



she presses towards the pole, and the needle of the compass is reversed, still pointing to its fixed love, now left to the southward of the course the vessel is pursuing, when having passed the seventieth meridian of latitude.

Can any of my readers conceive of anything that could possibly take the place of this instrument for the purposes of navigation? To be sure, one can steer in a zig-zag manner by the sun in the daytime, and by stars at night; but in cloudy days or rainy nights no vessel could proceed a mile in any known direction without this marvellous magnetic needle, and one would be lost as completely as a blindfolded man in a large, vacant room.

We are indebted to the Chinese for this wonderful instrument, and it was used for centuries by them before known to us "outside barbarians." The only difference between their compass and ours being that they say the needle points to the magnetic south, instead of north; and make the south pole *the* head of the needle, instead of the north as with us; but it seems as if Sir Charles Ross had proved that we are right in this matter.

Beyond the conception of the human mind must be the subtle energy that, through space and time, tempest and calm, keeps the everlasting needle to its endless task, pointing out always to the mariner the true direction of the north, and hence the direction of every degree and minute of the whole earth's sur-



face of land and water. Wonderful and miraculous instrument, touched with the finger of God!

One fine morning, as I was walking the deck, and we were running out of the trades, as we approached the equator, I said to Mr. Frisbee, —

“Look out for snakes hereabouts, Frisbee.”

“Oh, yes,” replied he; “this is a very likely place for them indeed.”

“Well, you may laugh; but I can tell you that in calm weather one always sees snakes in the Indian Ocean, even a thousand miles from any known land, and the dons of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington will tell you that some of them are extremely venomous also. Especially is one prepared to see them, though far at sea, off the mouths of the Ganges and Cambodia and Euphrates Rivers, which pour their mighty torrents of water into this ocean. I myself saw quantities of them in this neighborhood on my last passage.”

Mr. Cutter bore me out in my assertion, and said that he had seen snakes at sea in the Indian Ocean that would measure over ten feet in length.

“I don’t know,” continued I, “whether or not the snakes so often seen hereabouts are salt-water snakes, or fresh-water snakes washed out to sea from the great rivers I have named, or whether they are veritable sea-serpents of a diminutive species; but I do know that they exist. We all are aware that in captivity, snakes will live sometimes a year



without food; and the turtle has the same faculty of sustaining life without eating, as have several of the cold-blooded reptiles, besides snakes and turtles. It is asserted as a truth, that living frogs have been blasted out of quarries that have breathed for a few hours after being released from their nest in the otherwise solid rock. Be that as it may, true or false, if this light breeze dies out, I'll bet you we see snakes.

“I am inclined myself, to believe that they are washed out to sea against their own will by the currents from these great Indian rivers, and, being able to exist without food for a long time, present themselves to the view of the mariner in a very lively condition, giving the impression that they are in good order, and in their native element. I have not myself the slightest doubt but what sea-serpents of the largest size exist; and why the accumulated testimony in this direction is not accepted, I cannot conceive. Why, “all hands” have been called on board of an English man-of-war, to witness him; and he was looked at through spy-glasses, sketched on paper, and shot at by members of a body of men consisting of at least three hundred souls. Old whalers who have passed their lives at sea, and whose word and singleness of heart have never been doubted, have sworn to seeing him. Fishermen on the coast of the United States, men who have been to school and are well educated, and who are as free from superstition as any people of the earth, have had his



snakeship appear within fifty feet of their fishing-boats.

“There are over one thousand authenticated accounts of his appearance, many sworn to, in the books. The English captain of the man-of-war referred to, made a detailed account to the Admiralty, which was signed by other officers on board; and yet the world goes on sneering at the sea-serpent, and doubting its existence. There is not one good reason to be given by naturalists why it should not and could not exist.”

“Did you ever see one, Captain?” asked Mr. Frisbee.

“No, I never did. But I have been to sea with three different persons who thought they had seen him in different parts of the world; and if you will note, the description of his snakeship in all authentic accounts is substantially the same by all observers, and I believe in him firmly.”

“Well, I do not myself see why we should not accept him,” said Mr. Frisbee. “You know, it took about three centuries to reclaim the fame and reputation of Marco Polo, that most noted and truthful of travellers and explorers, from being the worst of liars, simply because he lived before his time, and saw sights in the far East that his countrymen could not accept as true, because they were so different from their own surroundings, and they had never seen them. Probably, as history has proved, a more



truthful narrator of people, and customs never existed."

"You are right, Mr. Frisbee," said I; "and to this day, sailors, as a class, are thought to be great prevaricators, to use a mild term, when the truth is, that a sailor has no need to draw the long bow: his life is one of such adventure and strange episodes, that he has only to draw upon his remembrance of facts to startle his hearers. But it is too often the old story, — what one has not seen, one has great difficulty in believing; and poor old Jack Tar is more often disbelieved than otherwise. Why, you remember how one of my profession humbugged an old Eastern potentate with all the forecastle yarns he could think of to please him, till finally, cornered for a new story, or fact, for the satiated mind of his indolent and licentious master, he related to him, that in his country the water that ran before the palace doors in the shape of a grand and noble river, would be made so hard in winter, by nature, that His Majesty and all his troops could pass over to the other bank, and walk upon its bosom in perfect safety. This was too much for Wan Lee Chang Chong, who had never *seen* ice. So Jack, under the pain of the bastinado, had to declare that the only *true story* he had told his Sublime Highness was a downright lie. And his Royal Highness, Wan Lee Chang Chong, represents with a great degree of similarity the world collectively to which the traveller tells his tale.



“It is a queer world.”

“Yes, Captain, it is a queer world; and I sometimes wonder,” said Mr. Frisbee, “that we ever got along far enough in wisdom to cease burning each other for saying that some things were true or false; and even now there would be a good deal of burning going on if some people had their way, for the Chinaman is just as sure that his Joss is Jehovah, as we are that God is. A queer world, as you say.”

“Well, we sha’n’t live to see it change much,” said I; “but it is changing, and fast too, by means of the railroad and steamer. Strike eight bells, Mr. Cutter; and Frisbee, let’s go below and get dinner.”

When we came on deck after dinner, it had fallen almost calm, as I feared, and the Maryland was not moving through the water over two knots an hour.

“Now is the time to see snakes, Mr. Frisbee,” said I. And it was not five minutes after I had spoken, before we saw three or four at different distances from the ship, swimming along as lively as possible. We discovered them by means of my marine glasses, as they were so small that they were not easily discernible otherwise.

“Now, Mr. Frisbee, if you will get the landing-net out, I will go forward with the glasses, and see if I can discover one ahead, and if so, I will run the Maryland, so as to bring him alongside on the port side; and you stand amidships to see if you cannot net him, as we pass by.”



It was at least half an hour before I saw one, though using the glasses with great vigilance ; but at last I got one in the focus, just as Mr. Frisbee was about giving the job up.

“Keep her off two points.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” answered the man at the helm.

“Steady.”

“Steady, sir.”

“Get ready, Mr. Frisbee ; here he comes, right alongside.”

“All ready, Captain,” said Mr. Frisbee. And, a moment after, he plunged his net into the water with such skill that he dipped out of the ocean, and landed on deck, a snake about eighteen inches long, who wriggled about, but did not seem to advance much on the hot planks. Cæsar and Tanner were for attacking him ; and we had great difficulty in restraining them, especially Cæsar, as I was afraid that he might be venomous. After watching him for a while, he was captured with a piece of canvas, and thrust into a bottle of alcohol ; and there he is to this day, in my home museum, with the latitude and longitude where he was taken marked on the bottle.

In appearance, he looked very much like the common brown adder to be found in the New England States of America, — a brown back, and a dull yellow belly. From his general appearance, I should not think that he was venomous, but I have no means of knowing. He looked exactly like a land-snake in



every respect, and there is only one thing that makes me think that he might be a salt-water snake; and that is, that he did not get about the deck as if he was used to the land. He wriggled a good deal, but did not advance much, and seemed to think that he was swimming, or ought to swim, and did not, seemingly, know how to propel himself, as land-snakes do. This peculiarity was very marked. He made two great sweeps with his tail; and although he got ahead a little, he did not act as if he had ever been before out of water in his life.

We were highly elated at his capture; and he went to join our other curiosities, such as the shark's jaws, and albatross skulls, etc., of which we had quite a museum on board.

About a week had passed by, and we had discussed the snake question from every point of view, and were ready for any new adventure before we reached the Straits of Sunda, which we were approaching.

Every once in a while we had a calm day, as was to be expected in these low latitudes; and, finally, as we began to approach the land, birds that had been blown off began to make their appearance, as is customary; and several of the smaller species came on board to rest, and we used to have great fun trying to capture them. One day when it was calm we saw several birds that resembled our swallows, and flying about with the same ease as those birds do at home, who did not attempt to come on board.



As I have related in another part of this story, we had always kept up our bathing, during the whole voyage, whenever the weather permitted; and latterly, in this hot part of the world, and on calm days, had been in as usual over the stern or alongside. We all felt very proud of our skill as marksmen; and I had often wanted to try and shoot a bird on the wing, carrying the gun in the water, while swimming. I knew I could sustain the gun for a short time at least; for in my boyhood days I had swum with one once across the old cove to get a shot at "peeps" on old Hairyfoot Meadow. Now was my opportunity.

"Do you see those swallows, Mr. Frisbee? I'm going in swimming, and I want you to lower my gun down to me after I get in, and I am going to swim away from the ship and kill one of those fellows on the wing, just so as to be able to write it down in my private log and say that I have done it."

"All right," said Mr. Frisbee; "but I'll wager you don't hit him, you will have so much trouble in carrying the gun out of water."

"No, I won't," retorted I; "for I know just how to do it. Of course I am aware that all parts of it that are not submerged will be so much dead weight; but I am going to swim on my back, and allow the butt and all its parts up to the locks to be under the water, and only the barrels and locks out. I can swim easily enough without my hands, on my back, as you well know; and, when I get near my game, I



am going to tread water till one comes within shot, when I am going to let him have it."

"All right, Captain: it will be great sport, but I don't believe you can do it. Don't lose the gun, for the Lord's sake!"

"Why, of course I won't lose the gun; for if I get too tired, I will put it all under water, and get back to the ship somehow with it. Why, don't you remember when Uncle Tom and Daniel Bradford were cap-sized off Gurnet Light in a small boat, and were nearly drowned, that Uncle Thomas carried grand-papa's old king's-arm for over an hour before he would drop it, so anxious was he to preserve it?"

"Yes, but he finally had to drop it," said Mr. Frisbee; "and it nearly cost him his life, as he was just about to sink when rescued by that fishing-smack."

"Well, I am not going through any such experience as that," replied I.

Down into the cabin I plunged, and soon reappeared on deck in my swimming-drawers, and, walking to the rail, plunged deep down into old ocean; as I rose to the surface, I was saluted by the furious barking of Cæsar, who liked a frolic as well as any of us; and swimming alongside, my gun was lowered down to me by a line, and I unfastened it and took it in my hands.

Throwing myself upon my back, and holding the stock well down in the water, I had no great diffi-



culty in carrying it; and, propelling myself with my feet, I struck off from the bark's side to get in the line of flight of the swallows which flew all about the Maryland, but did not come very near. I was in the water at least five minutes before I got a chance to shoot, and then not a very good one; but seeing one coming within range, I commenced treading water, and, as he passed, I banged at him with the right barrel and missed him, and was greeted with a roar of laughter from Mr. Frisbee, in which the crew, I have no doubt, would have joined if they had dared. The gun was getting quite heavy, but I hung on till, within a few minutes afterwards, I got another and fairer shot, and down came my bird; and then the crew cheered me, instead of laughing. As is the case in most circumstances in this world, nothing succeeds like success. I swam for my bird, and secured him; but truth compels me to state, that I was very glad to submerge the whole of the gun before I reached the side of the Maryland, being quite exhausted, and I should have been unable to have carried it much longer, having been in the water over sixteen minutes, so Mr. Frisbee said, who had timed me.

I was very proud of my feat, and glad that I had accomplished it, as Mr. Frisbee, who was a capital swimmer himself, was lavish of his compliments; and even Julius Africanus, at supper that night, as he hovered round the table and banged his head in the



little pantry, in defiance of sea etiquette, which demands that a subordinate shall never speak to a superior unless spoken to, could not resist saying, —

“I’se seen many queer sights on de ocean, Captain, but dem dere shines as you an’ Massa Frisbee kicks up am de greatest tings dis nigger ever saw; ’spect some day, if dis yere bark don’t sail fast enough, dat you and Massa Frisbee an’ de dorgs load up with previsions, and start out to swim to Anjer — ’deed I do. You just done got de pluck to do it.” And thus I was overwhelmed with flattery on all sides.

When the evening came, it was a lovely one; and as luck would have it, it was Mr. Cutter’s watch on deck, and Mr. Frisbee began pestering for a yarn. “Why,” said he, “Cutter is our best story-teller by long odds, and he ain’t half emptied yet. Won’t you ask him to give us just one to-night?”

I was only too willing, as I had come to enjoy these yarns as much as Mr. Frisbee; so calling to Mr. Cutter, I asked him if he would entertain us.

“Willingly, Captain, if it gives you and Mr. Frisbee any pleasure, as I like to spin a yarn, and it helps shorten my watch.

“Speaking of snakes, of which we have seen so many the last week or two, reminds me of something that I had to do with one in Japan, that I will simply call, ‘A Snake Story.’”

“When I resided in Nagasaki, Japan, I lived in what is called a godown as a dwelling and storehouse.



The members of the firm lived farther up on the hillside in an elegant residence. It was a very old Japanese building of wood, two stories high, with a sort of stone underpinning, and an earthen floor. In the lower part was stored goods for sale, and in the upper story was my bedroom and office. Japan is not noted for snakes in any particular way as I am aware of, and yet in the godown occurred a very remarkable adventure, as you shall hear.

“My window up-stairs looked out upon the beautiful waters of the bay; and near to it was placed a native pine-wood table, made after our pattern, which was unpainted, and very cheap in design and finish. It could not be called a desk, and yet it was all the desk I had. We should call it here at home, a plain, low-legged, kitchen table.

“I never thought of snakes in connection with the premises, although the godown was rotten in some places, and the flooring full of holes, until one day one of the coolies brought into my presence a quite large dead snake, which he said had just been killed in the compound, which is the Eastern word for yard. Even this did not disturb me much; but I examined it with some curiosity, for I detest snakes, and saw that it was of a dirty brown color, something like our brown adders, with a yellow belly, and about four feet in length; quite a long, large snake, and whether venomous or not, I had no means of knowing. I did not like the idea of its being killed in the compound,



but the occurrence soon faded from my mind. One morning some time afterwards, I was seated at my desk, or table, up-stairs, writing. This desk, or table, was covered with office-room books, ink-bottles, pens, etc., and all the usual articles used in the shipping business. I sat at it so that the light from the window came in over my right shoulder, and the table was pushed up against a partition at its back side, and its right-hand side fitted just under the window-sill. The window was made of European glass, in a rough frame, and set into the bare timber beams of the unfinished interior of the godown. As I sat with my pen in my hand, I happened to glance out upon the bay; and, as I did so, to my horror I saw stretched along the middle of the window, between the panes of glass, a snake, at least three feet in length. How long he had been here, I shall never know; but this I do know, that I had been writing for some time with my head within two feet of the window, along which he was stretched, and evidently sunning himself. I did not jump out of my chair; I was too cool for that; but my heart came up into my mouth with a big bump, and I gradually, inch by inch, moved my chair away and back, till I could get my legs out from under the table, and then, with a jump, I landed far into the room away from my unwelcome visitor. Until I made my jump, I don't think the snake moved any more than if it had been dead; but my last motion, in which I overturned the chair, evi-



dently alarmed it, for with a quiet, easy motion, it turned itself about, and, to my amazement, commenced disappearing in a large knot-hole in the upright beam that supported the window-frame. Here was a pretty state of affairs; and it flashed upon me, that the snake must have been living in the godown for I don't know how long. The thought of how many times it might have been thrusting its head out of that knot-hole, during the last six months, not two feet from where my head usually was each day, when at the desk, gave me a cold chill down my back. Something had to be done, and in emergencies we think and act quickly, especially sailors. It came to me instantly, that that snake and myself could never occupy that godown in common, and that one of us would have to migrate, get out, or "vamosse the ranch" as the Californians say, and I was at once determined that it should not be me. My Yankee grit began to rise at the intrusion of this uninvited guest, and I was fast rising to a pitch to do battle for my Japanese home. All the time that these thoughts were passing through my mind, and many others, the snake was gradually disappearing through the knot-hole; and I saw that something had to be done mighty quick, if I expected to stop it from escaping. In my desperation, I grabbed a newspaper that was lying upon the desk, and, with both hands, got hold of the snake's tail, that was now quite rapidly disappearing. Why I took the newspaper, I don't know; probably



because I have such an antipathy to all this species of reptiles, that I could not bear to touch it with my naked hands. And now came the tug. By this time I had lost all idea of fear in the desire to pull that snake out of his hole, and kill him, rather than to have him escape, and know that he was liable, at any future time, to pop his ugly head out, or wind his loathsome folds round my naked feet or pajamas, in some of my night walks around the room. I pulled, and the snake pulled, and it was hard to say which was getting the best of it. He was evidently determined not to be captured, and I was as equally determined that he should not escape; and, finally, in one desperate pull, he gave way all at once, and came out of the hole nearly into my face. I dropped the paper, and jumped back to be free from him, and he scuttled under my desk and coiled up in a very threatening manner. By this time I was boiling over with passion and excitement; and not stopping to think what I was doing, I rushed into an inner room, and caught up a short Japanese sword and came back to the desk, and, without a moment of thought, got down on all-fours to get a cut at him, as he lay coiled under the desk. I made one or two furious slashes, but failed to reach him; and in my frenzy to kill him I got farther under the table than I intended to, and, as I made another cut at him, he sprung at me out of his coil. I, as quickly, tried to retreat; but my head came up with a crash against the bottom of the table,



and this nearly frightened me to death; and, with one bound, I threw the table up into the air, and midst ink, books, bottles, paper, rulers, account-books, paper-cutter, and penholders, I slashed and cut in all directions, and danced about in a perfectly demoralized state, with the feeling that there were snakes about my neck and arms and legs, and down my back. After I had kicked and danced myself free of the ruins of the desk and its materials I came enough to my senses to see my enemy quietly disappear down through one of the numerous crevices between the timbers of the floor of the godown; and I never saw him again, and never knew what became of him. When the hullaballo was over, and the servants had come to see if the top of the house had fallen in, I was quietly told that this kind of snake was perfectly harmless, and that they were often to be found in old buildings. I took a little comfort from this, but it was a long time before I felt quite at home again; and my only consolation was, that I thought that Mr. Snake had had his tail pulled so hard, that he would not live anyway. At any rate, I never saw him again; nor do I think I ever, in Japan, all the time I was there, saw any snakes of any kind except these two."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

INTELLIGENCE OF SAILORS. — THE SECOND MATE'S YARN,  
AN ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE.

WE all had a good laugh at the mate's snake-story, and voted that he certainly had "seen snakes" on land as well as on sea.

"It won't be very long now before we reach the Straits of Sunda, Mr. Frisbee, and then we will go on shore at Anjer point, and have a tiger-hunt while the Maryland is taking in her fresh-water supply for the China seas."

"Won't that be fun!" said Mr. Frisbee, who was always delighted at the prospect of any sport that brought out skill and endurance.

"Well, if we have good luck we shall be there within a few days;" and with a mutual good-night we both went below to turn in.

We were only a very short distance from the Straits of Sunda, and expecting to make the land within the next twenty-four hours, when Mr. Frisbee became impatient for another sea-yarn.

It was a lovely night, though a trifle warm, when we were both seated on the edge of the house enjoying the splendid moonlight, and listening to the



ripple of the passing waters as the Maryland bowed in graceful dips to the distant land that lay beyond her jibboom, and pushed her way with a fair but light wind towards her destination.

“Say, Captain, I want a regular whaler’s yarn, and who better to give us one than Mr. Jones, our second mate? I’ll wager he has had some thrilling adventure whilst cruising for blubber in the North Atlantic. Won’t you ask him to spin us a good one? It is his watch on deck, and there he stands by the man at the wheel, all ready to be asked.”

“Well, I have not the slightest objection, and I should not be surprised if he gave us a good one, as you say; and, although he is a sailor, he has had a good Cape Ann common-school education, and, as you have perhaps noticed, uses exceedingly good English when speaking on any subject outside of his official duties; but when on duty I confess he is no different than any other mate in carrying on the work.

“How do you account also,” continued I, “for the excellent English the mate uses in all his recitals? He is all sailor in his daily work, and regrets his want of an early education; but I have often noticed, in men of my profession, that they speak two languages, — one to the crew, that falls from their lips natural and lifelike; and another, which is almost always pure, clear, and emphatic, when they are talking with passengers or persons who are their



superiors. I can only account for this singularity, which is very marked in our profession, but in one way: sailors who have become officers, as a rule, despise common seamen, the class they rose from; they have seen too much of the worst and depraved side of Jack Tar, and they take pains, through wearisome and long voyages, to listen with care to the entertaining and often instructive talk of passengers and of their superiors. Mates will not have any social communication with sailors; and, barred from all intercourse with the remainder of mankind, they drink in and retain all good phrases, ideas, and forms of speech, that they hear from those whom they respect, and intuitively acquire a good delivery and use of words when conversing on any subject outside of the ordering about of the sailors in their routine duties. I cannot otherwise account for the purity of diction of so many of the mates and captains who have risen from before the mast to the top round of their profession. Many of these men read a great deal at sea, and some to great advantage; and not having the busy world buzzing about their ears, and the daily newspaper to distract them, and no communication or intercourse of thought with any but their superiors through many months, acquire both knowledge, and aptitude in expressing themselves; but this is listening to a yarn from me instead of Mr. Jones —

“Mr. Jones” —



“Ay, ay, sir.”

“Mr. Frisbee is very anxious to know whether or not you believe that the story of Jonah in the whale’s belly is literally true, or whether, while whaling, you ever went through any similar experience. In short, he wants very much to hear a real whaler’s yarn, from a whaler’s lips, and I heartily join in the request, if you will oblige us.”

“I shall be most happy to do so, Captain, if it will oblige you and Mr. Frisbee; and although I can’t say that I ever had so hard a time of it as the good book says Jonah had, I came pretty nigh it, as you will hear. If you want a handle to my yarn, why, it might well be called ‘An Adventure with a Whale.’ ”

“We were lying becalmed in the North Atlantic Ocean, in the good old whaling-bark Sarah Knowles, of New Bedford, anxiously looking out for whales. We had not had very good luck since leaving Nassau some twenty days before, and were keeping a sharp lookout for oil. The ocean was glassy smooth, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The sea was in such a state that we could overlook a great extent of water from the crow’s-nest at the foretop-gallant-mast head, where one of the sharpest-eyed men in the bark was keeping a good lookout for spouts. All at once the monotony of the dreary sea-day was broken by the welcome, cheery tones of Charley’s voice, singing out, ‘There she blows, there she blows!’ ”



“In a moment all was excitement, and the slouching, aimless air of all hands was exchanged for one of fierce activity.

“ ‘Where away?’ sung out the captain, with stentorian lungs.

“ ‘One point off the port-bow, sir,’ answered the sailor from the crow’s-nest.

“ ‘Ah! I see him,’ said the captain, as he lowered his spy-glass from his eye; ‘and he’s a rouser, a regular old sperm bull, or I am no judge,’ continued he.

“ ‘Lower away the boats’ was the next order that was heard; and three boats were soon in the water making for the whale.

“ ‘A hund’ed barrels if he’s a barrel,’ said the captain, in whose boat I was pulling an oar, while he steered. ‘Give way, boys, give way,’ cried out the captain, in a cheery voice. ‘He’s a whopper, and we’re bound to have him if we only work smart. There he sounds; but never mind, he’ll soon be up again, never you fear.’

“And thus encouraged we pulled like Trojans. The mate and second mate, each in his own boat, were straining every nerve to pass us; but the captain had the best crew, which was but natural, he being master. We gained rapidly on our prey, who came to the surface quite often to blow.

“Now, whaling is a dangerous pastime, as well as exciting, and it behooves one to take great care in approaching these monsters, and to keep a good look-



out; but I am sorry to say that sailors seldom stop to think of anything of that kind when in hot pursuit of these enormous creatures of the deep. The excitement of the chase eliminates all fear, and the only dread that possesses each mind is a fear of arriving too late.

“There were six men pulling in our boat, not counting the captain, who was steering with a long eighteen-foot oar. We had gradually passed all the other boats, and were now in the lead, and still gaining. The sun was very hot, but in our excitement we scarcely noticed it. The captain kept a good lookout, and cheered us on our way by encouraging words every now and then. The whale, in the meanwhile, as is usual with them when not disturbed, kept sounding, and coming to the surface to blow.

“Once in a while he changed his direction, but not enough to cause us to alter our course to any great degree, for the captain kept a sharp eye upon him, and followed all his changes as fast as he made them. Finally we began to draw near; and the captain changed places with the bow oarsman, and took up the harpoon, ready for a strike. He was a bouncer, and no mistake. ‘Steady,’ said the captain, as he poised the deadly harpoon for the fatal dart.

“‘Pull slow, boys; careful — careful. Easy now — easy. A little to starboard, boat-steerer; there, that will do. Now steady,’ and with a splendid cast of over fifteen feet the captain drove his iron into the



greenish side of the huge sea monster, who 'up flukes' and sounded at once, while the captain sung out, 'Stern all!' at the very same moment that he gave the dart, and none too quick for us to escape the whale's flukes, which narrowly missed us, as he descended into the depths of the ocean.

"And now commenced the fun, as the harpoon-line began to whiz out of the chock in the bows, smoking and almost on fire, as it revolved round the logger-head in the stern, and jumped out of the tub, where it had laid coiled down a few minutes before in a handsome Flemish coil. 'Steady, everybody; steady,' said the captain, who had in the mean while again gone aft and taken the steering-oar.

"Away we went with the sea combing up far above the bows of the boat, for we knew by the dart we had seen the captain make, that we were well fast, and by this time had stopped paying out line, and were in 'full tow,' as sailors term it. All this time we of the crew sat with our oars hung out over the water with the blades pointed to the wind, caused by our terrific speed through the water. The other boats, seeing us hard and fast, ceased rowing, as is usual in such cases; and after watching us for a time to see that we were all right, turned and made their way back to the ship. We were now all alone, and fast to one of the largest whales that I had ever seen; but then I was only on my first voyage, and, of course, there were many larger fish than the one



we were fast to in the great wide ocean, but I had never chanced to see them.

“As we rushed through the water at a terrific rate of speed, the sun began to set and night to come on apace, as it does in these latitudes, and quite a breeze sprang up, and the clouds began to gather in quite heavy masses in the western horizon. Still the whale sped on with no perceptible diminution of speed, and things began to look a little ominous. Here we were going straight away from the ship at a fearful speed, and darkness closing in upon us. The captain even had an anxious look about the mouth; but then, it would never do to cast clear from our prey, he was too valuable for that; and the thought probably never entered the mind of any one of us; at any rate, I can answer for myself. It did seem as if that particular whale never would stop running; and, as he kept on, we saw the signal-lantern run up to the masthead to show us where the old bark lay, and guide us upon our return. The breeze was fast increasing in force, and it had suddenly become pitch dark; and it began to look decidedly gloomy for us, when the whale decreased his speed, and came to the standstill for which we had been so long anxiously waiting.

“We commenced carefully hauling in on the line, and the captain went forward and took the lance, ready to pierce the vitals of the whale if he had an opportunity. It was so dark, and the bark was so far



away, — at least fifteen miles, — that we were all anxious to have the job over, and get back to her protecting bulwarks; and everybody was a little reckless, especially the captain, for without any warning he made his dart as soon as he found himself alongside, and without taking the slightest care as to the position of the whale, or what would become of us in the boat if he should happen to hit us with his flukes in his flurry. In short, the captain, in his anxiety to finish the affair, was about to endanger all our lives, as the sequel proved, for, as he made his dart, it was replied to by the monster by a stroke of his flukes that sent me, for one, spinning into the air. I fell into the water at some distance from the whale, I presume, and luckily, as it afterwards proved, near to one of the floating oars, which I seized with desperation and instinctively, for I was scarcely in a conscious state, and all I did to preserve myself was done from instinct. I shall never know how long I lay hanging on to that oar for preservation, in a semi-conscious state, knowing just enough to keep my mouth out of the salty brine; for it proved afterwards that I had received quite a severe blow on the back of my head, which, if it had been a little bit stronger, would have finished me. As it was, consider my horror when regaining consciousness a few minutes later, I looked about in vain for the boat and my comrades.

“To tell their part of the story first, — for not only



I, but all my shipmates, escaped, or I should not be telling this yarn,—it seems when the whale struck the boat with his flukes, that he not only knocked it into the air, throwing myself and one or two overboard, but at the same time knocked a bad hole in the bows. Luckily the boat fell back into the ocean right side up; and some one had sense enough to grab a pea-jacket and thrust it into the hole, while the captain yelled out to set the lug-sail, and pull for the ship, if they desired to save their lives, and that they would be very lucky if they reached her before sinking into a watery and unknown grave, on account of the damage the bows of the boat had received.

“In the hurry of departure, the darkness, and the confusion, I was not missed till the boat had made a considerable distance towards the bark, and been kept afloat by persistent bailing. Finally, my absence was discovered, but even then the chances of reaching the bark were so slim that it caused but a remark or two, such as, ‘Poor fellow, he’s only gone ahead; we’ll soon follow him, no doubt. He must have been hurt when the whale hit the boat, or else he would have sung out for us to have picked him up.’ My comrades finally reached the ship safely, after almost superhuman efforts to keep the boat afloat; but how fared it with poor me?

“In a very short time after the departure of the boat, I regained enough of sense to appreciate my



awful predicament, and how little chance there was of my preserving my existence; and I made up my mind at once that I must die, and that quite speedily. It was only a matter of endurance for an hour or so; and just as I had come to this, lo! and behold! there lay the whale, not ten fathoms away from me, dead as a mackerel, and, luckily for me, floating; the captain's thrust with the lance having evidently been finally fatal.

“At the sight of the whale my natural courage returned to me, and I began to have some faint hopes that I might yet be saved. Pushing the oar before me, I made for the side of the huge monster, and satisfied myself that he was really dead; then I commenced swimming around him, trying to find a place by which I could mount on to his back. I had not swum very far before I ran into the end of the whale-line that hung down over his huge side just as it was left when the boat parted it as it was thrown into the air. I grasped this with a clutch of desperation, and found it securely fastened to the iron still in the whale, as I had expected. Letting go of my oar, which had served me to such good purpose up to the present time, I easily, with a sailor's agility, mounted the back of my late enemy, and was for the time-being in comparative safety.

“Taking the whale-line, I wrapped it round the staff of the harpoon and then about my body, until I was thoroughly secured, so that nothing could



sweep me off, and thus bound to my slippery seat awaited morning and succor, for I felt sure that there would be a search for the whale in the morning; but what a night I passed! I hope neither of you will ever experience anything similar in your lives. Suffice it to say, that, after a terrible night of horror, exposure, and mental agony, I saw by the very first morning light a boat coming towards me, and knew that I was saved. My joy was so great that I nearly fainted away with delight; and although I now tell my yarn with pride, yet I do not wish my worst enemy to go through the agony that I endured for one whole night in mid-ocean, sitting on the back of an old bull sperm whale with only his blubber between me and a watery grave."

And with a slight nod of respect, and without waiting for our praise or congratulations, the second mate turned away aft, and poked his head into the binnacle to see how the bark headed, as is the way with officers, especially if they have been any time to speak of, away from the compass.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Frisbee; "every person on board of this vessel seems to have been through some startling adventure. Can it be true that sailors' lives are so much more filled with romance and adventure than we on shore know of, or is this an exceptional crew, Captain?"

"Not at all," replied I. "It is simply facts in the lives of these individuals that would never have been



heard of unless you had started the scheme. And as you and I have agreed long ago on this voyage, it is impossible for a sailor to make even one voyage round the world without either passing through some startling adventure in his own person, like Mr. Jones, or to participate in something novel and strange in company with others, or to witness some strange and startling sights; and for want of a narrator like a Marryat or a Cooper, these adventures are lost to the rest of the world.

“To-morrow I am in hopes to make the straits, and shall do so if this wind lasts; and by nightfall of the next day we ought to be anchored off Anjer, and you and I on shore roasting to death with heat, and filling up with oranges, bananas, and ripe cocoanuts, while the old Maryland is filling up with water.”

“Well, good-night, Captain. I suppose you will remain on deck most of the night?”

“Yes, I probably shall; for if my chronometer is at all out, I may be much nearer the land than I suspect, and it is well to be on the safe side.”

“As you always are, Captain,” said Mr. Frisbee, as he descended the hatchway.



## CHAPTER XIX.

MAKE THE LAND. — ARRIVE AT ANJER. — VISIT THE DUTCH FORT AND MAHOMETAN TEMPLE, AND THE FAMOUS BANYAN-TREE. — MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A CHARMING ENGLISH GENTLEMAN WHO RELATES TO US AN ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN NORTHERN CHINA, WHICH PROVES INTENSELY INTERESTING. — ARRANGE WITH HIM FOR A TRIP INTO THE INTERIOR THE NEXT MORNING IN HOPES TO GET A SHOT AT A TIGER, WITH WHICH OUR HOST TELLS US THE COUNTRY ABOUNDS.

THE next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and gave promise of a lovely day. Shortly after sunrise, the welcome cry came from aloft, "Land ho! Land ho!" and there was no need to ask "Where away?" for everybody on board knew that it would be right ahead; and there it was, like a faint blue cloud on the distant horizon. As the wind was fair, although light, we came up to it quite fast, and it soon began to loom and show itself more plainly. The land that we saw was the mountains inland; but soon the coast-line was to be distinguished, and before twelve o'clock we were fairly within the narrow Straits of Sunda, and heading for Anjer Point,



where we were to stop and water, preparatory to our passage north, through the Sea of Java and the China Seas. As we entered the straits, the mountain scenery on either side was magnificent, and we feasted our eyes upon it, debarred as we had been so many days at sea from any such sight. One of the most glorious results of a sea voyage, is the renewed zest with which all terrestrial objects are viewed, and the enjoyments of a life on shore enhanced. As we passed along up the straits in the afternoon, canoes filled with dusky Malays and Javanese began to pull towards us and ask us to throw them a line, so that they might come on board and sell some of the delicious, fresh, ripe fruit with which they were laden, the sweetest and finest in the whole world, consisting of yams, pineapples, sweet potatoes, bananas, coconuts, plantains, oranges, limes, and fruits with unknown European names, which they were willing to sell for a mere song. I have often seen a fine bunch containing possibly one hundred and twenty ripe bananas, exchanged for a sailor's common red bandanna, which may have cost sixpence in Liverpool. These canoes thought we were going right on through the straits, and were very anxious to come on board, and could not understand at first why I would not throw them a line; but by signs I soon gave them to understand that I was coming to an anchor off Anjer, at which they seemed much delighted, and vied with each other to see who should arrive first at our anchor-



ing-place, and thereby obtain our patronage and custom. As night was coming on, I sounded, and, getting about fifty fathoms of water, anchored the bark with the kedge; and our Malay friends were soon alongside, and we revelled that night, captain and crew, in delicious fresh fruit and chickens.

The next morning, bright and early, we got under way and started anew on our voyage towards Anjer, now but a short distance from us.

I anchored the night before for several reasons, amongst others on account of the dangerous navigation of these parts; the swift current that was running out of the straits, which, in the light air we were experiencing, would have swept us astern, and possibly into unknown dangers; and the darkness of the night without moon.

After a breakfast fit for the gods, consisting of fried plantains, baked yams, and broiled fresh young chicken, Mr. Frisbee and myself returned to the deck to see everything that was to be seen, and to carry on the duty. At about noon we arrived off Anjer, but to the southward of it, being unable to reach it on account of the swift current that was setting down through the straits, and which we saw plainly was detaining quite a fleet of vessels which were anchored here and there waiting for a fair strong wind to pass up through the straits on their way north. Finding that I could make no headway against the strong tide with the light air in which were moving, I came



to an anchor about six miles below the Port, nearly opposite the lighthouse, and possibly two miles from it.

As soon as the bark was safely moored in thirty fathoms of water with her kedge down, I had the boat manned, and Mr. Frisbee and myself went on shore to order the fresh water and to enjoy ourselves. I sent the boat back, with orders to Mr. Cutter to weigh anchor and stand in towards the Port and anchorage off the town whenever, in his judgment, he saw a slant of wind that would permit him to make any headway against the current. We first visited the Commandant of the Port, as he is called, an affable Dutch gentleman, — for all these islands are in the possession of that nation, — and made arrangements for our fresh water to be brought alongside so soon as the Maryland should beat up into the anchorage off the town, where she could be readily reached by the water-boat. Leaving the pleasant Commandant, we made our way to the only hotel in the place, quite a fine one, kept by a Malayo, and sat down to dinner with the thermometer at about one hundred degrees in the shade ; for you must know that Anjer lies within one or two degrees of the equator, and is as hot as Tophet.

After we had dined, we sat down on the veranda, and tried to keep cool ; but it was a difficult operation, and we simply sweltered.

Towards evening, when it became slightly cooler,



we made a visit to the Dutch fort, on invitation of the Commandant, and were introduced to the officers; and jolly fellows we found them, glad enough to see any new faces, even if not of their own country. One of them spoke quite good English. and acted as interpreter. They made many inquiries concerning the United States, and were evidently much entertained by our replies. We reluctantly left them, and accompanied by our friend, the interpreter, made our way to a Mahometan mosque, or temple. This edifice was a low stone building nearly surrounded by water, into which the lower steps of the temple descended, and in which the devotees washed their feet before entering the sacred edifice. We entered and watched the proceedings for a short time, and then, bidding adieu to our kind conductor, drifted about the small town on our own hook. We visited the famous banyan-tree near the hotel, and ascended to the top by means of the numerous ladders with which it is supplied; which, commencing from the ground, and fastened from branch to branch, end in a sort of cupola or lookout at the summit of the tree; and from which, there is an excellent view seaward and over the adjacent country. Anjer is not very much of a place, and owes its importance to being the shipping-port for the coffee and spices of the fertile islands of Java and Sumatra, and being situated at the mouth of the narrow passage leading into the Java Sea, and on the great thoroughfare to the farther East Indies, China,



and Japan. Added to this, the strong current at certain seasons of the year compels vessels to anchor and to wait for fair wind and tide, which the natives take advantage of by trading with each vessel in most delicious fruit and vegetables, as I have before related.

After sauntering about till it was dusk, we made our way back to the hotel to get our supper, and afterwards to try to get some rest in the intolerable heat we were enduring.

It was here that we met a charming gentleman, an Englishman by birth, who had travelled all over the world, and was then on his way to Singapore, and had come on shore from his vessel, the Royal George, as we had, to see the country. He had formerly been a captain in the English army, and for several years since his resignation had been floating around and enjoying himself in the out-of-the-way places of the earth, and, with the adventurous spirit of that nation, had often run great risks of his life in his desire to reach some given point, or investigate or verify some rumor, or enter some place hitherto unknown. Sitting out on the veranda and smoking our cheroots we listened with delight to Captain Elgert's remarks upon men and things, and his short and piquant anecdotes told with modesty, but in a most fascinating manner. Finally Mr. Frisbee was so delighted with him and his winning ways that he asked him if he would not give us a detailed account of some one of



his adventures that he himself considered as dangerous as any other he had ever passed through.

“You know, Captain,” continued Mr. Frisbee, “that we can’t sleep in this terrible heat, and must wait for this old globe to cool off a little, and it will be a real charity to entertain us, as you certainly can; so have mercy upon us poor mariners just off the raging main, and give us a good stirring adventure.”

I added my entreaties to Mr. Frisbee’s; and the captain, seemingly more than half willing to entertain us, bowed gracefully, and said, “I remember an adventure of mine in China, where you are bound, that possibly may entertain you, in which, as I shall always believe, I had a narrow squeak for my life; and if you would like to listen to it, I shall be very happy to give it to you exactly as it occurred. If you want a title for it, you may call it, ‘An Adventure in Northern China near the Ko-pi-ku Pass in the Great Wall of China;’” and lighting a fresh cheroot, the captain commenced as follows:—

“I had left the Pan-Shan Mountains far behind me to the left, and was travelling quietly along on my English stallion, Colonel, on a narrow causeway leading north-eastward, I did not know exactly where.

“I was wrapped in memories of the entertaining Bonzes of the Pan-Shan Mountains, the Tartar soldiers of the Ko-pi-ku Pass, and the great wall of China, running up and down over the precipitous



sides of the mountains, till lost in the far distance.

“I was also thinking of the strange adventures that I had already met with, while running over this lovely portion of the Celestial Kingdom without a companion of my own race to accompany me.

“Leisurely following in my wake came my Chinese cart, mule, and driver, and after him, on foot, my Chinese boy Luchee, from Tien-Tsin, leading my brace of pointers, Flash and Fawn.

“Stowed away in my Chinese cart without springs, was my change of clothing, one hundred dollars in copper cash, one thousand to the dollar, my double-barrelled Joe Manton shot-gun, and my Westley Richards rifle, and sundry boxes of preserved meats, ammunition, Bass’s ale, etc.

“At my saddle-bow were affixed huge bear-skin covered holsters, each containing a nine-inch, army size, Colt’s revolver, of the largest calibre.

“Attached to the saddle on the left, hung a splendid English sabre, long and straight.

“Attached to a belt around my person was a short poniard and a small five-inch Colt’s revolver; and hidden within my vest, next to my skin, was a dainty little revolver with seven chambers, that only weighed a few ounces, that I had concealed to be used, in the last emergency, upon myself, rather than to be tortured to death by Tartars or ruthless Chinese; and, for still another chance to escape such



a death, I had, hidden away under the folds of my flannel shirt-collar, a small vial of prussic acid.

“Thus armed and equipped, I was invading a country at that time but little known to foreigners.

“I do not know why it should be so, as I have never visited Spain, but I imagined that the portion of the country I was travelling through much resembled it. Perhaps I got this impression from the illustrations to my “Don Quixote;” at any rate, the journey put me in mind of the gallant Don. Small villages were separated by long plains of dreary flat land, without tree or shrub to relieve the eye; while at a distance ahead, I was given to understand by my Chinese driver and by my boy, lay a great city that no foreigner had ever visited, and which, therefore, I was determined to see.

“I should say here that this journey took place shortly after the peace declared between China, England, and France, after the taking of the Ta-ku forts, the battle of Tien-Tsin and Tung-a-Chow, the burning of the summer palace of the Emperor, his escape, and the investment of Peking by the allied armies of England and France.

“As I moved slowly forward on my journey on the level highway, I perceived advancing towards me a cavalcade from the farther extremity of the plain, consisting of some eight or ten persons mounted on mules.

“I immediately unslung my field-glasses, and fixed



its focus upon them. It was evidently a Chinese mandarin and his followers, making a journey like myself. The soldiers were armed with bows and arrows, and the whole equipage looked as if bodily transferred from some ancient museum of wax figures purporting to picture the appearance of a body of armed men of the fourteenth century.

“As they came nearer I could see through my field-glasses that the habiliments of the soldiers were worn, faded, and tattered, and that of the mandarin was, although of silk, also soiled and *fané*. They were evidently as interested in my advance as I was in their approach; and I saw the bows were being unstrung, and that the ten followers closed up in a sort of military style. This set me to loosing the flaps of my holsters and easing the pistols therein, and, handing my English loaded riding-whip to Luchee, to draw my sabre to replace it. Thus, both on guard, we finally met. But before we had come close together the mandarin had evidently made out that I was a *fanqui* (white devil); for as he passed me, he was the personification of puffed-up arrogance and pride, and, casting his eyes neither to the right nor the left, seemed, after he had passed, to be dumfounded not to have seen me fall off my horse in abject terror at his magnificent appearance and the warlike appearance of his followers. A scowl was on his swarthy features as he went by, and his short stirrups carried his fat knees up almost upon a level



with the pommel of his antique and heathenish saddle, which supported his gross and corpulent body. The followers, copying their master, passed by, each with a set and surly look, but could not control themselves quite as well as the mandarin in relation to the use of their eyes, and in spite of themselves looked at me sidewise from head to foot. The mule that his highness rode was a beautiful animal, but those of the soldiery were sorry beasts. The English-trained charger upon which I rode, standing fifteen and one-half hands high, made them all look like pygmies; and I was well aware that not a living animal in all Northern China could compete for a moment in speed or endurance with my gallant charger.

“Well, we passed without mishap, but with great dislike evidently on the part of the mandarin. After all had passed some little distance, I could not restrain myself from being so impolite as to burst into a fit of laughter, at which my boy Luchee and the driver were greatly scandalized, and gave me to understand that a very great dignitary had passed by, to whom I should have shown some deference; but I could not see it in that light.

“After this episode we travelled on towards Myuen, which finally appeared as a walled city in the far distance.

“Suffice it to say that in due time we came up to it, planted on the level plain, and enclosed with



walls of sun-dried brick, with towers at regular intervals, about one hundred yards apart.

“The walls were, I should think, about forty feet high, and the towers perhaps fifty. The whole city was also surrounded by a moat filled with water, and some twenty or thirty feet in width. I rode along the side of this moat at least a mile and one-half before coming to the bridge and gateway that led into the city on that side.

“Taking the city as a square, which it undoubtedly was, the wall on each of the four sides was at least three miles in length, or twelve miles of wall and moat in all.

“The gateway into the city was large and imposing, and wound in through one very high tower, and then through a second inner one before reaching the narrow street of the city proper.

“These gateways were adorned with massive gates of at least twenty-five feet in height, and perhaps eighteen inches thick, and were in the form of all gates that fit into an arched superstructure. They had evidently not been closed or moved for many years, but stood wide open on rusty hinges against the walls of the arch which they were supposed to guard.

“As soon as I was within the city, a numerous but inoffensive crowd at once commenced to block up the narrow street and surround my person; and, coming soon to the customary inn, I made a dive



inside, and the gates of the inn-yard were, at my repeated requests by signals, finally closed against the mob.

“In a few moments the inn-keeper and his friends appeared at my horse’s side, and, making obeisance, signed for me to alight. I did so as soon as Luchee came forward to hold my stirrup.

“The person who has dreamed of Oriental splendor should see one of these inns. The ones that Don Quixote visited must have been exactly similar to them in poverty, filth, and degradation.

“The inn itself was a series of connected huts, or rooms, one story high, made out of mud and chopped straw, with thatched roof. The inn-yard was surrounded by a high, thick wall of the same material, with quite strong wooden gates in the centre, which we had just had closed.

“The inn-yard was filled with carriers’ carts, mules, and their litter, hens and geese, stalks of millet for fodder, and utensils bearing an air of decay, and in form and shape reminding one of pictures of the implements in use in the fifteenth century.

“Having dismounted, and seen my horse, Colonel, tethered to a trough and enjoying a nice feed of millet, I was shown to my particular room in this mud inn, and had my holsters, pistols, and most important goods brought into it and placed near me.

“The trouble with these mud walls is, that, whenever you touch them, a portion of dried mud is left



on your hand, or dress, or whatever comes in contact with them, and this state of affairs exists forever; all the sweeping in the world will not cleanse them.

“In each of these rooms is built a bedstead of brick, quite large and wide, with an oven underneath it, and a thick, broad piece of felt on top. This bedstead is the great northern luxury in a climate that produces in winter, ice upon the Pei-ho River over two feet in thickness.

“They were arranging mine as I entered; that is to say, just lighting a large bundle of the dried stalks of the millet — very much like our corn-stalks, and thrusting it into the oven under my bed, a chimney at the head carrying the smoke off through the roof. This quick fuel throws out an intense heat, and warms the bricks of which the bed is composed, so that they keep warm all night.

“The news of my arrival, the first white man the natives had ever seen, soon spread, and the invaders commenced to climb over the inn wall; but I did not trouble myself much about them, being hungry, and sat on the bedside watching Luchee cook me some warm supper on a brazier of charcoal.

“My window was of Chinese manufacture; that is to say, small apertures of three or four inches square, covered with strong paper framed in an outer casing of perhaps two feet square.

“This gave a subdued light in the daytime; but as to being of any use to see through, it was as useless as a window with closed shutters.



“Finally my supper was served; but those outside could no longer restrain their inquisitiveness, and, wetting the finger, holes were thrust through my host’s paper panes, to which, in each instance, a human eye was eagerly glued; and I ate my supper with about thirty or forty of these human optics glaring at me through as many holes in the paper window. Finally darkness put a period to all this nonsense; and by extinguishing our rush candle, so that they could see nothing, the mob finally departed and left us in peace.

“For the next two days I visited several parts of the city on foot, — my horse creating too much confusion and attention, — and was pushed and jostled by the crowds at times, but never injured.

“The innkeeper had sent with me always upon these trips two evidently minor officers or mandarins, who had a certain authority over the crowd, and kept them from annoying me too much. Finally, on the morning of the third day, I got ready for my departure, loaded my cart, and, from some unexplainable impulse, sent it out of the city ahead of me, dogs and all, and prepared to follow, when Luchee came to me, and passing by without attracting attention, said in pigeon English, ‘Look out, two piecy man wanchy makey bobbery.’ I looked about, and sure enough, there were two officers in red-plumed caps that I had not before seen, gesticulating with my inn-keeper. I told Luchee to go quick to the



other side of the inn-yard and finish saddling Colonel at once, and to leave him there, and to get out of the city without a moment's loss of time, to follow the cart, catch up with it, and tell the driver to drive fast and I would overtake them.

"I saw in a moment that my poor unarmed boy Luchee could not aid me if any treachery was meant and I wanted him out of the way. The loyal fellow, however, would not stir till he had brought Colonel fully saddled to where I stood, and saw me firmly mounted, then, knowing he could aid me no more, and believing, I think, that I was invincible on horseback, I saw him quietly slink out of the inn-yard, while all the mob were taken up, as usual, in gazing at me.

"The inn where I had stopped was about two or three hundred yards from the city gates. I had been in China long enough to know that something was brewing that boded me no good; but I was determined not to appear in a hurry, or to precipitate events by any hasty action.

"I sat quietly on horseback, feeling that I was more than half safe there, and commenced pulling on a pair of gauntlets, and quietly loosing the flaps of my holsters, so that I could see that my pistols were intact.

"I then stuck my English riding-whip into my right boot-leg, so as to have my right hand clear in case of emergency.



“All this while my host had been smiling and bowing, waiting for his fee.

“I knew that the regular price would possibly be a dollar; but having everything all right about me, I took three silver dollars from my pocket, and offered them to him. He took them, but, as soon as he had them in his hand, drew back with a changed air; and the two red-plumed officers started up from where they had been sitting quietly heretofore, and placed themselves one on each side of my horse's bridle, grasped it, and made signs that I must pay more money. I had a few hundred loose copper cash in my coat-pocket, and I pulled out a handful and offered them; but with a sign of contempt they shook their head at the paltry bribe, and one was reckless enough in his insane barbaric hatred and envy, to draw his finger across his throat with his disengaged hand, the other holding my horse's bridle, and followed it sharply with a sign for me to dismount.

“Then I knew affairs had become serious. I threw the copper cash I held into the air, to distract the attention of the crowd that surrounded me, and with almost the same motion, drew my sabre, gave the right and left cut with its back on the wrists of the two obstinate rascals who held my horse's bridle, dashed in the spurs, and, as with a snort of pain and surprise my noble charger rose into the air, pushed for the open gateway, knocking down everybody of the mob who was in the way.



“As I dashed down the narrow Chinese street I saw ahead of me a bunch of spearmen trying to get into some kind of order to stop my progress, and I knew that it was liberty or death to me to pierce them; so raising a most frightful yell, and swinging my sabre over my head in the most approved moulinet form, I charged them; but the appearance of myself and my gallant charger was too much for them, and they broke before I reached and dashed through them at racing speed.

“When I reached the gates I found a body of men at work on them. One gate was already closed, and with levers they were at work on the other; but being unarmed, my terrific yells and speed of horse dispersed them, and dashing out upon the plain, I was a free man, as no horse in all Northern China could approach mine in speed and endurance: and in the primitive way that news is disseminated in that country, with no newspapers, it was probable that for months no other neighboring city would hear of my escapade, and that, if I chose to tell the tale, I could be the bearer of my own adventure all over China. The heaviness of the gate, its rusty hinges upon which it had leaned through years of peace, had saved my life. If the gates had shut to, easily, I should have been in a mousetrap.

“I soon overtook my cart, and Luchee was delighted to see me safe and sound.

“I told him what I had done; and he, with the



Chinese instinct of cruelty, said that I ought to have struck the wrists of those who held my horse with the edge of my sabre.

“He said they wanted to rob me of all my valuables and then kill me, and that they were very glad to have him and the driver get out of the city so that they should not be witnesses.

“In the mean while a gang of some two hundred had the temerity to chase us out upon the plain, and commenced firing arrows that were coming unpleasantly near.

“After leading them out for perhaps half a mile, by increasing and decreasing our speed, I suddenly turned upon them, and for the first time used my pistols. I did not kill anybody, but purposely fired in the air; but when they heard these weapons explode, and re-explode, and again explode, they were taken with the most abject fright. Most of them got back into the city, but others simply fell down and screamed with terror.

“I rode up to the city wall, and in my choicest Chinese cursed them for a treacherous community, and flourished in my hand a passport signed by the Tau-toi of Tien-Tsin, granting me permission to visit the interior.

“When they saw me wave this paper, they sent out to me in charge of a young man two very old, venerable Chinamen (reverence for age is universal in China), who approached, making amicable ges-



tures. I handed my Chinese passport to the young man, and he handed it to one of the elders, who, in a piping voice, read it to the people assembled on the walls; and when the purport of it became known, they all fell down on their knees in a universal *koo-tow* at the exalted name of the dignitary who had issued it. Children were sent out to me from the city bringing me candy and *Sam-shoo*, and all sorts of inducements were made to get me to again enter the city, that they might show how repentant they were for their previous treatment of one who carried a passport from the Tau-toi of Tien-Tsin. But although I think they were honest, or, at least, meant to do me no harm, 'a scalded dog ever after fears cold water,' and, thanking them, I proceeded on my journey."

We listened with great attention and delight to the captain's story, and thanked him heartily when he had finished. As the evening wore on, we passed from one subject to another till that of hunting was touched upon; and our host, the Malayo, happening to be present at that moment, he was asked as to the chances of obtaining any game at a reasonable distance from the town, to which he replied, "that the country swarmed with game, and large game too. Why," said he, "no less than three days ago, a native was killed and devoured by a tiger within three miles of where you gentlemen are now sitting; and the damage that is done to the neighboring fruit



plantations, by monkeys, is something frightful. The natives will be very grateful to you gentlemen, if you will only shoot a few of these long-tailed thieves."

"I don't know as I care about the monkeys," said Captain Elgert, "but I should like to have another shot at a tiger. I never killed but one in my life, and that was years ago in India."

"And I never even saw one in a wild state," interrupted Mr. Frisbee.

"What do you say to our getting up a hunt for to-morrow?" exclaimed I.

"Just the very thing," replied both my companions.

As for "mine host," he said he could get the whole town to accompany us, free gratis, if we desired them, so glad would they be to have any of the wild beasts and monkeys that infested the neighborhood destroyed.

Fortunately we had all brought our guns, pistols, and ammunition on shore with us, thinking that we might do some shooting before we went back.

Our host promised, with great delight, to have ponies, guides, and beaters all ready for us in the morning; and, with a mutual good-night, we each retired to our separate apartments, undressed, and threw ourselves down on the soft mats provided for us in place of beds, and tried to sleep in the hot torrid-zone air. Before I turned in, I walked out to the end of the veranda, from whence I could easily



see the Maryland at anchor, and saw that there was no chance, as yet, of her beating up to the anchorage, and if she should do so the next day, that her fresh water was all engaged, and would be carried off to her just the same whether I was present or not.

Shortly after we had retired, the sea breeze began to be felt, and the cool air threw me into a delicious slumber, from which I did not wake till called by my host in the morning.

“ ”



## CHAPTER XX.

## A SUCCESSFUL TIGER-HUNT.

IT was a glorious morning, and just the one for a hunt, barring the heat. After having had several buckets of cool water thrown over my head by my attendant coolie, I descended to the veranda, clothed in a light summer suit, and ready for action. I found my companions already there, and waiting only for me to sit down to breakfast.

After the usual salutations we all sat down to a delicious cup of coffee, such as most of my readers have never seen or tasted, and the most delicious of ripe fruit and baked yams."

Breakfast was soon over, and lighting our fragrant cheroots, we walked over to the other side of the veranda to inspect our ponies and guides. The animals that we were to ride, were, without exception, the most diminutive ponies I had ever cast my eyes upon, not excepting the famous Shetland ponies, which they very much resembled. I could not believe, at first, that they would be able to bear our weight, much less carry us any distance; but our host assured us that they would carry us easily all day long. They were, however, so very small, that,



when we did mount, Mr. Frisbee's legs, which were very long, just cleared the ground by barely half an inch.

Before we started we took an inventory of our arms and equipment. Mr. Frisbee and myself were armed with two of the Sharp's rifles belonging to the Maryland, single breech-loaders, and in excellent condition, thanks to our armorer Mr. Frisbee, and furnished with plenty of ammunition. Besides these rifles, we each of us had our double-barrelled gun, and were further provided with a short dirk or hunting-knife, and both carried our revolvers in our belts.

Captain Elgert showed up in full hunting costume, and put us both in the shade with his complete and tasteful outfit; but then, it was not to be supposed that two persons just from on board ship could compete with one who was travelling about for just these adventures.

He had a magnificent Rigby rifle of large bore just fitted for large game, and carried at his belt a pair of handsome revolvers, but took no shot-gun with him, as he did not care for any small game, or so he said. Of course, in this climate and heat, it was impossible for us to carry these arms any great distance, so they were turned over to our gun-carriers, who received them with great glee and a great showing of what ought to have been glistening white teeth, but which were, in reality, as black as ink, being stained by the use of the betel-nut, as we use tobacco, a national



habit and almost universal. Each of us was provided with one gun-bearer, an assistant, and two beaters, armed with long rods of cane, to thrash the jungle with.

A few mongrel dogs followed at their heels. Mounting our gallant steeds amidst the laughter of one at the ludicrous appearance of the other, we filed out of the town on the narrow pathway leading through and under the magnificent cocoa-nut trees that lined both sides of the way, towards the distant mountains in rear of the town.

We kept up one roar of laughter at each other for the first fifteen minutes, which ended in a perfect explosion when Mr. Frisbee, who was leading, had, by repeated lashings with a small switch that one of the coolies had provided him with, succeeded in getting his pony into a gallop, and the next moment, by a sudden turn in the pathway, and his saddle-girth giving way at the same moment, was thrown, saddle and all, right across the trail, huddling us who were following him, into a heap on to our ponies' necks, and almost upon him before we could stop. Mr. Frisbee was not hurt; and when we had caught our breath from laughing, and the pony was secured and his saddle rearranged, we broke out again, on seeing Mr. Frisbee mount his steed so as not to disarrange the saddle, by deliberately going behind his pony, and walking on to him on tiptoe and seating himself without mishap. After this episode, which created



great merriment amongst our followers, we went on without further mishap at a good round pace, for we soon found out that these little ponies, although small, could get over the ground at a good pace if made to; and aided by the beaters, who gave them a whack in the rear every once in a while, we went along finely. Everything would have been lovely had it not been for the heat, which was simply intolerable; and we did nothing but mop, mop, mop with our bandannas, with which we, forewarned, were well supplied. After a ride of three or four miles we left the cocoa-nut tree grove behind us, and the country became more open and broken; and we dismounted to give the ponies and all of us a short rest, and sought shelter from the burning rays of the sun under the shade of a magnificent tree near the wayside, whose grand branches were wide enough to take us, ponies and all, under its grateful shadow.

After a long rest and a light lunch and some English beer, we again mounted and started on our journey. The chaparral and undergrowth began to be quite thick, and the pathway more and more indistinct as we ascended the slope before us, and shortly afterwards we were compelled to abandon our ponies and proceed on foot. I created a great deal of merriment for my companions, for everything that I saw I took for a snake. And well I might; for when the Dutch officers took us round their fort to show us the guns, I counted no less than eight snakes



with their heads stuck out of the embankment between us and the moat filled with stagnant water.

When I asked the Commandant if they were venomous, he replied with the utmost *sang froid*, "Oh, yes, I imagine so," as if it was the most natural thing in the world. And when I asked him why he did not have them exterminated, he said, "If I should have those killed that you see, they would be replaced by others in twenty-four hours, and it is not easy to reach them where they live half-way down the embankment; and, if I should order men to be lowered down to fight them, some one might get bitten; and, as they never leave the moat and come in to the fort, it is the best plan to leave them alone where they trouble no one; and, as for exterminating them, that is out of the question." Now, I never did like snakes, and this knowledge of their "numerosity" made me very nervous. My companions were not at all free from the same feeling, but I showed it the most; so to cover up their own dread they amused themselves by laughing at me. Now, in reality, it was no laughing-matter; and we all felt that in undertaking this trip we ran as much danger, if not more, from snakes as from tigers or other wild beasts.

Leaving our ponies, therefore, at a convenient spot under the branches of a noble tree, we prepared to enter the jungle by the numerous pathways that seemingly ran through it, and to penetrate it wherever practicable. Having dismounted, we each took



our rifle from our gun-carrier, and prepared to enter. Before starting in, we agreed upon a set of signals that should bring us together in case of emergency. We were all fitted out with sportsmen's whistles, and it was understood that we were not to stray many hundred yards apart; and to denote our locality, any one of us was at liberty to blow a single blast at any time, which the others were to reply to.

Two blasts were to denote that all was well, or that we had made a good shot; and three blasts were only to be blown in case of great emergency. If one of us got parted from the other, he was to make his way back to the ponies, under the guidance of his gun-carrier, and there wait for the rest of us. It was understood that we should not remain in the jungle more than two hours, unless detained by big game, and "snakes" added I, to the agreement. On our way hither, we had seen plenty of parrots and other small game, that would have satisfied any sportsman who was not in search of big game; but it was understood that we should not fire at anything smaller than a monkey till we had beaten the jungle for an hour in hopes to find a regular man-eater, and not even at a monkey or deer, if we by any chance came upon any good "sign" or "spoor."

All these necessary preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, we separated slightly, and plunged in, each of us preceded by our two beaters and a proportion of the mongrel dogs, and, in the



case of Mr. Frisbee and myself, closely followed by our gun-bearers with our shot-guns loaded with heavy shot, right at our elbow, they being followed by their assistants, who brought up the rear. Captain Elgert took the right, I took the centre, and Mr. Frisbee the left; my last words being, as we entered the jungle, "Look out for snakes." I was in a joking mood, and had no idea how serious matters were soon to become. In fact, the whole proceedings were foolhardy in the extreme; and it was a wonder, as subsequent events proved, that we came out of that jungle alive. We had been in the jungle, possibly half an hour, in which time the dogs had done considerable yelping, but as yet had hit no trail, when, far to the right, I heard the captain's dogs open with full tongue, and knew in a moment they had found something, for the curs that were in front of me joined in the chorus, and by their yelps I could understand that they had started to join their companions in front of the captain. The jungle had many open spaces where the walking was good, and many other spots that were impenetrable, and others that we could with difficulty force ourselves through. Shortly after this I heard the bang of the captain's heavy rifle, and then his whistle sounded distinctly three blasts. Repeating the signal for Mr. Frisbee, who answered me, I turned hastily in the direction from which I had heard the shot, and from which now came the sound of the whining dogs. After a struggle with the undergrowth



of about ten minutes, I came out upon an open glade, in which I found Captain Elgert standing, evidently waiting for me.

It seems that, as he was sauntering along across this glade, or opening, not having much faith in seeing anything, all at once a magnificent tiger bounded out of the jungle, about fifty yards to his right, and, taking no notice of him, attempted to cross to the opposite side, having been annoyed, no doubt, by the snarling curs which were now whimpering at our heels. To raise his gun and fire was an instinct with the brave captain, and his prey fell heavily in the open glade; regained its feet, and bounded into the jungle; and the captain was sure he had wounded him severely, if not fatally. By this time Mr. Frisbee had arrived on the scene, and we related to him what had happened. Now what was to be done? We were none of us cowards; but now we had found our game, there was a most serious expression on all our faces. As to the Malays, they were all ready to take to their heels at a moment's notice, and a glance at them showed that they could not be depended upon for any service of great danger. And who could blame them, unarmed as they were, when we with arms in our hands felt anything but comfortable?

Finally, said Captain Elgert, "That tiger is in that jungle, and we have got to get him out; and there is but one way, and that is to stalk him. I believe that



he is so severely wounded that there is not much danger; but, wounded or not, the thing has got to be done."

This started our American grit, and we both replied that we were ready to obey any orders.

I don't think anybody had been exactly afraid; but Mr. Frisbee and myself naturally leaned a little on the captain, as he had been in the business before, and was therefore naturally the leader.

"Now, I'll tell you what we will do," continued the captain. "In the first place, we will have one of the beaters tie those curs together, and get out of the jungle with them just as quick as possible."

No sooner said than done, and glad enough was the one chosen, to take his departure. And after a moment's thought the captain ordered all back to the ponies except the three gun-bearers. These he told to remain. I don't know what kind of lingo he spoke, but they evidently understood his words or gestures: at any rate, they seemed to have regained their courage, and looked as if they would stand by us.

"Now the greatest danger will be in our shooting each other," said the captain; "for our only chance is in surrounding the jungle, and shooting him as he comes out, if he is not already dead, which I think is the case. You see, the jungle does not extend but a short distance to the right, as you can see from here; and I don't think it extends far back, but is a sort of an oasis."



"You are perfectly right, Captain Elgert, in your conjectures," said I; "for when I turned to come here, in answer to your summons, I was considerably in advance of you; and on my way to you, I saw that the patch ahead of us was separated from the jungle on the farther side by at least five hundred yards."

"Ah!" exclaimed Captain Elgert, "I thought so. Now nothing remains but for one of us to run to the end there to the right, and see if the whole jungle is not an oasis; and if so, we have him sure."

"I'm your man for that," said Mr. Frisbee; and off he went like a shot to explore, and was back in less than five minutes with the news that the jungle was an island, and not over three acres in extent.

"By jingo, we'll have him sure now!" said Captain Elgert. "Now, Mr. Frisbee, will you oblige me by going to the rear of this oasis, and seating yourself near some pathway that leads out of it that you think he may possibly choose in coming out, if he should come out your way? There can't be many pathways, possibly only one, through this almost impenetrable undergrowth."

And Mr. Frisbee, by this time filled only with the ardor of a natural sportsman, departed on his way rejoicing, taking his gun-bearer with him.

"Now, Captain Frisbee, if you will take the right of the island, and do as Mr. Frisbee has been requested to do, I think we shall get him; for I feel confident that he won't break cover to the left, for all



your dogs came up from that quarter, and he has not forgotten it."

"All right; I'm off," said I.

The captain turned from me to hail Mr. Frisbee, who was still in sight, to sing out, "We must take some chances, but don't shoot in the direction of each other if avoidable. Now," said the captain, "I'm going in to stalk that tiger; and if I miss him, look out for him." And, shaking hands with me, he plunged into the jungle, followed by his gun-bearer, who carried, by the captain's direction, a few cartridges in his hand ready for instant use.

I hurried to my post, and finding quite a well-worn pathway, stationed myself in advance of it, a short distance out on the open. I had had my own ideas about this whole scrape, and, although perfectly willing to be governed in the details by such a gallant fellow as Captain Elgert, had my own ideas of how to protect myself. So, seating myself, I deliberately laid down the rifle by my side, and called upon my gun-bearer to hand me my double-barrelled gun. I knew very well that I could not hit a tiger with a rifle-ball when on the full run; but I also knew that a charge of shot fired into him at two or three feet distance would tear a hole through him that I could put my arm through, and that shot from a very short distance is more effective than the best rifle-bullet that was ever moulded.

I waited some fifteen minutes in the greatest



excitement before I heard a sound ; and just as I had begun to despair of our success, bang ! went Captain Elgert's heavy rifle, followed a minute later by Mr. Frisbee's Sharp's. What could be the matter ! Was the jungle alive with tigers ? But just as I thought this, and that there was to be no chance for me to show my prowess, I heard the bound of a heavy animal breaking through the jungle in my direction. My heart came into my mouth ; but I grasped my gun firmly, and had barely time to put it to my shoulder, when, with a fiendish roar of anger and pain, a royal tiger bounded into the air and upon me. As he was in mid-air, I fired by instinct at his throat ; and, overshooting me in his mad jump, he fell upon my poor gun-bearer, stone dead, with a hole through his throat that you could put your arm through. His bound had, however, been so terrific that in his fall he had broken the arm of my Malay companion. My shouts soon brought Captain Elgert and Mr. Frisbee to my side, and glad were we all to see each other safe and sound. Mr. Frisbee's gun-bearer was despatched to the ponies to convey the good news and to bring up the men ; while I bound up my poor gun-bearer's broken arm, which happily was only a simple fracture of the forearm. And then, after carefully examining our prey, we compared notes.

He was a most magnificent animal, and met his death as follows : the first shot of the captain had evidently struck and broken off a small portion of





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the shoulder-blade, but not sufficient to greatly disable him, but enough to send him to cover. When the captain stalked him in the jungle, he expected to find him dead; but, as he was creeping along, following his trail, an angry growl showed him where his enemy was, and that most assuredly he was not dead. Nothing daunted, the captain drew a bead on him, although he was not lying in a favorable position, but he was afraid he would charge, and was forced to aim at his head. An examination of the body of the tiger showed where the ball had struck the frontal bone, cutting a groove in the skin, and then glanced off. Luckily the shock was sufficient to deter the tiger from charging; and turning, he made for the pathway that led towards Mr. Frisbee, who saluted him with a bullet in the breast, which, however, did not kill him, but turned him, as the captain's shot had done. And then he came for me, evidently determined not to be stopped this time, and there he met his death.

Upon the arrival of the men, we all set to work, and in a very short time had his splendid skin stripped from his body, and were on our way to the ponies, mounting which, we made our way to Anjer as quickly as possible, leaving our servants to make a litter to bring in our wounded Malay on. We were received with great honor by our host; and in the evening nearly every living soul in Anjer came to the hotel to look at that tiger's skin, and we were the



heroes of the hour. When my wounded gun-bearer appeared, he was handed over to the Dutch surgeon at the fort, who soon set his arm, and said he would be all right in three weeks' time.

We also made up a handsome purse for him; and, from what we could understand, every Malay in Anjer would like to have his arm broken at the same price every week. Besides, all the Malays in Anjer believe to this day that I missed the tiger with the rifle, and that my gun-carrier shot him with my shotgun, thereby saving my life.

Tired and worn out, we sat down to a light supper; and then with a glance at the old Maryland still in the same place, we bade each other a good-night and betook ourselves to bed.



## CHAPTER XXI.

MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF TWO YANKEE WHALING CAPTAINS. — TAKE A RIDE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET HIGH. — AN ADVENTURE WITH A HUGE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR. — DEATH OF CÆSAR.

THE next morning we were all of us too tired to get up early, and were glad to lie in bed till well into the forenoon. Finally we met at a late breakfast, and talked over our adventure with the tiger in all its bearings, with Captain Elgert, and were pained to find that he felt as if he must go on board, and, certainly, could not indulge in any more excursions; for it was only for the reason that the *Royal George* had been taking in her water the day before, that he had been able to accompany us at all. Now that she lay just off the town with her anchor hove short, ready to take advantage of the slightest slant of fair wind, he felt that he must return on board and at once, for the vessel could not afford to wait for him should the wind spring up fair; so after breakfast, with great reluctance, we took a long and last farewell of our charming companion, who went on board of his ship, and we saw him no more.

Having nothing to do, we soon afterwards walked



down to the jetty, and with longing eyes looked at the Maryland lying at anchor off the lighthouse, as yet unable to beat up to the anchorage. As we stood longing to be on board of the old craft, for which we had become a wee bit homesick, two splendid whale-boats with complete crews approached the jetty, evidently from the two American whalers that lay off the town and that we had before noticed. As the boats came up to the jetty on opposite sides, two manly-looking skippers jumped ashore, and, seeing Mr. Frisbee and myself, came forward in a frank and pleasant manner, and introduced themselves as countrymen; for with the sagacity of seamen in affairs that appertain to their profession, they knew by the "cut of her jib" that the Maryland was an American vessel long before she showed her colors, when she came to an anchor; and we had as unerringly placed them as American whalers soon after we sighted them, in standing in to an anchorage. They had called alongside the day we came ashore, but feared that we were not on board, as they saw the boat go on shore: however, they had a good chat with Mr. Cutter, and invited him to call and see them if he found leisure before the bark sailed.

One of these captains introduced himself as Captain Spaulding, of the ship Martha, of Martha's Vineyard, and then his companion as Captain Smith, of the bark Belle, of Warren, R. I.

We were very glad to greet them, and gave them



our names and whither we were bound, etc. They were more than delighted to meet us, for, as they informed us, they had been over three years away from home, and had not seen an American for over two years; they were eager for the latest news from their beloved country, and, when they found we hailed from within fifty miles of their own home, their joy was unbounded. We went back with them to the hotel, and sat down and had a long chat with them. It was finally proposed that we take a ride to the lighthouse and examine it; so, calling our host, we ordered the inevitable ponies, as being the only means of locomotion in these parts, and set out. We had the usual jokes at each other's ridiculous appearance. As we passed through and under the magnificent cocoa-nut trees, we were enticed by Captain Spaulding to dismount and try the tempting fruit in all its luxuriant freshness. Our grooms, who had been following us on foot, came up and held the ponies; while one of them, using his hands and feet the same as a monkey would, soon gained the top of one of the trees that overshadowed us, and cut off and threw down to us half a dozen of the half-ripe nuts, and then descended. With his sharp yataghan, he cut straight across the top of the nut, which was in an immature state, and exposed to our view a natural bowl containing at the very least a full quart of liquor surrounded by the half-formed meat in a state like thick clotted cream, that was easily scraped out



by means of a wooden spoon made on the spot. The liquor was delicious, and the half-formed meat was like ambrosia. We who eat cocoa-nuts after they have become hard and matured, as we receive them at home, have no idea of what this fruit is in its natural state, a feast fit for the gods. We supplemented the cocoa-nuts by bananas picked from the banana-trees by our side, and ended with a pineapple, the fragrance of which filled the air when it was cut and placed before us. Whether this paradise belonged to any person, or not, I shall never know; but I do know, that we were not called upon by any person to pay one penny for our feast, and the grooms helped us and themselves as if they owned the whole plantation, and, most wonderful to relate, did not even hint at our giving them any fee. After this repast, which I never expect to see duplicated on this earth in the fruit line, we again mounted our ponies and set off for the lighthouse.

After a ride of about six miles in a fearful heat, we arrived at our destination, and were very kindly received by the lighthouse keeper, a Dutchman, and invited to ascend and examine the light. We found, upon inquiry and inspection, that the lighthouse is one hundred and twenty feet high, furnished with Parisian plate-glass reflectors, and fed with cocoa-nut oil. It is situated, as I have before intimated, about six miles to the southward of the town, and lights up the whole magnificent bay seaward. As we stood



leaning against the railing at the summit, we looked down upon the Maryland, seemingly almost at our feet, under full sail, and making another futile attempt to beat up to the anchorage against a head wind and tide. We tried every means to attract the attention of Mr. Cutter by waving handkerchiefs and so forth, but it was no use, he did not seem to see us; and yet he went about twice, at a distance of not over two miles from where we were gazing down upon him. Having had our fill of the lighthouse, we descended and made our way back to the town, and all sat down to dinner together, the two whaling captains being our inseparable companions.

After dinner Mr. Frisbee and myself concluded to have one more hunt, and, bidding a temporary farewell to our genial companions, set out.

We were fitted out this time to shoot monkeys only, and accompanied by our Malay followers, as before, left Anjer to climb the upland in search of our game. Mr. Frisbee and myself and the carpenter — who had come on shore in a native canoe just before dinner, by permission of Mr. Cutter, bringing his old-fashioned gun with him — mounted our diminutive ponies, and piloted by our guides made our way through the majestic palm-grove toward the distant mountain-side, but in a different direction from where we had shot the tiger.

Hot was no name for the heat in this torrid-zone town. As before, the guides carried our guns and



ammunition; and we rode out of the town, at least three or four miles, till we came to the seaward slope of the mountainous background of the island. Here we dismounted to find our game. The Malays were enchanted to have us hunt these monkeys; for, as I have said elsewhere, they are so numerous that they invade plantations in organized bands, and often in one raid destroy whole crops of bananas and fruits that are being raised for sale to the ships continually passing through the Straits of Anjer.

The monkeys that we were in search of band together in communities, and, except for their depredation, are not to be feared; but there also exists one species, nearly as large as a well-grown boy, which have been known to attack solitary natives, and to have absolutely bitten them to death. These, however, we did not fear, even if we should meet them, as we were armed with double-barrelled shot-guns, loaded with buckshot. Besides these large monkeys, or apes, we were in danger of coming at any time upon some horrible tropical-region monster, such as our tiger, which might tax our skill as marksmen, and place us in real danger.

As we entered the jungle we separated somewhat, each with two guides to cut down such obstructions as we should meet. We kept within the sound of each other's voice, but far enough apart so as not to shoot into each other should we find game. As for myself, what with mopping my face on account of the intense



heat, and looking for serpents under foot, I was not very arduous in the pursuit, but had a vivid remembrance of our late tiger-hunt. However, we plunged in; and a shot once in a while from the carpenter or Mr. Frisbee, with an inquiry from myself as to what it was, announced the fact that a few pheasants, parrots, cockatoos, and sundry other small game, had already fallen victims to our skill with our firearms.

As we advanced farther into the jungle my guide made signs that we were approaching the place where we might expect to find the monkeys in the tree-tops, and at that very moment we were saluted with their screams and chattering.

Luckily for the success of our sport, the undergrowth here was less dense; and we soon had an opportunity to chase them about from tree-top to tree-top, and to bag a considerable number. Each one that was killed elicited a cry of joy and delight from the Malays, and they were as elated as a New England farmer would have been to see a crow or hen-hawk exterminated.

My companions finally strayed away to a distance, and a discharge from their firearms once in a while alone denoted where they were. I had some time since ceased, on account of the excessive heat, to follow up the fleeing and frightened monkeys, having become satiated with the sport, and was sitting down on a trunk of a tree, when the carpenter with his guides appeared in an opening in the jungle, coming towards me.



He had been very successful, and the Malays were loaded down with game. The carpenter came and sat down beside me, and for a few moments we spent the time in comparing notes, and then waited to hear the report of Mr. Frisbee's gun, which had not been discharged for some little time. Finally, becoming somewhat alarmed at his prolonged absence, we commenced shouting for him, but received no reply. The natives also with us began to gesticulate and chatter, and then to listen.

Presently we were all of us startled by a low but very distinct moan, that of a human being in peril, and my mind at once reverted to our late tiger-hunt.

At this very moment Mr. Frisbee's guides came rushing in upon us with signs of terror depicted upon their faces, showing plainly that something terrible had occurred, probably to Mr. Frisbee.

By signs they gave us to understand that it had something to do with a snake; and seizing our guns we started towards the jungle, and made signs for the Malays to show us the spot where they had left Mr. Frisbee.

They ran towards the jungle from which they had just emerged, and plunged in; and with anxiety and apprehension we followed them, until we came out upon a sort of opening, in the centre of which stood a stunted tree with sparse foliage; and, lo and behold! in its very top was perched Mr. Frisbee, with a face devoid of all color, and seemingly in a fainting state,



armed with a small branch of a tree that he had broken off, in his right hand, awaiting the slow but steady approach of a *huge boa constrictor* that was winding himself round about the tree, and steadily ascending towards him.

We were just in time. With the same impulse, the carpenter and myself discharged our guns into the hideous, glistening body of the horrid monster, and saw the thrill of death pass through its glossy skin from head to tail; and thus held up by its numerous folds over branch and limb and trunk, it lay an inanimate mass.

The natives rushed forward the moment they saw that the serpent was destroyed, but barely in time to receive the body of Mr. Frisbee, on whom the mental strain had been too great, and who, tottering, lost his hold, and came falling through the branches, into the outstretched arms of the natives.

We soon brought him to, and found that, with the exception of severe nervous prostration, he had received no injury.

The Malays took him in their arms and carried him to the place where the ponies had been left, and then went back to get the serpent.

Mr. Frisbee gradually regained his natural courage and strength, and told us how the adventure had happened.

It seems that, like myself, he had become tired of the sport, and sat down upon a log to rest, on the



outskirts of the jungle, and facing this lonely tree, when all at once his guides jumped up and ran away from him with the speed of the wind. He, of course, thought it must be a tiger that had startled them.

Looking about in dread to see if it was so, he saw with horror, directly behind him, and not ten feet distant, this horrid monster, gliding along over the tangled undergrowth and dead trunks of trees. He had no time for thought, or time to recover his gun, which, unfortunately, he had carelessly placed at some distance from him, but with one desperate bound made for the stunted tree before him, climbed to its top, and broke off a branch to protect himself with.

It was at this time, and as the fascination had already gained upon him, that he must have made that frightful moan. He could not shout; his voice seemed to be lost, and all power of self-control fast leaving him. Luckily for him, we were in time, and he was saved from a horrible death. Long afterwards we used to joke about this adventure, but at the time it occurred it seemed like a frightful nightmare. The Malays appeared, as Mr. Frisbee finished his recital, with the huge boa constrictor, at least twenty-eight feet in length; but Mr. Frisbee could not bear to look at it, and it had to be kept out of his sight. Mounted on our ponies we returned to town, our guides following after with our prize, which created great interest among the natives, and the Dutch officials at



the Anjer Fort. The boa was skinned, and the hide tanned, and Mr. Frisbee has it now in his possession; but it was weeks after we put to sea before he completely recovered from the shock.

The two whaling captains were more than kind to Mr. Frisbee, and proposed to take us all off to the Maryland, which would be, they said, the best place for Mr. Frisbee, after his shock. A glance down the bay showed me the Maryland again at anchor, in nearly the same spot, having lost a little ground, if possible, instead of gaining anything. I thanked them for their kind offer; and after taking a light supper, and fortifying Mr. Frisbee's stomach with a good glass of strong arrack, we entered the two whale-boats, Mr. Frisbee and myself in one, and the carpenter in the other, and in the comparatively cool night air were rowed rapidly towards the Maryland: but Mr. Frisbee began again to feel so faint, that it was thought best to change our direction, and get on board the whalers, which were near at hand; and this was done, Mr. Frisbee and myself going on board the ship Martha with Captain Spaulding, and the carpenter on board the bark Belle with Captain Smith. Captain Spaulding, being a good sea-doctor, prepared for Mr. Frisbee a small dose of opium, and made him turn in; and an hour afterwards, when we looked in upon him, he was sleeping like an infant.

"He'll be all right in the morning," whispered Captain Spaulding as we slipped quietly out of his



stateroom into the cabin; "nothing the matter but a great shock to his nerves, which it will take him a little while to get over."

And, as I have said, it was weeks before he did get over it. I passed a delightful evening talking with Captain Spaulding; and at daylight he kindly manned his whale-boat, and took us on board the Maryland, Captain Smith following with the carpenter in his boat. Mr. Frisbee seemed well, but still quite pale and quiet.

As we neared the Maryland, a slight breeze of fair wind sprung up, the first since we had reached Anjer; and from a distance I hailed the Maryland, and ordered Mr. Cutter to "up anchor, and make all sail;" and when we finally came alongside, he was already under-way, and heading up to the anchorage with a light but fair wind. I at once took charge of the deck, leaving Mr. Frisbee to do the honors to our welcome guests. In an hour and a half the Maryland was safe at anchor, and in another half-hour her water was alongside. As the wind was still fair, we were in a great hurry to get our fresh water on board, and get under-way. Mr. Frisbee had been treating the two captains to some good New-England cider that we had on board; and they came on deck loaded down with some old newspapers and books, for which they seemed very grateful, and sailor-like, seeing that I was very busy, the water nearly all aboard, and the wind fair, gave us a hearty farewell, wished us all



manner of good luck, and stepped into their boats, and gave us three cheers as the Maryland, freed from the bottom, paid off on the starboard tack, and stood up past the Button with a fair breeze, every moment increasing.

I had noticed when I came on board, that Mr. Cutter looked a little serious and sad; but I put it down at once to his disappointment in not being able to get the Maryland up to her anchorage, and to seeing a fair wind commence the moment I came alongside. All through the excitement of getting the Maryland into her berth and at anchor, I had missed something, but could not tell what it was, till, when we were under full way, I turned to Mr. Cutter and said, "Goodness gracious! where is Cæsar?" and then, for the first time, I heard that our faithful dog and companion was no more, and that his body had been committed to the deep, sewn up decently in canvas, the night before. It seems that he had had another of his fits during our absence on shore, and had run howling about the decks, and even driven the crew into the rigging; and that finally Mr. Cutter caught him and had him locked up in the wheel-house, and that shortly afterwards, passing by the door and hearing no sound, he happened to glance down upon deck, and noticed a thin stream of blood trickling out from under the door, which opening instantly, he saw poor Cæsar lying dead within. Buckets of water were thrown over him in hopes to



resuscitate him, but in vain; and the climate was such that he could not even keep the body till we came on board, but was forced to bury it.

This news depressed me greatly, as it did all on board; and it was with a sad heart, that, at eight bells in the evening, I left St. Nicholas Point astern, and pointed up into the Java Sea with a fair wind and stun'-sails set.



## CHAPTER XXII.

DANGERS OF THE SEA OF JAVA. — DISCIPLINE THE CREW  
IN CASE OF AN ATTACK OF PIRATES. — ADVENTURE  
WITH SHARKS AND BLACKFISH.

THE next morning, when I came on deck, after being up the greater part of the night, I found the old bark plunging along with a fair wind, nearly dead astern, and stun'-sails set on both sides.

I was glad, of course, to feel the fresh, fair wind; but I was also very sad, thinking of poor Cæsar, our late pet and companion. I missed him sadly, and his loss made me feel very melancholy: however, there was no use repining, and I tried to throw it off my mind. Then, again, we had lately been through quite serious adventures, from which we had narrowly escaped; and I presume that this and the shock that Mr. Frisbee had experienced also helped to depress me. We were now well into the Sea of Java, that peculiar ocean where there are soundings to be had at not over forty fathoms in all its vast extent; and being so shallow, the water has a greenish tinge not at all pleasant to a sailor's eye, who hates nothing so much as shoal water. As this great sea abounds in dangerous shoals, reefs, and islands in its more north-



ern part, soon to be reached, the thought of the same did not tend to aid my desire to throw off the blues and be cheerful. I knew that in a week's time I should be in a spot calling for the best judgment, skill, and knowledge of the science of navigation of any known sea on earth. Was not this enough to make a young captain of only twenty-one years of age, anxious? However, I tried to forget it, and greeted Mr. Frisbee cheerfully as he stepped on deck.

"What peculiar colored water, Captain," said he, after kindly returning my good-morning.

"Yes," said I; "not at all a pleasant color to a sailor's eye," and then I told him why. "You see, this sort of water makes one naturally nervous; for although men-of-war of various nations have finally sounded this sea pretty thoroughly, still they have not done so as thoroughly as they have the coasts of civilized countries; and Jack always fears that there will be some shoal (where there is only forty fathoms at the best) that has been skipped over or missed, that will poke its ugly head far enough towards the surface to bring his vessel up all a-standing. I don't know as there is any particular danger for us, as we draw so little water in comparison with the great clipper ships; but, nevertheless, I shall be glad when we again get off soundings. You see, we only draw nine feet of water, and would escape many dangers that would pick up a larger vessel, drawing, as some



of them do, over twenty-seven feet. However, this is one of the risks that all sailors must take, and which none can avoid. The worst part of it is, that all the seas in this neighborhood are infested by a set of Malay pirates, and a vessel once shipwrecked here is rarely heard from again. Why, a century ago a fine English man-of-war went ashore over here to the eastward, on a coral reef, and, with all their crew and means for defence, were gradually exterminated by the thousand Malay phrows that surrounded them; and only a few of the crew, who had been held as slaves for years, finally escaped to carry the news home. The bay in which this happened is laid down on the chart to this day as Treacherous Bay."

"Well, those times have gone by now, Captain," said Mr. Frisbee.

"Yes; in a great degree," replied I, "but I shall be glad when we are out of the Java Sea;" and Mr. Frisbee and I descended the companion-way to breakfast.

As we sat at breakfast, I thought it a good time to have a little talk with our armorer, so I commenced as follows: "Mr. Frisbee, I have no desire to alarm you, and much less the ship's crew; but we are in a dangerous sea, and it behooves us to take all reasonable precautions against accident and disaster, and I am not going to be caught napping. I think it is time that we should thoroughly overhaul our armament, and see just how we stand as to ammuni-



tion and arms, and to-morrow I will assign the men to their stations and guns, so that if anything should happen, — for we are all in the hands of God, — we shall not be unprepared. We shall be in more or less danger from this day out, till we arrive at Woosung at the mouth of the river that leads to Shanghai, from the attacks of piratical craft, of Malays in these seas, and Chinese as we get farther north: not that I anticipate any trouble, but it is well to be prepared; and the chances are, that we shall not be annoyed, but we may be; nobody knows what is going to happen in these seas till it does happen. Have you a list of all our arms and amount of ammunition on hand? If I remember rightly, you made one some time ago.”

For answer, Mr. Frisbee rose from the table and went to his room, and in a moment returned with a small book in his hand, from which he read the following:—

Last inspection of the arms and equipment of the Maryland, made Monday, September 6.

2 Nine-pounders, both lashed firmly opposite their respective port-holes front of the forward house, and ready to be lifted on to the topgallant forecastle, if necessary, at a moment's notice; both in excellent condition, and supplied with plenty of ammunition in the magazine in the run aft, consisting of round shot, canister, and shrapnel.

1 Twelve-pound Dahlgren boat-howitzer, working on a slide on the quarter-deck aft, and commanding about



270° of a circle, furnished with shot, shell, time fuses, and primers, canister and grape, and plenty of cartridges, and in perfect condition for immediate use.

- 6 Sharp's carbines in the after-cabin, all in good order except one, which is slightly out of order as to the half-cock (but which the carpenter could repair in half an hour so Mr. Frisbee added).
- 6 U.S. muzzle-loading muskets with bayonets complete, in rack round mizzenmast. All in perfect order, but of not much use except at close quarters or to repel boarders.
- 14 Boarding-pikes in rack on partition between the two cabins, in fair order; a little rusty in spots, and some of the staffs slightly warped by the hot sea air and changes, but as a whole in good condition.
- 20 Cutlasses, U.S. pattern, short and heavy, and hung between the pikes, each with belt and scabbard, and in perfect order, and ready for immediate use.
- 2 Colt's belt-revolvers and 1 muzzle-loading, double-barrelled gun, all in good order. — Mr. Frisbee.
- 2 Colt's belt-revolvers and 1 muzzle-loading, double-barrelled gun, all in good order. — Captain Frisbee.
- 2 English duelling-pistols and 1 single-barrelled, muzzle-loading heavy duck-gun, all in complete order. — Mr. Cutter.
- 1 King's-arm, old but serviceable. — Carpenter.

Total, 3 pieces of ordnance, 22 guns, muskets, and pistols, 14 boarding-pikes, 20 cutlasses. — Grand Total, 59 weapons of offence and defence, not counting grains, harpoons, and the cook's hot water and tormentors, added Mr. Frisbee jokingly.



“Well, Mr. Frisbee,” said I, “I don’t think anybody need be ashamed of an armament like that, and, thanks to you, in such capital order and condition. Now, to-morrow I am going to restation all the men, and give them a little practice in case of emergency, so that we shall not be an easy prey, at least, to anybody who shall attempt to molest us.”

“Your precautions are very wise, Captain,” said Mr. Frisbee, “as they always are; and if we do get into a scrape, we shall not, at any rate, be caught napping, as you express it.”

After some more conversation with Mr. Frisbee, we both went on deck and enjoyed seeing the good bark plunge along with a fair wind on her way to Shanghai, and talked over the good times we had had while in Anjer. Evening came upon us, and we were still pushing along in great shape; and the night passed without any incident worthy of record. The next day the sun rose in splendor, and the wind still continued fair but light, and there could not be a better opportunity to arrange for our organization into a disciplined fighting crew; so I had a talk about it with Mr. Cutter and Mr. Jones, and told the former that there would be no afternoon watch below, and to keep all hands on deck after the crew had had their dinner at noon, and we would give each man a station and instruct him in his duty. The daily work went on as usual, and at noon we all went to dinner. After dinner I had every man



in the ship, except the man at the wheel, mustered on the main deck just abaft the mainmast, and from the break of the poop thus addressed them.

“My men, I have no desire to frighten anybody, or create any false alarm. Any one who attempts to make a passage through these seas, without taking precautions against piratical crafts, is a fool. We shall, no doubt, go clear, as most vessels do in these days; but I have no intention of not being prepared in case we do get into trouble. There is, of course, no trouble to be apprehended so long as we have wind and are under good headway; but north of here we shall fall into the region of calms, and if in the neighborhood of islands, are liable to be annoyed by the small but strongly manned phrows that infest these seas, who do not hesitate to attack any vessel that they think is poorly armed or unable to drive them off.

“Now, I desire, if we meet any such, they should learn, and that speedily, that they have tackled the wrong chicken. Easily beaten off if met by a firm front and plenty of ammunition, they become dangerous only when they perceive hesitation and want of discipline; that they shall never find in us, and it is for that reason I am going to take this afternoon in naming each to a station, so that in case of emergency each will know what to do, and do it cheerfully and willingly. Mr. Frisbee, please hand me the list you have in your hand.”



“ Ay, ay, Captain! here it is.”

“ Mr. Frisbee, you will take charge of the forward starboard gun; and I assign to you as a crew for the same, Hiram Strong, Antonio Sylvester, and Michael Flynn. You will, my men, obey any order given you by Mr. Frisbee the same as you would one from me. Mr. Frisbee, I shall give you great discretionary power in the management of this gun, except when you are acting under my own personal orders; and if at any time you shall deem it wise to haul the same up on to the topgallant forecastle, as a place of greater vantage, you are at liberty to do so; in short, I trust the gun and crew to you, knowing that you will make a good report of your charge should you ever be called upon to act, which God forbid.

“ Mr. Jones, you will have charge of the forward port gun, under the same instructions just given to Mr. Frisbee; and I assign to you as a crew for the same, George Albion, Hans Speiler, and Carl Sygnvalt. Of course, being an officer of this vessel, in any hand-to-hand attack, repelling of boarders, or any other emergency, you will take charge of the forward part of the vessel and the two guns' crews, whenever in united duty, and Mr. Frisbee will obey your commands.

“ Mr. Cutter, you will have charge of the Dahlgren howitzer aft, and I have not the slightest doubt but what you will give a good account of yourself if you are called upon. I assign you, as a crew to work the



same, Peter Ogley, Jacob Danze, and Louis Allonio, and Dee-Dong. You will notice that I have named four men, but it was for the very purpose of having each man know his station, and to which gun he belonged; but, as there must be one man at the wheel all the time, one gun will always be short one man, and I have named Dee-Dong, if not himself at the wheel, to be the person to take his position with the crew of that gun to which the helmsman belongs.

“Mr. Danbury, I place you in charge of all the ammunition, and, with Chineyboy to act as powder-monkey, you will see that all the big guns are quickly served, if getting short of ammunition, and that each is fully supplied with its outfit long before it is actually needed. You will also, in case of a call to quarters, assisted by the cook, have every boarding-pike and spare weapon brought out of the cabin, and placed round the fife-rail at the mainmast, ready to be used by the crew in each case of emergency. Upon a call to quarters, you will stand at the cabin door and distribute a cutlass to each person on board this vessel, and assist in strapping on the belts. Have your ammunition well in hand, keep the magazine under your own charge; here are the keys. Your charge is a very responsible one, but I have all confidence in you.

“Julius, I expect you, in case of a call, to fill all the vessels you can crowd on to your stove, including the ship’s coppers, with salt water, which you will



proceed to bring to a boiling heat just as quick as fuel will do it. Hot water, at times, judiciously sprinkled on persons attempting to board a craft, has a very depressing effect. In addition to this duty you will lend a hand in trimming sails, or assisting in any direction.

“ If I give an order at any time to make a change in our sails, or to perform any other absolutely necessary duty, it is understood that one man only from each gun shall respond, and that these, re-enforced by the cook, carpenter, and Chineyboy, shall perform the duty as quickly as possible, and immediately return to their respective stations.

“ And now, my men, I can only hope that we shall never have to make use of any of these tactics; but, to perfect and protect ourselves, I am going to put them into immediate practice.” And turning to Mr. Cutter without a moment's notice, or pause in my speech, I said, “ Mr. Cutter, call all hands to quarters, and clear for action ! ”

But he was ready for me, as were the crew; and his cheerful “ Ay, ay, sir,” and “ Clear the ship for action,” was heard from one end of the ship to the other.

And now commenced a seeming confusion where there was perfect system. Julius darted for his galley, in his haste knocking down Chineyboy, and bumping his own head against the top of his own door, as he plunged in and commenced heating water



to be served out to imaginary bloodthirsty boarders of the Malay persuasion. Carpenter rushed for his magazine, and also armed the men with cutlasses as they came aft. The captains of the guns had their crews around them, and in less than five minutes the Maryland was in good fighting trim, and every man at his station. Mr. Frisbee with his gun and crew appeared on the topgallant forecastle with their gun in position, and each man armed with a cutlass; Mr. Jones and his crew, all in good order, on the port side; carpenter in the waist with the boarding-pikes and muskets about him, still sending the hurrying Chineyboy to and from the magazine; and on the quarter-deck, Mr. Cutter and his crew with the pet gun all ready for action. It was a grand sight, and gave us confidence in each other. Before being dismissed, the men at all the big guns were instructed for over an hour, in pantomime, loading and firing off their guns. The crews were small, but, commanded by the intelligence of Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Cutter, I looked upon them with pride and a feeling that they could be depended upon if needed. Suffice it to say here, that on several occasions I had regular practice with the big guns, during the next week or two, and that we became quite expert. On this occasion, the men were dismissed with a compliment for their promptness and intelligence; and thus was the Maryland turned into a little man-of-war.

We sailed on towards our destination, and had no



trouble from friend or foe; but I never regretted that I had taken all the precautions possible. We finally had run into the region of calms, of which I have spoken; and one afternoon we had the following adventure, which served to break the monotony of our voyage, and is, I think, worthy of record.

The sea was like molten lead, and, with the exception of the long, glassy rollers, the breathing of the ocean, which never ceases, was in a state of absolute calm, upon which the sun cast down its flaming rays. We lay becalmed, like unto the "ancient mariner," "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." The only air stirring was that caused by the slight rolling of the bark as the unbroken glassy billows of water passed under her keel, giving her a slight cant in some direction, which, as she again found her equilibrium, would cause the sleeping sails to belly out for a moment with the wind made by themselves, and then sink back again, to sleep till the next glassy roller struck her side.

Hot! why, that was no name for it. The pitched seams of the deck were opened with the heat, and little streams of exuding melted tar demonstrated the intensity of the sun's rays. We had been lying in this state for over twenty-four hours, and were all heartily sick of the deadly calm, both we of the quarter-deck and of the forecastle also.

After all hands had had dinner, the question was, what to do with the remainder of the day to pass



away the time ; but as I came up the companion-way from the cabin, I heard the cry, so familiar to all sailors, "There she blows !" "There she blows !" and, sure enough, way out towards the southern horizon could be discerned a multitude of black objects coming to the surface for a moment, and then disappearing, and the whole herd evidently making headway in the direction in which we lay.

"Why, what are they, Captain ?" asked Mr. Frisbee.

"Blackfish, I think," as I looked through my glass, and added, "as large a school as I have ever seen. There must be thousands of them. Look at them, Mr. Frisbee," said I, as I handed the glass to him.

Now, Mr. Frisbee was always ready for any kind of sport or pastime that called for skill, courage, and pluck, as you well know.

"I hope they'll come this way. Isn't there some way, Captain, that we might capture one ?" asked he.

"Possibly," said I ; "but they are ugly creatures, and have the name of being harder to handle than a right whale. They always sound when struck, and run out all the line attached to the harpoon. Whalers, as a rule, let them severely alone, as they often-times cost as much in loss of tackle as they are worth in oil.

"How much oil will one of them give ?" inquired Mr. Frisbee.

"Well, about two barrels, I believe. Some, how-



ever, give more. They are queer-looking things out of water. Some sailors call them cow-fish. They are certainly of the whale family; that is, they are an animal rather than a fish, and must, like the whale, come to the surface to blow, or breathe. They average from ten to fifteen feet in length. You see, they do not spout any water to speak of, but you hear distinctly that puffing noise that they make as they come up and discharge the exhausted air in their lungs and take in a new supply. They are coming this way fast."

"Why not lower a boat, Captain, and have some fun with them?" said Mr. Frisbee. "We can cut adrift from them if we find that they are too strong."

"Well, I certainly have no objection;" for I was as ready as Mr. Frisbee for any fun or excitement; and, turning to the mate, I said, "Get ready to lower the quarter-boat, Mr. Cutter, and get two of the hands to man her. Get three or four coils of our spare stun'-sail gear lines and bend them together and put in her, and bend the lines on to the harpoon. Mr. Frisbee and myself will go below and get a rifle or two to take with us, to give them a shot."

The quarter-boat was duly lowered over the side, and the crew jumped down and took their seats at the two oars. A boat less qualified for whale-hunting could not be conceived.

We shortly afterward appeared on deck with two rifles, and after we had descended to the boat a second



harpoon was handed to Mr. Frisbee; and I took the precaution to furnish myself with a hatchet, that I placed in the bow of the boat, to cut the line if our prey that we expected to hook on to, should sound too deeply and take out all the stun'sail lines, and then try to drag the boat under after it.

By this time, the fish were all about us, passing the vessel on both sides. In fact, the last of the school seemed to have passed by as we pushed off.

I placed myself in the bow of the boat, and Mr. Frisbee took the steering-oar at the stern, and the men gave way. Presently the animals began to come to the surface in a lazy manner quite near to us, and we paused to get a shot with the rifle; and Mr. Frisbee "punked" two of them, but it seemed to have little effect; they only threw up their flukes and disappeared, and evidently were not stricken in any vital part, or if so, they did not come to the surface after having died. Finding that nothing could be done by shooting at them, the rifles were put aside, and the boat started in pursuit to permit me to put an iron into one if possible.

The pure ocean water was as clear as crystal, and the blackfish could be seen coming to the surface long before they reached it.

For some time none presented themselves in quite the right position, although they broke water alongside and to the right and left of the boat. I wanted one to come up right in advance of the boat, so that



I could heave the iron right into his back and have the boat start fair.

Finally, I saw one coming to the surface, who would arrive in just the very spot that I wanted him; so I braced myself as well as possible, with one knee against the rail of the boat, cast an eye upon the hatchet lying at my feet, with a sheath-knife beside it, and called out to the crew to see that the line aft was all clear for running, and to look out and not get their arms and legs caught in the coils as the rope was running out, and made ready with the harpoon pointed, to make the fatal dart, when, all in a moment, I lost my balance and fell over almost backwards into the boat, the harpoon flying out of my hand as if it had been struck by lightning.

I quickly got on my feet, and turning with surprise and anger to see what had happened in the boat to give it such a lurch and shock as to upset me, in the dead calm and smooth water we were floating on, my eyes fell upon Mr. Frisbee in the stern-sheets, with his heels in the air, trying to get up from out of the bottom of the boat, where he had evidently been thrown by some shock, and clinging on with desperation to the handle of the steering-oar, the other end of which, to my amazement, appeared out of the water minus any blade, and the end chopped and broken off in some unaccountable manner. As soon as Mr. Frisbee could regain his seat and breath, for the handle of the oar had knocked the breath out of



him, he stated to me, that, just as I was about to strike, something had driven itself with violence against the end of his oar, bitten it half off, and pushed the handle so hard against his breast, that he had been capsized into the bottom of the boat, and, in his fall, had disturbed the equilibrium of the boat enough to upset me also. "Now, what was it, Captain? It could not be a blackfish, could it?" questioned Mr. Frisbee.

"Blackfish! Frisbee," said I, "blackfish! why, look there! look there! If ever I saw a regular old man-eater, why, there's one at least ten feet long."

And as I spoke, a shark quickly showed himself alongside the boat, with his dorsal fin at least a foot out of the water, and proceeded to champ his jaws together under water, from which escaped splinters of the broken oar at each movement of his jaw, which, being released, floated to the surface. Mr. Shark evidently found that old, seasoned, hard ash was not very good eating, and was spitting his huge mouthful out in detail after chewing it over. He came quite near to the boat, and then sheered off for a short distance, and looking about, Mr. Frisbee exclaimed: "Why, Captain, we are in a perfect school of sharks." And so we were. Their fins could be seen in every direction astern of us, cutting the smooth, calm water.

"Well," said I, "I have heard of this thing before from whalers, but never beheld it. It is said that



wolves hang on the flanks of the herds of buffalo in the great West, and follow them at a respectful distance in all their wanderings, and when one of them is taken ill or is wounded by its companions, they rush in and devour it. A whaler says that sharks act just the same with schools of blackfish and whales.

“Why, there must be at least twenty-five in sight now,” said I; “and what in the world is Cutter trying to do on board of the ship, up top there on the wheel-house throwing a harpoon?” And we all turned to look; and sure enough, there was the mate, Mr. Cutter, and all hands hold of a harpoon line and fast to something.

“If one of those fellows comes alongside again,” said Mr. Frisbee, who was not a bit scared, but only excited, “I’m going to give him this iron, man-eater or no man-eater.”

“Well, you may as well,” said I; “for you don’t catch me striking any blackfish and having the boat capsized with those fellows tangled in among our legs. They may bite in spite of my theory.”

Soon afterwards the old fellow who had tried to digest the oar-blade came again alongside, and so near that you could put your hand down and touch him; and here comes the strangest part of my yarn, and proves how tough his hide was and how tough my yarn is, but it is true. Mr. Frisbee stood up over that shark with a good harpoon, fitted with a heavy



oaken staff, and let drive full at his back, not one foot under water, and drew the weapon back into the boat with the iron bent in the shape of the letter U. The force of the blow had been great enough to double up the iron, and yet the shark's hide was so thick that it had failed to penetrate.

To our amazement he only sheered off a short distance, and forged ahead towards the bow of the boat where I was stationed; and warned by the effect of the blow that Mr. Frisbee had given, I stooped down and aimed my harpoon under water at the white side of the old man-eater, and thrust with all my might.

The strike was successful, and such a splashing and thrashing you never saw. The men gave way, and we pulled for the ship; and when we arrived we passed a bowline round the tail of our enemy and hoisted him on deck, when he turned out not to be a *him*, but a *her*; for in dissecting her we found eight young sharks, each alive and well-formed, of about one foot in length, the handsomest creatures you ever saw. The parent in dying made the whole ship quiver in her lashings, which were as nimble as would be made by a trout ten inches long; but when her ton of flesh leaped up and came down again upon the deck, things jarred, and it was with considerable danger to legs and limbs that she was finally despatched with handspikes. We did *not* find any sailor's old boots, or tarpaulin hats, or false teeth, or



gold watches, but we did go through with this adventure just as I have related it.

Mr. Cutter, the mate, had a smaller one on deck also; and around about the stern were several playing about a shark-hook, baited with pork, with which they were too wise to meddle, however; and at least three bore white marks upon their backs where Mr. Cutter had spotted them with the iron. We dropped the boat astern; and Mr. Frisbee, adopting the new tactics, leaned over and put the iron through the side of one of them in the same manner as I had captured the first, and we soon had it hoisted on deck; but this ended our fun, for all pastimes at sea end when the wind comes after a calm; and as a slight breeze began to ripple the waters, the boat was hoisted in, and I caused the sails to be trimmed to catch the favoring breeze, and in half an hour the Maryland was booming along under starboard stun'-sails set alow and aloft.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

ATTACKED BY CHINESE PIRATES OFF GUTZLAFF.—ARRIVE  
SAFELY AT WOOSUNG. — END OF THE VOYAGE.

AFTER our famous fight with the blackfish and sharks, we sailed on for several days with nothing occurring of enough interest to put before my readers. The daily routine of the vessel went on quietly, and we were rapidly nearing our destination. In a week's more time, with the usual changes that one expects at sea, good weather and bad, we had left the much-dreaded Sea of Java far astern of us, and, in a week more, were creeping up along the coast of China by Hong Kong, Chefoo, Swatow, and leaving the Pescadore Islands and beautiful Formosa on our starboard hand, were heading up for Woosung at the mouth of the river of that name, up which, distant only nine miles, lay the flourishing city of Shanghai, for which we were bound. We were, in fact, only a day's sail from our port, with Video Island and the peak of Gutzlaff in plain sight just as the sun went down. Yes, we had passed through the Java Sea without any mishap or being molested in any way. To be sure, we had seen at times many Malay phrows, and some that looked extremely suspicious; and



upon one occasion, when two or three were in sight during a short calm, I had even thought it expedient to have a little big-gun practice on that occasion, as a notice to them of what they might expect, should they perchance dream of attacking us. A few practice-shots from our big guns not only prevented them from the attempt, if they had thought of it, but after the very first shot they all got out their oars and sweeps, and pulled rapidly away over the smooth bosom of the ocean, in a westerly direction, and were soon lost to view; and we were not sorry to see them disappear.

Although we had not been attacked, I had not for a moment regretted our practice with the guns, or regretted a pound of the powder that we had burned; and we had had some splendid practice during the last three weeks. We, of course, had been seeing Chinese junks for the last ten days, and were becoming perfectly familiar with the clumsy tubs that passed us on their way up and down the coast on their voyages from port to port. As the sun went down on this particular night, there were several in sight, but none very near, and the little wind we had was fast dying away in fainter and fainter puffs. Mr. Cutter had been the oracle on board the Maryland for the last week or two, for it must be remembered by the reader, that he once commanded the famous opium schooner Nankin in these very seas; and his opinion upon the Junks, or any other strange thing we saw, was accepted as Gospel.



Before the sun set I noticed, as did Mr. Frisbee, that the mate looked long and several times with his marine glasses at a group of three small junks that lay in under Gutzlaff, and at least five miles distant. I remembered afterwards that Mr. Frisbee asked him what he was looking at so hard, and what there was about them that attracted him so much.

"They are not pirates, Mr. Cutter, are they," asked Mr. Frisbee derisively, "within one day's sail of Shanghai?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Cutter. "I can't tell at this distance, but you may rest assured that the vicinity of Shanghai has nothing to do with keeping away pirates; and the simple truth is, that there is no more dangerous spot, or a more likely place to meet the devils, than under the shadow of yonder volcano, where they often rendezvous. I did hope, Captain Frisbee," said he, turning to me, "that this breeze would have held, and put us into the Woosung by to-morrow evening, but it has died completely out. Now, I don't like the 'cut of the jib' of those fellows, and I hope they won't be there in the morning. They certainly are not merchantmen junks, and they have a rakish look that I don't like. It may be, however," added Mr. Cutter, "that they are only fast despatch boats on their way down the coast; and as they always go armed, and are of the same size as the piratical craft of these latitudes, it is very difficult to tell one from the other."



All this was distinctly remembered, as I walked the quarter-deck, in the early evening, after supper, with the Maryland swaying to starboard and port in a dead calm. It was dreadfully annoying. Here we were within one day's short sail of our port, lying "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean," with not a breath of wind to fill our sails. And then, to be "so near and yet so far;" to have almost completed my labor successfully, and to find myself stopped at the very threshold of the "Haven of Rest," and not know what a day might bring forth on the treacherous and unstable ocean. I was moody and distrait, and brooded. Not so my companions, the mates, and Mr. Frisbee: they joked and laughed in a manner to jar upon my nerves. They were all anxious to arrive, as anxious as I possibly; but they accepted the inevitable with much more philosophy. And if Mr. Cutter had ever had any suspicions about the small junks in the offing, he had, with a sailor's carelessness, evidently thrown them off his mind. However, nothing occurred to arouse my suspicions in any way; and at about ten o'clock I went below, leaving the deck in charge of Mr. Jones, the second officer, it being still a dead calm.

I could not rest well, and came on deck several times during the night to see if there was any change in the weather, or if it looked like a breeze springing up from any quarter. I had a foreboding that we were about to meet with some disaster, or get into



some trouble before long. I suppose the nearness of my port and the termination of my voyage had a depressing effect upon me, as we lay thrashing about in a dead calm, instead of advancing.

I got some sleep during the night, but was on deck in the morning just as the daylight was commencing to appear, and found Mr. Cutter in charge, and just a faint air filling the sails of the Maryland.

Mr. Cutter was, in spite of the duskiess that still surrounded us, occupied in trying with his marine glasses to find the suspicious junks of last night. After peering about for quite a while, he turned to me, and said, "Call all hands, Captain Frisbee: we are in for a very bad scrape, I am afraid. Those three devils we saw last night are not taking advantage of the light air, that is barely filling our sails, to go about their business, but have used it only to place themselves, one, dead ahead there not a mile distant; and there are the other two, — one on our starboard hand, and the other on our port, at about the same distance; and they would be nearer," added he, "were it not that the calm has prevented them from advancing. For once, Captain, you may be glad of a calm, for I pronounce them pirates; and were it not for this calm, and for the fact that they never carry boats to board with, but always lay you alongside, we should have had our throats cut this very night that has just passed. Yes, call all hands, Captain, and at once, for we are in dire extremity."



Mr. Cutter had hardly ceased speaking before my voice and his rang out together, "All hands ahoy! All hands ahoy! Pirates! Pirates! Tumble up here, men! All hands on deck! Every man to his station! Clear away the guns! Prepare for action!" were the orders that fell fast and furious from my lips, as the crew came tumbling onto the deck, wondering what on earth had happened; but sailor-like, quick to understand in any emergency, took in the situation in a moment, and with a gallant cheer rushed each man to the station and gun to which he had been assigned. Finding themselves unmasked, our cheer was answered by the most unearthly heathen screeches and shrieks from the three different junks.

"Open your magazine, carpenter!" sang out I. "Hurry up! hurry up! there's no time to lose. Where's that powder-monkey of a Chineyboy?"

"Alle light, Claptain," answered the young Satan, as he dashed out of the cabin-door with his arms full of cartridges for the forward guns, as ready to fight his own countrymen as any Jack Tar of us all.

Dee-Dong happened to be at the wheel; and, turning to him, I said, "Keep her off a little, Dee-Dong." To which he replied with his French accent, "No posseeble, Capitaine; wind too leetle, not one leetle bit."

And casting my eyes aloft, I saw that the faint air, which caressed our sails a few moments before, had



entirely died out, and the Maryland lay without steerageway on the bosom of the ocean.

In the mean while, the mates and crew and Mr. Frisbee had not been idle. Mr. Frisbee already had his gun on the to'gallant forecastle; the smoke was pouring out of the cook's funnel, showing that he had not forgotten about the hot water; the first and second mates stood surrounded by their crews at their guns, already charged, and were fast belting on the cutlasses handed them by the carpenter. We at least had not been surprised by the heathens.

Mr. Cutter had, during the voyage, often told us about the stink-pots made of sulphur and other suffocating materials that the Chinese always attempt to throw upon the deck of their enemy to drive the crew below before boarding, and that the stench of these pots was such as no man could endure. He had also told us that the tactics of these pirates was always to board if possible, trusting in their superior numbers to overwhelm the crew. We also knew that these stink-pot throwers were stationed in the rigging, ready to light their infernal missiles, and to throw them upon the deck of their enemy if they could sheer near enough to him to have them reach, and then to tack, and stand back again to board a few moments after they had done their work. We also knew that these craft were very swift in smooth water, and that they would have no difficulty in outsailing the Maryland in a light air; but, thank God, we knew also



that they did not carry sweeps like the Malay phrows, and could not advance without wind any more than the Maryland could.

Knowing all this, the mate had long ago prepared for the only resistance that can be made to prevent the stink-pots from being effective ; and that was to plug up the hawse-holes and scuppers on the main deck with wooden plugs made for this very purpose, and which were now being put in place by the carpenter ; and Mr. Frisbee's crew on the topgallant forecastle had already started the head pump, and were commencing to flood the main deck an inch or two deep with water, into which, if the stink-pots reached us, they would fall, and be extinguished before they could do any harm. This was the best defence that had yet been found against these devilish weapons of offence of this cruel nation. There was one more method also that Mr. Frisbee and I had often discussed to defend ourselves against stink-pots ; and that was to fire with rifles at every man that appeared in the enemy's rigging, the moment they came into range, and make it extremely sultry for any one to even prepare to cast these deadly and effective missiles. We were now, apparently, to have a chance, without desiring it, of testing this method. And the reality seemed much more serious than the imaginative fights that we so often had had in the cabin of the old Maryland. However, there was not the slightest



doubt but what this very talking the matter over had prepared us for the reality.

During the time that we were beating to quarters, and getting into shape, the daylight had been coming fast, and each moment proved that we had not misjudged our opponents, although their fiendish yells had already exposed them. And now was borne across the waters a din of beaten gongs, terrible enough to waken the dead, and which would have been almost unbearable had it not been softened by distance; and amidst all this uproar and riot sounded the first gun of offence, fired by the junk on our starboard beam, which lay nearer to us than her consorts; and we were very glad to hear it and watch it; at least, Mr. Cutter and myself were, for we were anxious to know the size of her cannon and their range.

“Just as I thought,” said Mr. Cutter; “nothing but little nasty four-pounders. Those craft can’t carry any bigger guns, or they would be shook into splinters.” And the mate broke into a hearty laugh, as the shot splashed harmlessly into the ocean five hundred yards away.

“Captain Frisbee, those devils have been led into attacking us on account of our small size, thinking we will be an easy prize,” continued the mate; “but they never made a bigger mistake in their lives. The greatest danger lies in their attempting to board; and you can thank God for this calm, Captain Frisbee, or I fear it would be all up with us.”



“How many guns do they carry, Mr. Cutter? Can you make out with your glass?”

“Easily, Captain Frisbee, the usual number, three on each side. They are in the same old trim they used to be when I used to fight them. They don’t change much, sir; but I don’t know as I was ever in so bad a scrape as this,” added the mate ruefully.

“Mr. Cutter, have the American ensign hoisted at the mizzen-peak. They shall at least see the colors of the nation they are attacking; and this vessel is going to sink or swim with those colors floating at the peak.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” answered Mr. Cutter; and the flag of our beloved country was soon run up to the gaff-end, and was saluted with a gallant cheer by the crew, and by a derisive yell from the enemy, and a renewal of gong-banging.

“How many men do those craft usually carry, Mr. Cutter?”

“About sixty to eighty men, Captain.”

“So many as that?”

“Yes, sir. They are small craft, but they crowd them with men for the purpose of being strong to board, in which lies their greatest strength.”

“Take all hands, Mr. Cutter, and get the long-boat out of her chocks and off the forward house, and launch her. I am going to give these devils a lesson they will not soon forget. Thank God, there is no



wind, and they cannot board us; and I am going to take advantage of it, and sink them one by one where they lie. Get the boat overboard at once, sir, and then we will lower the Dahlgren howitzer into her, which was intended when cast, for this very kind of boat service; and I want you to lay just outside of the range of that villain on our starboard beam, and pummel him with shot and shell till he sinks where he lies. The force of numbers is too overwhelming if they should be able to board, so we must teach them this Yankee trick."

My orders and speech were received with a rousing cheer; and in half an hour the long-boat with its gun and crew, including Dee-Dong, who was no longer needed at the wheel, there not being a breath of air, was floating peacefully alongside, awaiting my final orders.

"Mr. Cutter," said I, "you will carry out the orders I have just given you, but must not hesitate one moment in returning to the bark if I cause three muskets to be fired in rapid succession. If the slightest breeze springs up, these devils will of course stand down upon us, and attempt to board; and in that case we must have every man on board. Do not stop to fire one single shot after you hear the recall; and now give way, and may God be with you! I give you just one half-hour to sink that pirate" (pointing to the one on the starboard hand), "and then we will attend to the others."



And amidst the cheers of the remaining crew they pushed off.

There was no great danger in the expedition or to us, up to this time ; but if there should come up the slightest breeze of wind, I did not see how we could escape being all slaughtered.

The boat pulled out gallantly by the bows of the Maryland, having been launched on the port side, manned with the following crew: Mr. Cutter, the chief mate, in full command, Peter Ogley, Jacob Danze, Louis Allonio, Dee-Dong, and the Chineyboy to help pass cartridges.

When the enemy saw the boat, which headed directly for them, they at first mistook her purpose, and supposed that we were foolish enough to attempt to board them with a handful of men ; but they were soon undeceived, and evidently made out the big gun in the bows and surmised what we were at. They at once attempted to get the junk end on to the advancing boat, by the use of all sorts of light bamboos and pieces of wood, by paddling alongside ; and their craft was so small, not over fifty feet in length, that she gradually turned her stern towards the long-boat. Before doing this, however, they let rip their three port guns ; and that was exactly what Mr. Cutter desired, for it showed him how near he could advance and still be out of range, and I told him before he started to be very careful on this score, and not to take any chances, as the superiority of the



howitzer would permit him to lie off in perfect security and pound her. By placing his stern to the boat the pirate had done the best thing that he could do under the circumstances, and had materially lessened his chances of being hit; on the other hand, he had increased his chances of being terribly raked should a shot or shell strike him.

Mr. Cutter kept calmly on till he considered himself within the right distance, and we watched every motion from the deck of the Maryland. Taking in the oars, and putting Louis Allonio at an oar at the stern to keep the boat's head pointed steadily, we saw him stoop down and sight the gun, and a moment later pull the lanyard. The first shot, a time-fuse shell, was elevated too high, went quite wide of its mark, and exploded six hundred yards beyond the junk. Nothing discouraged, we saw the gun rapidly loaded and again discharged, and with much better aim and less time-fuse. I knew that none better than Mr. Cutter appreciated the desperation of our situation, and that he would lose no time. I also knew that he was perfectly familiar with big guns, was the crack shot of the ship in that direction, and could teach us all our ABC's in gunnery, and I had faith in God and in him.

The third shell was better yet, although the junk was not hit; but the time-fuse was perfect, and the shell burst not twenty feet away from the starboard side of the junk, and the flying pieces did some little



execution amongst the crew, as was shown oy the confusion amongst them.

I wondered why Mr. Cutter did not use solid shot instead of shell, till it flashed over me what his motive was. It is never so calm at sea but what a vessel, from some unknown cause, if left to herself, will turn round and round, and point to every degree of the horizon, slowly, but certainly; and it was proved in this very instance, for the Maryland, that lay nearly broadside on to the long-boat when she started, was now with her stern pointed in the same direction, and we were all looking over the stern to see the fight. Yes, it was all as plain as day. Mr. Cutter was, by means of his shells, preventing the pirate from paddling his craft's head in a given direction, and waiting for the inevitable moment when she should swing side on, to put in his solid shot and sink her. All he could do now was to make good enough practice with his shell to frighten the pirates down under the small bulwarks they had, and to desist from attempting to keep their craft end on. The boat could easily be kept in position by a sweep of the steering-oar held by Allonio. Mr. Cutter must have fired at least ten shells before he hit the junk; but finally a lucky one hit her plum in the stern, carrying away her mizzenmast, if one can give any name to the smaller and sternmost of her three masts, exploded in the midst of the pirate crew, and evidently did enormous damage to the craft, and



we involuntarily burst into a hearty cheer as we saw the result. A better shot was never fired, and Mr. Cutter turned towards the bark and waved his hat, as if to say, "What do you think of that, Captain?" which brought forth another cheer from us. Did I have any pity for these pirates whom we were destroying? Not any. I cannot pollute these pages with a recital of the awful deeds that have been committed upon peaceful merchantmen in the Chinese seas, by these demons in human form, cruelties and tortures beyond the conception of civilized minds, and always ending in death. No! I had not the slightest pity for them; and, as the sequel will show, they had none for us, and would have butchered every one of us had the opportunity been afforded them. After the master-shot of the mate, whether from the loss of her aftermast or from some other cause, the junk began to drift slightly so as to bring her side on, slowly to be sure, but by degrees, and Mr. Cutter at once, as I supposed he would, began to pound her with round shot.

This kind of shooting was more simple than the shell practice, and after a few shots the mate got the range perfectly, and hulled her at nearly every shot; putting in a shell once in a while, which he was enabled to use with great success, for she had finally drifted broadside to, and presented a fair mark. The guns had long since been dismounted by the several shells that had burst on board, or else



were deserted by the cowardly crew, and, taking up the oars, Mr. Cutter pulled nearer to her to get a better mark and finish his work sooner. I was sorry to see him do this, as I feared he might meet with some accident. Still he was fairly prudent and stopped at a reasonable distance, and fired three admirable shots that made the enemy reel and evidently nearly finished her. We were so intent on watching her destruction that no one had noticed the state of the weather till good, honest Mr. Jones spoke up and said, "Captain, do you see that cat's-paw astern?" I turned instantly. Good God! there was the wind springing up, and dotting the face of the molten waters with wrinkles of indigo blue.

"Fire the signal of recall, Mr. Jones," and the words were hardly out of my mouth than the muskets exploded. "Take the wheel, Albion. Lay aft here, everybody, brace up the main-yard! Keep her dead for the long-boat, Albion. Well of all! Lay forward and brace in the head yards. Steady as you go, Albion!" and the Maryland paid off slowly before the faint air, and pointed for the long-boat, but at a snail's pace.

Mr. Cutter had been obedient, and was pulling towards us with all his crew's strength, understanding the emergency and danger perfectly. Not so with our enemies. As they noted the light air advancing, and ruffling the bosom of old ocean, the most unearthly yells filled the air, and the racket of the gongs again saluted our ears.



Now for their revenge. Now was their time to avenge the attack on their consort. God help us! what were we to do against these fiends incarnate? Both of the junks headed towards their sinking comrade the moment a breath of air filled their bamboo-mat sails. But the breeze was so light that they made little or no headway. Not so with Mr. Cutter; straining every nerve, the gallant crew soon met the slowly advancing Maryland, and the gun and boat were quickly hoisted on board, and we made all sail to try to escape, while the enemy headed to the rescue of their consort, as I have said; but Mr. Cutter's practice had been too perfect. Five minutes after the long-boat was on deck, and before it was stowed, we were called to the side to see our late enemy sink into a watery grave, and none of her consorts within a mile of her to aid her.

The moment the pirate went down the two remaining junks turned their attention to us, for it is against the tenets of their religion to assist any one who is drowning. It is a meddling with the designs of Joss. "Joss put him in, let Joss get him out." So they were coolly left to their fate.

And now it seemed as if our hour had come. Here were two crafts left, manned with at least one hundred and forty fiends, who knew not what the word mercy meant, who had not the slightest conception of that attribute; to fall into the hands of whom was not only death, but torture. If there was ever an incen-



tive given to men to fight to the death, we had it. We could not escape, and every man was put upon his mettle to fight till the last drop of his blood was spilled, rather than to surrender. And to encourage the men to fight to the last, I told them what they might expect: no mercy, and horrible torture; and that the knowledge of this ought to make the veriest coward that ever lived a brave man, in spite of himself, at least for once.

In the mean while the wind had freshened and blew from the north, giving both our opponents the weather gage. When I say freshened, I mean that the bark was moving with possibly a three-knot breeze to the eastward, which brought the enemy who was ahead of us on our port beam, and the one that was on our port beam dead astern. I did not try to escape, that was of no use. The breeze was perfect for the pirate junks: and they were evidently burning to avenge the destruction of their consort, and were making all speed possible to board us, feeling, as well they might, that, once on our decks, one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty men would make quick work with seventeen men all told, even if they were *Fan-qui-loos* (white devils). If we were to escape, it could only be by God's aid and by skilful seamanship, and I bent all my energies to the task. The pirate astern of us was gaining rapidly, and was within a half a mile of us, while the one on our port beam, running down before the wind, was fully as



near; but I had by my manœuvre of standing to the eastward, placed them both bows on to us, so that they could not use their guns, all their armament being broadside four-pounders; this in itself was a great advantage, and I used it for all it was worth.

“Mr. Frisbee, get your gun over to the port side as quick as possible, and throw solid shot at that rascal on our beam: he must be within range. Elevate your gun, shoot high and at his rigging only. He lies too low for you to hull him, and is too far distant for your shot to penetrate much; but if you can bring down any of his sails or masts it will prevent him from boarding us. Fire away, sir; let him have it.” And boom went the gun, but the shot fell short.

“Follow him up, Mr. Jones, with your gun, and load and fire as fast as you can. Don’t waste a moment; everything depends upon your disabling him.

“Mr. Cutter, if the Dahlgren is in position, give that fellow astern a taste of its quality in the shape of a shell with a five-second fuse, and see how he likes it.

“Cook, is that water hot?”

“Awful hot, Captain.”

“Well, see you keep it so. You may have to issue it out in small rations to these heathen Chinees before long.”

For the next thirty minutes we banged at the two rapidly advancing junks with our big guns, but without doing them any seeming damage.



At last, when I was almost in despair, and would have sold my life for a song, the mate with his usual luck, or, to use a better term, splendid skill, fired a shell that seemed to break right over the bows of the junk astern of us, and we waited in agony to see if some important injury had not been done her; but no, still she came sailing on with her great mat sails full of the light breeze, seemingly unhurt. My heart came into my mouth, and the tears into my eyes, in despair; and I could not see well enough to understand Mr. Cutter, who cried out, —

“I knew I hit him! There it goes, there it goes! Over she goes! You can’t stop it, you heathen devils! Let her rip!” said he, with a whoop and three cheers, in which all the crew joined, as the great mainsail of the junk fell over the side, mast and all, drawing the hull into the trough of the sea, where it lay a dismasted wreck, unable to do us the slightest injury.

“Hard up with the wheel, and keep her dead before it! This brought our only remaining enemy right astern.

“My men, we have with God’s help, so far, been able to keep these hounds from boarding us, but we can prevent it no longer; that junk astern will, in fifteen minutes more, be on our quarter, and will board us in spite of all we can do to prevent it, unless we can stop her by some lucky shot. I want you, Mr. Jones, and you, Mr. Frisbee, to load your



guns with shrapnel, and stand ready to fire when I give the word; for in a moment or two more, when she gets a little nearer, I will give the Maryland a sheer, so that your guns can be brought to bear. Peg away at her, Mr. Cutter; don't waste a minute, in loading. Mr. Frisbee, the moment you have fired your gun, grab a rifle, and help me pick off the stink-pot throwers if they have any. Ay, there they go, three of them, up the bamboo brails of the foremast. I will take care of them, Mr. Frisbee, and you look out for others at the mainmast head. Ay, there they go aloft. And now, my men, repel these devils if they attempt to board, if you expect to escape the torments of hell. Chuck in some canister, Mr. Cutter, and give her your last shot. Quick, sir, quick; for I am going to lay the Maryland across his bows, and rake him once at least, after you have given him your dose. Are you ready? then, in God's name, let him have it." And the canister of the Dahlgren threw the water into foam round and about the advancing junk, now not two hundred yards distant, raking her fearfully; but still she kept desperately on with all her spars intact.

"Down with the wheel! hard down! Don't get her aback!"

"Hard down it is, sir."

"Steady."

"Steady it is, sir."

And the Maryland was laid across the bows of the



oncoming junk, not one hundred yards distant with not a gun that they could bring to bear on us; while Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Jones stood like veterans waiting for the word to fire.

“Aim low, depress your guns. Are you ready? then FIRE!” With a crash the well-aimed shrapnel swept the decks of the pirate craft.

“Keep her off! Keep her off! cried I, as the foremast of the junk went by the board. And in a moment more we should have slipped away unharmed, but the Maryland was too slow in minding her helm in the light air, and the impetus of the junk was such, and her huge mainsail still drawing, that with a crash she hit us just abaft the fore-chains on the port side; and as she did so, over went her mainmast across our deck, luckily injuring no one.

“All hands to repel boarders! Keep her dead before it, Albion, and mind your wheel solely. Don’t let her get aback for God’s sake.”

When the guns fired by Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Jones exploded, from the shrieks of anguish and despair, one would have thought that there was not a living soul left on board to fight us. But when their mainsail fell across our deck, they knew, as well as we, that it was war to the death, and that we could not be parted till one or the other was exterminated. And out of the hull of that miserable craft poured, or attempted to pour, a stream of half-naked savages; armed with ugly-looking knives, at least a foot-



long, and pikes and spears ; to the number of at least forty.

And now commenced a most desperate hand to hand fight. The pirates had no place to retreat to, and we had to overpower them or die. Luckily no stink-pots were used ; the fall of the foremast and mainmast had stopped all that business, and Mr. Frisbee and myself had no opportunity to try our skill with the rifle on men perched in the rigging, and we had no fear of their being used now, for they would suffocate the pirates just as much as we. No ! we had deadlier work on hand, as we rushed to the fore-rigging armed with all our weapons of offence. We fought the best we knew how ; and in the *mêlée*, hard blows were given and taken and blood began to flow freely. But the number of the pirates was so great, that they finally obtained a footing, and step by step we were forced back to the quarter-deck by these fiends, leaving the carpenter and cook unfortunately behind us, barred in, however, safely for the present in the galley, from which the pirates were unable to dislodge them. Chineyboy lay dead on the deck with a knife through his heart, and Peter Ogley, whom we had dragged aft with us, lay dying on the after-house. Mr. Cutter had a slash down the side of his face, and Mr. Frisbee a flesh wound in his thigh, not, however, deep or dangerous ; nearly all of us bore some slight wound, and yet there stood still some twenty-five devils on the main-deck, scowling defiance



at us, in this lull in the conflict. They looked, as a whole, as if they had had enough of it; but there was no retreat, and they with celerity prepared to charge the quarter-deck. If they once gained possession of this, farewell to all our hopes; for once getting to the wheel, they would steer the Maryland down to their dismasted consort and get re-enforcements. They must be beaten; and this I explained to the men in a few words, and followed them up by ordering a volley, of the few arms we had left loaded, to be fired into their midst as they stood on the main-deck, instead of waiting for their charge to the ladders on either side. Four or five fell at the discharge, but the rest dividing into two parties charged the ladders leading to the quarter-deck, with desperate valor, and we received them as best we might. But now occurred a diversion that saved us the day. It turned out afterwards that the carpenter was not forced into the galley as we supposed, but went in there of his own free will. The reader must remember that these pirates were all of them naked to the waist, and armed only with knives and spears.

He, with his usual ingenuity, the moment he heard me speak of hot water, went to his room, and in fifteen minutes, as he told us afterwards, out of an old piece of lead pipe made an enormous syringe, at least two feet long and with a wooden plunger, that he soon whittled out of a stick of wood, and made it tight to the interior by packing it with oakum. The











nozzle, as he explained afterwards, was not a masterpiece, as he simply pounded the lead pipe nearly together so as to leave an orifice for the escape of the hot water, with which he intended to charge it. The pipe was an inch in diameter, and would suck up at least a pint of water. We were receiving the pirates as best we might, and on my side we were being almost forced back from the steps, when out jumped the carpenter from the galley, the cook keeping the door partly open for him to return, and when half way aft to the steps, he let fly the contents of his syringe directly upon the naked backs of our opponents, and then rushed back to the galley, the door of which slammed to as he entered. This was too much for human nature to stand, and with screams of agony the attacking party on my side broke ground, some in their agony jumped overboard, and others charged back to capture the carpenter, but only to receive another charge of boiling water, out of the suddenly opened galley window, full in the face, supplemented by a pint-pot full, thrown by the cook. Encouraged by his success, and backed by the cook, the carpenter made his way out of the port door, and let fly at the crowd that were attacking Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Cutter on that side, and that ended the battle; for given a moment's respite, I ordered every man to load a gun at once and to shoot down every pirate remaining on deck that they could hit. Utterly demoralized, scalded with hot water from the carpenter's infernal syringe,



and shot down by the Sharp's rifles in the hands of Mr. Frisbee, the two mates, and myself, screeching and howling, they were either killed on deck, or jumped overboard to meet death by drowning.

And finally not one fighting pirate polluted the deck of the Maryland, and we sent up three hearty cheers for America, home, and victory.

Even those near the fore-rigging, although desperately wounded crawled to the side and cast themselves into the sea; and at Mr. Cutter's suggestion, we did not attempt to prevent them. "Let them alone, Captain," said he. "They know what they are about. They will meet with a comparatively painless death by drowning, but if they live to reach Shanghai, they will not only be beheaded but tortured for months before being executed."

To this there was no answer, and we left them to their well-deserved fate. We squared the yards, and headed the bark for Woosung before the freshening breeze, which had canted to the westward, so that we could lay our course. With our glasses we could see that our late dismasted enemy had cut clear from her wreck and was running off before the wind with her foresail. I presume it was my duty to have pursued and sunk her, but we had had enough of fighting, and I was not in the mood to see more blood spilled.

The decks were swabbed up; all blood stains removed, and the bodies of poor Chineyboy and Peter Ogley brought aft and decently covered with the



American flag. All wounds were dressed, and I had to take a stitch in the gallant mate's face. Mr. Frisbee's stab turned out to be neither deep nor dangerous, and he was well of it in two weeks after we arrived in Shanghai; and the mate's face healed so as not to leave much of a scar, but enough to mark him as a gallant man. My injuries consisted of a few slight bruises and cuts of which I was cured in a few days. Dee-Dong and Hans Speiler had to be carried to the hospital when we arrived, with serious wounds, but finally fully recovered; and when the *Maryland* returned from her first voyage down the coast to Amoy they were very glad to ship again in the old craft under *Captain Cutter*. As night approached, the bodies of Chineyboy and Peter were consigned to the deep with appropriate ceremonies. This was necessary, as there was no cemetery at Woosung, and we might be days in getting up the river. The carpenter was praised for saving the ship; and I may as well say here, that shortly after his arrival he went to work in the dry dock, and in a few months was promoted to the position of foreman of the yard, and went home in a few years with a competency. At about four o'clock we took a Chinese pilot, and at nine P.M. were safe at anchor at the mouth of the Woosung River.

A week after we were in Shanghai, where the news of our exploit had preceded us, and were the recipients of many favors. In a month we were on shore



(Mr. Frisbee and myself), and deep in the mysteries of teas, silks, and drugs. The United-States man-of-war Susquehanna, was lying in port; and shortly after our arrival, we were invited on board to see the commander, who listened to our recital, but decided that we had given the rascals such a drubbing that it would be no use for him to look for the only one we had left afloat.

Praising us for what he was pleased to call our gallant conduct, he dismissed us. A few weeks afterwards we received from a messenger sent by him an elaborate letter in Chinese painted on satin, which his personal letter explained was a letter in the Mandarin character from the Tautai of Shanghai, thanking us for "cleansing the sea of these miscreants."

And turning over the next page of my log I find only this entry, "End of all incidents appertaining to the Maryland.

DANIEL FRISBEE, *Master.*"

*Gentleman,igger half do  
and half nigger.*







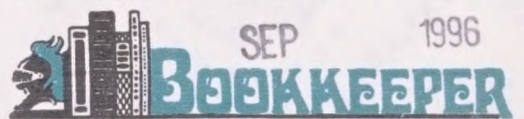








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